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R. Farmer

THE
CENSOR.

VOL. I.

By H. Thobald, &c.

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THE

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THE

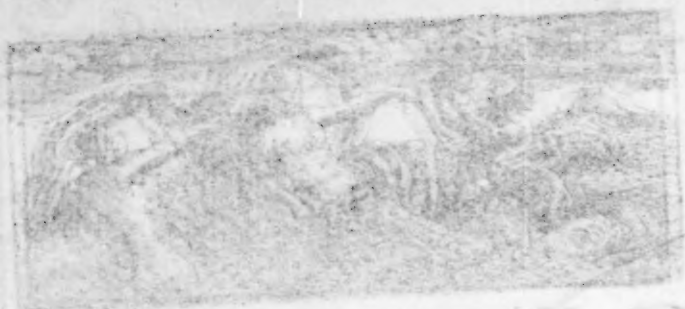
CENSOR.

VOL. I.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *Jonas Brown*, at the *Black-Swan* without *Temple-Bar*. 1717.



CENT
TO

JOHN OGDON

IT IS

of People

may

Wonder that the

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T O
JOHN DODD, Esq;

WITH some sort
of People it
may raise a
Wonder, that the *British*
Censor, in the Midst
of the Gravity and Re-
flections of his Office,
A 3 should

Dedication.

should chuse the politest Gentleman of the Age to address: But is my *Censorial* Wisdom so very inconsistent with your Wit and Gaiety? or is Virtue less amiable, because it is beautified with a lively Turn of Imagination? It may be my Part indeed to draw and form an agreeable Character, but Yours has been to *prove*
and

Dedication.

and *live it*; and the Possession of a most ample Fortune has appeared no Disparagement at all to Your Discretion.

When I look on the Favourite Picture *Your Horace* draws of his *Tibullus*, I am pleased to think there is an *English Gentleman* who resembles him in every one of his finest Features: Because to have the Advan-

Dedication.

vantages of Person, Education, and Wealth is common to many, but the Power of exerting them in the most graceful Manner was only that great *Roman's* peculiar Happiness.

Could I finish a just Piece like that Master of Men and Manners, I would soon attempt to tell what becoming Ease You display in every Action,

Dedication.

ction, what well-judged Liberality without Affectation, what Public-Spiritedness without Prejudice. To make such a one admired is to name Him, but to make Him beloved is to know Him. The Character I assume frees me from the least Imputation of Flattery, and what You act in Life from the Possibility of receiving it. I

Dedication.

I am responsible to
the World for my In-
tegrity; and if You are
looked on with a just
Eye, they will entirely
agree in being what I
am,

Your most Humble,

and most Devoted Servant,

The Censor.



P R E F A C E.



WHEN the Papers under the following Title came abroad singly, they had several Clogs upon them, which are since removed, but which at that time gave the Undertakers no small Discouragement.

They followed too close upon the Heels of the inimitable Spectator, whose excellent Vein of good Sense, Spirit, Wit, and Humour, made that Paper the Entertainment of all the Gay, Polite and Virtuous Part of Mankind. It was a hard Task to come after such a Writer, and avoid striking into the Paths he had trod, and still a harder to invent new Subjects, and work upon them with any Degree of the same Genius and Delicacy. This the Publishers of the Censor knew so well, that they were oblig'd to give a New Turn both of Character and Dress to their Performances.

Another Disadvantage was, the vast Multitude of Papers that pretended to give an equal Diversion to the Town; which, tho' they died soon, and have left no Memory behind

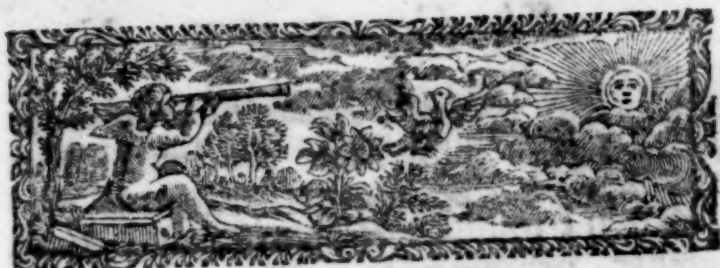
P R E F A C E.

behind them, yet found Readers heavy enough to sympathize with their Dullness. That Period of Time may be well called the Age of Counsellors, when every Blockhead who could write his own Name attempted to inform and amuse the Publick. And yet, tho' struggling with these Difficulties, the Censor had the good Fortune to please the better sort of Readers; who gave it an Encouragement sufficient to make the Undertakers believe, a Revival of it would not be displeasing to the World.

It is now presented to the Reader in a new Form, without any emulating View of Rivaling the great Masters who have gone before in this way of Writing. But if some Subjects of Morality have a new Turn given them, if some of Criticism can do any thing towards amending the Taste of the Age, and others touch tolerably upon new Scenes of Humour, it is to be hoped this Volume will meet with a favourable Reception.

It cannot be expected that any Account should be given of the Authors, since some of them are still concern'd in carrying on the same Design at present, not without the Assistance of many Eminent Hands. But in the future Volumes the Secret (if worth enquiring after) will be discovered, if the Consent of the particular Writers can be obtained.

THE



THE CENSOR.

N^O. I. Monday, April 11. 1715.

— *Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, peritura parcere Chartæ.*
Juven.



BEING lineally descended from *Benjamin Johnson* of surly Memory, whose Name as well as a considerable Portion of his Spirit, without one Farthing of Estate, I am Heir to; I took up a Resolution to let the World know, that there is still a poor Branch of that *Immortal* Family remaining, sworn and avow'd Foes to Nonsense, bad Poets, illiterate Fops, affected Coxcombs, and
B all

all the Spawn of Follies and Impertinence, that make up and incumber the present Generation.

When I found this Spirit of my great *Ancestor* growing too powerful to be suppress'd, and struggling within my Bosom for Vent; when I observ'd my Resentments to be rather a Punishment to my self, than a Correction of the Vices of others; I determin'd to let my Heart breath more freely, and give a Loose to my Indignation.

At my coming to Town, having but a small Acquaintance, my first Step was to take a larger Scope of Familiarity, and work my self into Clubs, publick Meetings, and mix'd Assemblies of all kinds. Many a Night have I watch'd the Mouth of a *Critic*, for droppings of ill Nature; many a time have I miss'd my Glass in Company, to examine a Piece of pretended Wit; and sat at a Lord's Table without eating a Bit, the better to indulge my Intellectual Appetite, in hearing him Discourse upon the Elegance of Taste, and the Oeconomy of his own Board.

Sometimes when I have been unsatisfied with the polite Speakers at *Will's* and *Button's*, to make Amends for the
Time

Time mis-spent, I have descended under Ground; and as *Democritus* sought Truth at the bottom of a *Well*, so have I in the *Angle* of a *Cellar*.

I have gone by *Water* from a *Lecture* upon *Patience*, as well to improve that Virtue as to gather up fresh *Sarcaſms*, and catch Flocks of Raillery in their Flight from one Boat to another. The Skirts of the Cities of *London* and *West-minſter* are obliged to me for frequent Viſits; where I have ſat, among the lower Tribe of Mankind, in Diſguiſe; obſerving with great Pleaſure the little Strifes and Emulations of Two *Street-Oracles*, and the paſſionate Concern of their reſpective Hearers for the Succeſs of their Favourite; when I have at laſt unexpectedly interpoſ'd, and ſagely determin'd the important Difference. In the Summer, have I learnt the moſt material Characters and Humours of a Suburb Village, at the Expence only of a Pipe or Two of *John Sij's* beſt *Virginia*: And, on ſome lucky Days, made up a Diſpute between a *Squire* and a *Vicar*, of a Year or Two's ſtanding, for the Value of *Three Half-pence*. Upon theſe Occaſions, I have often had the Satisfaction, at my leaving the Com-

pany, of an applauding Sort of Whisper between the Parties; and gone off with the Character of a *clever Fellow*, or *ingenious Gentleman*, according as the Quality of the Speaker serv'd to vary the Phrase of the Encomium; A Tribute which, from the *Hereditary Vanity* of our Family, my Heart has secretly delighted in.

But the better Part of my Commerce with the World has been, more agreeable to my Education, in Companies of the Witty, and the Learned, the Judges of Men and Manners: And now and then to relieve me from too great a waste of Breath, in arguing, asserting and replying, I have retir'd to that Sex, who take most Delight in *talking all themselves*. The Expences, to support the Figure I make in this higher Sphere, have been continually supplied by a Female *Name-sake*, who has prov'd her self nearly allied to our Family, by an Allowance that answers my Pleasures as well as Maintenance. She owns it is her Ambition to be thought of this Affinity; and esteems it an easy Exchange to have a Title to a Share of our Wit by her Money. She has indeed a great many odd Humours, and innocent Vanities, which it would

would be ridiculous to offer at correcting in One of her Age; tho' I am in some hopes of getting off from a Task she has oblig'd me to perform for these Ten Years together, which has been to read to her an Hour once a Week out of some *Greek* Author. 'Tis true, she does not understand a Tittle of my Lecture, but admires it for a fine sounding Language; and Madam *Dacier* her self cannot be in more Transports than my *Cousin* is upon my reading of *Homer*: When any one rallies her upon this Subject, she only replies, she has as much Reason as the Ladies who are pleas'd with *Italian* Opera's.

I must dismiss the good *Old Gentlewoman* for this time, in order to let the World a little more into my Self, and my Intentions. I have beheld with a secret Pain the Sufferings of my honest Countrymen, under the Fraternity of Authors; and own it is partly out of a Principle of Revenge, that I make my own Writings publick. The Penance that I have undergone in turning over the heavy Pages of the *Moderns*, requires some Retaliation: And I hope to be even with these Abusers of my Passions, before I lay down my Pen. Oft

have I burst into a sudden Fit of Laughter, when the Subject requir'd a Face of Gravity; and been forc'd to sigh, when the Writer prepar'd me for a Scene of Mirth and Diversion: I have been kept awake, when my Eyes requir'd Slumber; but in return, I confess I have been oftner lull'd to Rest, when it concern'd me to be awake. The only Refuge I had left was either to retire into the strong Holds of Antiquity, and hide my self in *Greek* or *Latin* from their Persecution; or to make an Advantage of my Tormentors, by exposing them to the World.

I have chose the latter, and for the future shall look with a severe Eye on the Labours of my *Contemporaries*; nor suffer them to pass without due Correction. Folly shall no more be baul'd in our Streets, nor Sense and Nonsense sold currently at the same Price, if the Spirit of *Ben. Johnson* can work any Reformation.

At the same time I shall make a strict Inquisition into the *licens'd* Vanities of both Sexes, and lay an Interdict upon any Importation of new ones; those of our own Growth being already Evils too numerous for the Sufferance of a *Censor*.

However,

However, I shall not allow my Spleen to get the better of my Humanity, but qualify my Corrections with good Humour and Moderation.

The *Beau Monde*, in all its Views and Varieties, I seize on as my proper Province to exercise my Authority in; not without a particular Regard to the *British* Stage, of which by right of *Ancestry* I claim the Protection.

In short, I reserve to my self the uncontrollable Privilege of being Gay or Grave, of playing the *Ancient* or *Modern*, at my own Pleasure: Ever excluding all Prejudices and Party-Affairs from any Share in the *Censor*.

I therefore desire those who shall favour me with their Correspondence to abstain from *Whig* and *Tory*, which are Names, I profess, I do not understand. *Where-ever Truth lies, Wit is certainly of no Party*; and if *Ben Johnson* can gain the Reputation of the One, he will not be at all Sollicitous about the Other.

N^o 2. *Wednesday, April 13.*

— *Vitiis Nemo sine nascitur, Optimus ille
Qui minimis Urgetur.* — Hor.

I Gave you to know in my last, that I sensibly perceiv'd my self to inherit a considerable Portion of the surly discontented Spirit of my Great Ancestour, and the late Vicissitudes of *Rain* and *Cloudy Weather* have given me no small Confirmation of it: Indeed when ever my *Barometer* stands at *Foul* or *Changeable*, I find the *testy Humours* Predominant; and my *Natural Spleen* disposes me to grow uneasy at the World, and run into *Invectives* against the rest of Mankind.

I have been pretty much seiz'd with these sow'r Fits for this Week past, even to a degree of shutting my self up from Company. Now to show you, that I can laugh at the *Oddities* of my Temper, when the *Chagrin* is once wore off, I'll give you an exact State of my Case in those

those Hours when my bilious Humours are on the Float.

If I am alone, my Ferment begins with long *Strides*, contracted *Brows*, and *Distortions* of the Mouth. I don't know well whether my Break-fast must be *Tea*, or *Coffee*; but as soon as that Point's settled, I pour the first Cup out by mistake into the *Sugar-Dish*, fall a cursing my self for such a piece of Negligence, and fast for my Punishment.

Upon this *Dilemma*, I throw my self back into a Chair and sit moody, till a Coal falls on the Skirts of my Night-gown, and makes me start up from that Posture of Austerity, to settle the Fire in better Order; to which End I poth-er till I stir it out, let the Poker drive full at the back of the Stove for Madness, fall again into a State of Melancholy, and cherish Distasts and ill-natur'd Reflections. Then do ten Thousand *Ideas* crowd into my Brain, and offer me Subjects for eternal Imprecations; and 'tis Forty to One if I don't begin and rant *tragically* to my self in some of *Lee's* or *Otway's* Elegancies.

In some of these Moments of Indigestion have I discharg'd my Venom in a *Satyr* on the *Times*, wrote Declamations

against the *Stage* and *Pulpit*, and begun an *Examen* on the Modern Poets, to damn the Performers, break the Book-sellers, and shove Non-sense by Neck and Shoulders out of Reputation. This is my ordinary way of management, when the *Delirium* takes me by my self; Neither shall I scruple to present you with a Sample of my Behaviour in Company.

Yesterday I was surpriz'd in one of my *Crudities* by *Ned Freeman*, and *Jack Winlove*. On their Enttring with Airs of usual Familiarity, I forc'd my self to rise from my Chair, and with a grave Face told them they were welcome, and desir'd them to sit. The Rogues immediately observ'd the Formality of my *Phiz*; and scenting the *Cue* I was in, began to sneer at each other, as much as to say, *let's teize the Cynick*.—Upon this *Ned Freeman* began his Attack with, *Well, Honest Ben, how goes the World, and what store of News have you for our Entertainment?* I was so fully appriz'd of their Intentions to torment Me, that I was almost tempted to grow good-humour'd, only to disappoint their Malice: But not being able to bring my self into a Form of Gaiety, *Prithee, Ned,*
(said

(said I,) what do'st thou trouble me about News for? If you mean that of the publick Papers, you know I hold the whole Clan of News-Writers for no better than a Confederacy of Lyars; and would as soon hope for Wit and Consistency from Bedlam, as Truth and Honesty from their Intelligence. If thou would'st keep free from the Odium of Company, Ned, learn to set Bounds to thy Curiosity; and think it less Impertinence to be a polite Companion, than an accurate Journalist. What Business have we to amuse our selves with Politicks, and descant on the Turns or Miscarriages of States and Kingdoms, when every knot of Company will supply us with Scandal, and furnish out a Lesson for our own Improvement? Really, Gentlemen, the World is grown so Vicious and Degenerate, that I am perfectly sick of being one of its Inhabitans. Interest, and Prejudice are the Two great Bias's that turn every Inclination. The whole Universe is but one large Family of Knaves and Fools, that, like Flint and Steel, are perpetually striking Fire out of each other. The Friend, you think, you may confide in, betrays his Trust: The Tradesman from whom you promised your self fair Dealing, puts the Tricks of his Vocation upon you: The Lawyer, that should do you Justice in
his

his way, lets the Adversary into the Weakness of your Cause, and sells your Interest for a Cross Fee: In short, we are hem'd in, and besieg'd with Villany, and cannot possibly make a successful Sally to our Relief. For my own part, I protest I am tir'd out with the continual Circulation of Frauds and Impositions; and begin almost to think with Hamlet, what should such an Animal as I do crawling betwixt Heav'n and Earth? My Spirit is sower'd with the Qualities of things; they move my Gall, and make the Infirmities of Years overtake me at an Age when I should be Gay and Vigorous: Yet after all, my Friends, you may perhaps condemn the Pedantry of my Ill-humour, because my Resentments cannot work a Reformation on Mankind: While the Charge, that I intended to direct for the Execution of Coxcombs and Blockheads, recoils upon my self; and shocks my own Constitution more than it disturbs their Follies.

After I had carried on my Reflections to this Length, I made a Pause, expecting the Gentlemen should make their Remarks on my Dogmatical Air of talking; when, lifting up my Eyes, I found I had wearied them out with Raillery, and they had taken the Opportunity of shrinking away silently, and

and left me to continue my Preachments to my self.

When I had got rid of my Companions, I began to reflect upon the indecent Familiarities so common among Friends, of breaking in upon our serious or splenetick Hours, and endeavouring to extort Mirth out of a Temper indispos'd for it, which certainly ends in a Dissatisfaction on the one side or the other. The best way in these Cases, is to let the floating Humours subside by degrees, and leave the Man to recover himself, since Argument will prove as ineffectual as Wit unseasonable. What my Friends have thought of my Behaviour I know not, and yet I can't help condemning my self for running into a general Satyr upon Mankind, because I a poor *Individual* of the *Species* happen'd to be uneasy to my self. You see with what Frankness of Heart I confess my own Frailties, and I could only wish that the softest Terms, that Humanity can give them, may be placed to all our natural Levities and Infirmities. Every Man is at some Seasons what the old *Stoics* called *Mad*; and a *New Philosopher* of the first Class does not scruple to own that, in some Hours of Life, he
could

could not upon Reflection remember one Act or Thought that could entitle him to the Character of a *Rational Being*. In short, as we have none of us an Exemption from the Accidents to which our Bodies are obnoxious, so neither have we from the Effect our Organs have upon our superior Faculties. The only Method to make the conversing part of Life easy, is to distinguish between the natural and affected, or depraved Habits that cling to us, and make a part of our Selves; and be inclined to give the most favourable Interpretation of all indifferent Actions.

N^o 3. *Friday, April 15.*

— *Secernere Sacra Prophanis.* Hor.

I Had laid out my Paper in order to pursue the Course of Entertainment I promis'd to my Readers, but the *Solemnity* of the present *Day* oblig'd me to defer all gay Designs, and give way to Matters of a more serious Consideration,

tion than those I have taken upon Me to reform.

Whatever the present Generation of Wits may think of it, I can assure them that my Great *Ancestour*, throughout the Scene of his Life, preserv'd a just Notion of Religious Duties; and never suffer'd any Views of *Profit* or *Reputation* to break in upon the Days consecrated to the more *glorious* Ends of his *Existence*.

It would be perhaps a Wonder to the Vulgar, who have receiv'd nothing but poor traditional Accounts of *Ben Johnson*, that one of his Contemporaries, of no small Fame, was expell'd from the *Poetical Club* for a profane Jest; and another, for an irreverent Allusion to a Passage in *Holy Writ*, obliged to repeat the whole *Gospel* of *St. John* in the Original *Greek*; a Task so difficult to a Modern *Free-thinker*, that 'tis probable he must be forc'd to go to School again, before he could be able to perform it. But these Fellows consider no more of honest *Ben* than his *Leges Conviviales*; which, tho' they abound with a Vein of good Humour and Mirth, have a nice regard to Decency and good Manners.

I have

I have so much Reverence to his Memory, as well as Respect to my own Character, that I will not suffer Humour to drop from my Pen at a time, when all Hearts ought to be possess'd for a Nobler Subject. I could almost wish the Town so fully Contemplative on the great Duties to which this Day is set apart, that my *Speculations* might remain unread, till their Souls returning from a *Sequestration* might with Decency be allow'd to unbend, and converse again with Earth and Vanity. But as I know *Frailty* so Universal, and *Curiosity* so prevalent, that too many will postpone their *Devotions* to my Paper, I think, by my *Office*, I owe them a Rebuke; and that I cannot Censure them more justly, than by correcting their Levity by my Anticipation of a Theme which ought to have employ'd their Thoughts.

It is a Time when we should call our Hearts to Account; when we should meditate on the inestimable Benefit of our *Redemption*, of that *Blood* which wash'd us from *Original* Offences; and examine how far we have been grateful to the *Lord of Life*, or how deeply abus'd his Kindness, and by new Disobedience incurr'd his Indignation. Let

us arm our selves with Piety, and a just Sense of our Debt to the Godhead, by calling to mind the Agonies of his *Passion*; the Burthen of our Sins that sat heavier upon him than the *Indignities* of his *Persecutors*, or the *Tortures* of his *Crucifixion*. How can we restrain our Remorse and Contrition, and not let our Eyes flow for our Transgressions, when we reflect that the Saviour of the World *wept Blood*, and *his Soul was Sorrowful even unto Death!*

No Humane Soul can be capable of justly comprehending his Sorrows; it was not a *Corporeal Pain* he now labour'd with, but a fiercer and more horrid Conflict: *The Pain of Body is but as the Body of Pain; the Anguish of the Soul is as the Soul of Anguish.* It was not the Fear of those *Scourges* or *Thorns*, the piercing of the *Nails*, or Agonies of the *Cross*, the *Ingratitude* of the *Jews*, or *Shame* of a *Death*, only inflicted on Thieves and Murtherers, which wounded his Breast; his *Heaviness* proceeded from the *Sins* of the World; and the *Wrath* of his *Father* press'd his Soul, and wrung from him Expressions of Bitterness. It is a Thought that should awaken our Gratitude and Repentance, to reflect, that if every Sin deserves an eternal Death, what must the Agonies

Agonies of his Passion be, that could answer for those Millions of Eternal Deaths, which the Sins of Mankind had incurr'd from the Justice of an Incens'd Deity.

Can we read of the Treachery of *Judas*, and not enquire of our own Bosoms how often we have sold our *Master* for less than *Thirty Pieces*? How often, like that wicked Disciple, *hail'd* him with our *Lips*, but *betray'd* him in our *Hearts*? How can we hear with dry Eyes, and unbroken Spirits, the dismal and inhuman Process of his sufferings? The Scorns and Insults which he bore with Patience! The Aggravations of Malice, and Blasphemies sufficient to make him have exercis'd his Divinity, and disappointed the Redemption of Mankind! How can we bear, without Horror and Admiration, to look back on the sad Pomp of his Execution! Loaded with the Burthen of that *Cross*, which must quickly bear him *bleeding* and *distended*! Insulted by the Rabble, who drag him on *weary* and *fainting*! Divested of his Garments, and expos'd to Shame! Fasten'd with *Cords*, and transfix'd with *Irons*! Tortur'd with the Weight of his own Body; and hanging aloft, between Heaven and Earth, a *Spectacle* of *Misery*, and the *Scorn* of *Beholders*!

Beholders! His whole Skin streak'd and discolour'd with Stripes, and a *Thorny* Diadem goring his sacred Fore-head!

I cannot so well conclude this Paper, as with a Divine Contemplation of *Bishop Hall* on this Solemn Occasion.

“ The Eye of Sense could not distinguish Thee, O dear Saviour, in the
“ nearest Proximity of the Cross; the
“ Eye of Faith sees Thee in all this
“ distance: And by how much more
“ Ignominy, Deformity and Pain, it
“ finds in Thee, so much more it admires the Glory of thy Mercy. Alas!
“ Is this the Head that is deck'd by thine
“ Eternal Father with a Crown of pure
“ Gold, of Immortal and Incomprehensible Majesty, which is now bush'd
“ with Thorns? Is this the Eye that
“ saw the Heavens open'd, and the Holy Ghost descending upon that Head?
“ That saw such Resplendence of heavenly Brightness on Mount *Tabor*, which
“ now begins to be over-clouded with
“ Death? Are these the Ears, that
“ heard the Voice of thy Father owning thee out of Heaven, which
“ now tingle with Buffetings, and glow
“ with Reproaches, and bleed with
“ Thorns? Are these the Lips that
“ spake as never Man's spake, full of
Grace

“ Grace and Power, that call’d out dead
“ *Lazarus*, that ejected the stubbornest
“ Devils, that commanded the Cure of
“ all Diseases, which are now swoln
“ with Blows, and discolour’d with Blue-
“ ness and Blood? Is this the Face that
“ should be fairer than the Sons of Men,
“ which the Angels of Heaven so desired
“ to see, and can never be satisfied with
“ seeing, that is thus foul with the
“ nasty Mixtures of Sweat, and Blood,
“ and Spittings on? Are these the Hands
“ that stretch’d out the Heavens as a
“ Curtain, that by their Touch heal’d
“ the Lame, the Deaf, the Blind,
“ which are now bleeding with the
“ Nails? Are these the Feet which
“ walked lately upon the liquid Pave-
“ ment of the Sea, before whose Foot-
“ stool all the Nations of the Earth are
“ bidden to worship, that are now so
“ painfully fix’d to the Cross? O cruel and
“ unthankful Mankind, that offer’d such
“ Measure to the Lord of Life! Oh infi-
“ nitely merciful Saviour, that would’st
“ suffer all this for unthankful Man-
“ kind! That Fiends should do these
“ things to guilty Souls, it is tho’
“ terrible, yet just: But that Men
“ should do thus to the blessed Son of
“ God,

God, it is beyond the Capacity of our Horror.

N^o 4. *Monday, April 18.*

*Habet Natura ut aliarum omnium rerum,
sic vivendi modum.* Cic.

*Pulcherrimum & humanissimum existimo,
Severitatem Comitatemque miscere, ne
illa in Tristitiam, hæc in Petulantiam
procedat.* Plin. Epist.

AS the *Holy-days* are a Season in which every one thinks he has a right of indulging himself in Ease and Pleasure, so I look'd upon my self at Liberty to have a Share in this common Privilege; and relieve my self at this time from the Toil of composing an entire Essay, by an insertion of Two Letters I have lately receiv'd from a pair of *Female* Correspondents. The Disposition of their Spirits seems so different, that I fancy they would make a good Counterpoize to each other. The one has a Taste for the Rattle and Gayeties of the Town; the other is pleas'd with

with the innocent Solitudes of a Country *Villa*. The former has her Genius turn'd for Society, the latter for Contemplation. The Complaints of This are founded meerly on her Restraints from Pleasure, the Other's are Reflections purely struck out of the Impressions of things on her tender Nature. But their own Lines will best speak the difference of their Characters and Sentiments.

To the Censor of Great Britain.

Venerable *Censor*,

“ Give me leave to submit a Case to
 “ **G** you, which, I assure you, gives
 “ me no small Uneasiness; as it is not
 “ intermitting, but continual. My hard
 “ Fate has plac'd me under the direction
 “ of a First *Cousin* of my own Sex, on
 “ whom, as I am told, I am to build
 “ my Dependance: I cannot account
 “ to you for my own Hardships, with-
 “ out first letting you into her Cha-
 “ racter: And tho' you should insert
 “ my Letter in your Paper, (as I wish
 “ with all my Heart you would;) I be-
 “ lieve there are so many more of her
 “ Stamp, that she cannot possibly fix
 “ the Intelligence upon me; for, like a
 “ Prisoner under Sentence, I am but
 “ seldom

“ seldom allow’d the use of Pen and
“ Ink. Now, you must know, she is
“ one of Those who value themselves
“ for being *Wise Virgins*: She begins to
“ be pretty well stricken in Years, and
“ is overtaken with as many Infirmities.
“ And the Complication of Age and Ill-
“ ness renders her so unfit for Pleasure,
“ that she envies those whose Youth
“ and Sprightliness make them capable
“ of relishing the World: Alas! Mr. Cen-
“ sor, you are not a Stranger to the Power
“ of Affections; nor to know, that
“ every Stage of Life has a Singularity
“ of Taste. For Me that am in the
“ Bloom of my Years and Beauty, (if I
“ shall ever have any,) to be *immur’d*,
“ like a *Vestal* for Incontinence, and
“ cloister’d up from all Enjoyments, you
“ must imagine goes against the Grain.
“ Then we have no *Male* Creatures
“ come a-near our House; all my *Cou-*
“ *sin’s* Familiarities are with the *Favou-*
“ *rites* of our own Sex; she blushes if a
“ Man does but accidentally speak to
“ her, and will sweat with Confusion
“ if he should but touch the Tip of her
“ Glove. Now really tho’ I am confi-
“ dent I should be Virtuous and out-
“ stand Temptation; yet I cannot for
“ my

“ my Soul be so much a *Platonick*, or
“ enter into the dear Satisfactions of
“ a Female Intimacy. I fear, I shall
“ be troublesome, tho’ I have not a-
“ bove half drawn her Picture. She is
“ so extreamly Religious, that *Churches*,
“ and *Chapters*, *Psalms*, and *Sermons* are
“ her only Recreation. Let me not lie
“ open to the Imputation of contemn-
“ ing Religion; but only that I conceive
“ her’s to be of the wrong Stamp. For
“ she is a notorious Bigot to *Superstition*:
“ She would not put the least Trifle in-
“ to Execution of a *Childermass-day*, de-
“ pends much on the *Omens* of a *splint-
“ red Coal* starting out of the Fire, and
“ goes into a Fit of the Vapours on the
“ oversetting of a *Salt-cellar*. Then the
“ true Marks and Qualities of Religion
“ are against her; her Behaviour bids
“ defiance to Humility and Candour;
“ for her Pride makes her expect the
“ Deference of a *Countess*, and her Su-
“ spicions render her as Censorious as
“ — Well, I had a strange Image in
“ my Head, and therefore I’ll leave you
“ to make out the *Simile*. But to con-
“ clude, Mr. *Censor*, I must tell you I
“ am under very uncomfortable Circum-
“ stances. If I do but dress tolerably,
“ it

“ it is construed an Imitation of Co-
“ *quetry*; If I put on but a Patch extra-
“ ordinary, the poor Spot becomes the
“ Subject of a Declamation, and I do
“ more than is fit for my Quality and
“ Fortune: If I make a Scape for a
“ little Conversation, She tells Me the
“ whole Town rings of my imprudent
“ Conduct. Pray, Mr. *Censor*, oblige
“ me so far, as well as those other
“ young Ladies that labour under the
“ same Restrictions, as to interpose your
“ Regulations betwixt *our* Love of Plea-
“ sure, and the Severity of the *Prudes*:
“ And to determine, whether my *Cousin*
“ does not carry it with too high a
“ Hand; or how far I am wanting in
“ Submission or Respect to her Mea-
“ sures. From the Tenor of this Epi-
“ stle, I am sure you cannot expect a
“ Name from,

Your Humble Servant,

.....

I find this Letter writ with so much
Vehemence and Spirit, that I am not to
doubt my *Correspondent* lies under all the
Grievances she complains of. Youth
C is

is naturally prone to Pleasure, and every Restraint from the Pursuits of it is look'd on as an Injury. Yet, as an Indulgence to all the Flights of Gaiety too often betrays them into Snares and Inconveniences, 'tis fit some Rules should be set to their Conduct: But not such Strictness as to exceed Moderation, and make Life a Burthen and Imprisonment. I cannot, on a sudden, impartially determine which Side is most in fault: The *Guardian* may be too precise and severe, the *Ward* too careless of her Conduct and Character: The *Matron* ought to consider what Enjoyments Youth requires, and how far the young One's Prudence is to be trusted: The *young One* should reflect on the Liberties granted her, and owe so much to her own good Sense, as not to let the World condemn the *Matron* for her Indulgence.

My Second Letter is from a sedate *Fair One*, who could live under the Restraint of the strictest Direction, and look on no Usage as a cause of Complaint.

Mr *Johnson*,
 “ I Am one whom my Fortune allows
 “ I once a Year to come up to Town
 “ about *Easter* for New Cloaths, and a
 Turn

“ Turn in *Hide-park*. But I am so mor-
 “ tified this time with dismal Reflecti-
 “ ons, that I much question whether I
 “ shall be able to wear those I have
 “ bought with any tolerable Satisfacti-
 “ on. The continual *tolling* of *Bells* at
 “ Night has thrown such a Gloom up-
 “ on my Temper, and disturb’d me with
 “ so much Melancholy, that I cannot
 “ rest for the Apprehensions of Death,
 “ and being laid in the *cold Grave*. I
 “ cannot call to mind an Action of my
 “ Life of that black Dye, as should
 “ make me fear to leave it; yet I fill
 “ my self with so horrid *Ideas* of my
 “ *Dissolution*, that neither Innocence,
 “ nor the Probability of its Distance, as
 “ I am Young, can support me under
 “ them. If you can arm me against
 “ these unreasonable Disquietudes, and
 “ put me in a method of recovering
 “ my wonted Temper, you will parti-
 “ cularly oblige,

Your Humble Servant,

Emilia.

Were I to give this Lady a *Physical*
 Definition of her Case, I must inform
 C 2 her,

her, that it is a Poverty of the *Animal* Spirits which subjects her to such *Ideas*; her Remedy must be to guard against Solitude and Contemplation, and indulge her self in Mirth and Society; and whenever she must think of *Death*, let her consider it as the *End* of *Nature*, and her best *Priviledge*. I remember a Passage in *Lee's Junius Brutus*, that may not a little administer to her Relief.

*Death is not dreadful to a Mind resolv'd,
It seems as natural as to be born.
Groans, and Convulsions, and discolour'd
Faces,
Friends weeping round us, Blacks, and
Obsequies,
Make Death a dreadful thing: The Pomp
of Death,
Is far more terrible than Death it self.*

I would advise the fair *Emilia* to amuse her self at the *Theatre*, provided it be at a *Comedy*; and that she come not near it on *Wednesday* next, when the Distresses of the *Lady Jane Grey*, work'd up with all the force of Language and Passion, will rather cause her to relapse into Melancholy, than be a means of restoring her to Gaiety.

Wednesday,

N^o 5. *Wednesday, April 20.*

— *Tibi Res Antiquæ Laudis, & Artes*
Ingredior — *Virgil.*

I Am so profess'd an Admirer of Antiquity, that I am never better pleas'd with the Labours of my Contemporaries, than when they busy themselves in retrieving the sacred Monuments of their Fore-fathers from Obscurity and Oblivion. Every one may have observed that it is easy to trace the Genius and Inclination of his Neighbour, even by the Oeconomy of his Household Affairs. The Furniture of the Voluptuous consists of *Venus's*, and *Adonis's*, of Gods committing Rapes on mortal *Beauties*, and *Milk-maids* stepping over *Stiles*, or sleeping *half-bare* upon *Haycocks* *Bacchus*, *Silenus*, and a Crew of drunken *Satyrs* grace the *Bed-chamber* of the good *Companion*; and I know my self an old *Four-Bottle Man*, who has transplanted

C 3

every

every *Vineyard* in *France* in *Landſhips*, to adorn his *Country-seat*.

We Lovers of Antiquity have our *Foibles* of this Nature, which we keep up with a very innocent Superſtition. For my own Part, the Shelves of my Study are filled with curious Volumes in all ſorts of Litterature, that preſerve the Fragments of great and venerable Authors. Theſe I conſider as ſo many precious Collections from a Ship-wreck of ineſtimable Value; comforting my ſelf for the loſs of the general *Cargo*, by the greater Price and Eſteem that ought to be ſet upon the injur'd Remains. In oppoſite Columns to theſe ſtand the *Reſtorers* of ancient Learning, who are continually ſnatching delicious Morſels from the Mouth of *Time*, and forcing that general *Robber* to a Reſtitution of his ill-gotten Goods.

When upon tumbling over the firſt Shelves, I have diſcovered an uncommon Beauty and Strength of Wit in an imperfect *Paragraph*, I grieve as much that I cannot recover the whole, as a brave Man would for the Amputation of a Limb, from a ſtrong and vigorous Body that had done his Country great Services, and ſeem'd to promiſe it yet greater.

greater. If upon these Occasions any of the Learned happen to have supplied that Defect, by restoring a maimed Sentence to its original Life and Spirit, I pay him the same regard as the ancient *Romans* did to One who had preserv'd the Life of a *Fellow-Citizen*. In the disposition of *Homer's* Battles, we find that excellent Poet has placed the *Physician* at a convenient Nearness to the fighting *Heroe*, to be in Readiness to cure his Wounds; and my generous *Criticks* observe the same Order, and stand prepared to come into the Assistance of an injur'd Author.

My Passion for the Ancients may perhaps have carried me too far, but I am certain that my Pains are fully answered by the Pleasure I enjoy in their Company. I expect to be laugh'd at by the fine Gentlemen of the present Age, when I tell them that I prefer a *Marble Head* of *Marcus Aurelius* to a *Golden* One of any of the greatest Men of the last *Century*; that I look upon my small Image of *Diana* with greater Transport, than the gayest Spark of them all does upon the most celebrated *Modern Beauty*. When I behold Two *Emperors* and a *Heathen God* of mine guarding a small Bag of
C 4 Coins,

Coins, that bear the Impression of their own Faces, I am better pleas'd than *Lewis XIV* can be with the *Mock-Idolatry* of a *Presence-Chamber*, or the Compliments of an *Eastern Ambassador*.

While I am upon this Subject I can't refrain my self from declaring my Aversion to those Gentlemen, who make it their Business to impose *false Wares* upon the Ignorant, under a Pretext of Learning and Antiquity. I therefore profess, that altho' I entertain a just Veneration for the *Collections* of *Celsus* the Naturalist, I will no more suffer his *Back* of an old ill-fashioned *Sconce* to pass under the honourable Name of a *Roman Shield*. If notwithstanding my Admonition he persists in the *Cheat*, I shall publish *Certificates* under the Hands of the *Broker* who sold it, and the *Brazier* who furbish'd it up to its present Dignity. I desire no more Tricks from the Grave *Hortensius* of Oxford, whose stuffed *Rat* passed upon so many Foreigners for a *Species* of the *Dracones alati*, so frequently mention'd by the Ancients. At the same time I am under no small Pain for a *Discovery* of a learned Correspondent of mine, neither dare I give my Judgment in the Case till I have first consulted the *Vir-*
tuosi,

tuosi, whose Opinions I desire of the following Epistle.

Mr. *Johnson*,
 “ I Cannot think that your Thoughts
 “ I are so much taken up with a View
 “ of the present Times, but that they
 “ will admit of a Retrospection into the
 “ past Ages; especially when the Subject
 “ of the Enquiry tends not only to the
 “ Recovery of a piece of *Science*, which
 “ was in great Esteem among the Wi-
 “ fest of old, but may be of Benefit to
 “ the present Generation.

“ A Man of your Reading cannot be
 “ ignorant that the ancient Philoso-
 “ phers, and Naturalists, frequently men-
 “ tion the *Virga Divinationis*, or *divining*
 “ *Wand*; the Quality of which was to
 “ incline it self, and bend downwards to
 “ the particular spot of Earth where
 “ there was a *golden Mine*: and that the
 “ Use the *Adepts* of those Days made
 “ of this *Wand* was with such repeated
 “ Successes, that there is no doubt to be
 “ made of the *Truth of the Fact*.

“ Now, Sir, there have been Attempts
 “ in all Ages to attain this *Secret*, but
 “ all have miscarried; whether from
 “ the *Unfitness* of the Operator, the
 C 5 “ wrong

“ wrong Choice of their Materials, or
“ the Unseasonableness of *Amputation*, I
“ will not now determine. It is sufficient
“ that my Pains and Application
“ have made me *Master* of this powerful
“ *Wand*, which I have brought to
“ such a *Perfection*, that by the help of
“ it I not only can know every *rich Man*
“ in *Great-Britan*, without so much as
“ asking a single Question, but discover
“ the very Means he used to gain his
“ Treasure.

“ As it is in my Power to make considerable
“ Discoveries by this *Secret*, so
“ it is not in my Nature to promulge
“ them to the Disadvantage of particular
“ Persons; I shall therefore pick out
“ only a few inoffensive Observations
“ from my Experiments within these
“ Six Months.

“ On the Tenth of *November* last, I
“ took my *Wand* under my *Cloak*, and
“ walked from *Westminster* thro’ St.
“ *James’s-Park*; I passed by considerable
“ Crouds of *Military Men*, without
“ feeling the least sensible *Inclination*
“ of the *Stick*; where I saw such
“ Profusion of *Gold-Lace*, I must own
“ that I expected an Occasion of trying
“ its Virtue; but to my great Surprize it
“ paid

“ paid them no more Compliments,
 “ than if they had been so many *Wea-*
 “ *vers.*

“ Not far from *Charing-cross*, I ob-
 “ serv’d a Croud of gay well-dress’d
 “ People attending a Man of Distincti-
 “ on to his *Coach*; with these I mixed
 “ my self, and took notice that when
 “ the Multitude were dispers’d, and on-
 “ ly *one plain Man* in a *bob Wig* left
 “ hanging over the *Coach Door*, my *sen-*
 “ *sible piece* of Matter bow’d very low:
 “ The next Day I enquir’d the Person’s
 “ Name, and found him worth a *Plumb*
 “ and a *Half*.

“ When I was pretty far advanced
 “ in the *Strand*, I happen’d to make a
 “ stop near a *Book-seller’s Shop*, and felt
 “ a powerful *Incurvation* of my *Virga*;
 “ but being amused at that time with
 “ some other Thought, I was afraid
 “ that some rich Fellow had pass’d by
 “ me unobserv’d; I therefore proceed-
 “ ed as far as *Jacob Tonson’s*, where I
 “ perceived a *second Twitch* under my
 “ *Cloak*; and, flinging it aside, I observed
 “ with Pleasure the *Head* of my *Stick*
 “ pointing to a parcel of *Books*, where
 “ I read on the *Backs* among others, the
 “ Names of *Shakeſpear*, *Fletcher*, my
 “ great

“ great Ancestour *Johnson*, and some
“ *Moderns* whom I shall forbear to
“ mention. This Experiment made me
“ go back again to try, if I could find
“ the meaning of my *first*; and I then dis-
“ cover’d that *Daniel Browne* had made
“ a fine Penny by old *Books*, my *Wand*
“ paying him the same regard it had
“ done to Mr. *Tonson*.

“ At *Temple-bar* I fell in with a Cler-
“ gy-man whom I had known formerly
“ at the *University*: we went into a *Cof-*
“ *fee-House* to drink a Dish of *Tea*, and
“ were no sooner sat down, than my
“ piece of *Wood* was shewing its *Respects*
“ to him; upon asking him a *Question* or
“ two, I found he had an Estate left
“ him that *very Morning* by a deceas’d
“ Relation. I look’d with some Atten-
“ tion on the *Signatures* of his *Face*,
“ and began to presage something bet-
“ ter to him from *Futurity*. However,
“ I would not depend upon my Skill
“ in *Physiognomy*, knowing I had a bet-
“ ter *Staff* to trust to; and it was not
“ long after that being in Company
“ with the same *Person* upon a *Motion*
“ of my *Wand*, I ventur’d to wish him
“ Joy of the *Twenty Thousand Pound Prize*:
“ which, upon Computation, we found
“ to

“ to be about Three Minutes after it
“ was drawn. I decline making my
“ Observations too numerous, and shall
“ not tell you how many *fine Beau's* I
“ met without Six Pence in their *Pock-*
“ *ets*, what Shops I saw filled with
“ *Goods* without Five Pounds in the
“ *Cash-Box*: nay, where I beheld *Money*
“ paying, and *Bills* exchanging, and yet
“ the *Master* in reality a *Bankrupt*.

“ But I must not omit a very odd
“ *Experiment* which I made near the
“ *Royal-Exchange*. I had placed myself
“ in the Angle of a *Coffee-Room* near an
“ old *Fellow* dress'd in a Suit of *turn'd*
“ *Mourning*, who was smoking his Pipe
“ over a Dish of *Sage Tea*; when upon
“ a sudden I perceiv'd such a violent
“ Tendency of my *Wand* towards him,
“ that I could hardly keep it in my
“ Hand. Upon Examination I found
“ it *incurvated* almost to the degree of a
“ *Semi-Circle*; I wish'd my self one of
“ his *Relations* from the bottom of my
“ Heart, and soon was confirmed in the
“ *Truth* of my Observation, by the Re-
“ spect all the Company that enter'd
“ the Room pay'd to so valuable a Per-
“ son.

“ I shall give you on other occasions

“ a farther Account of my Success, and
“ only desire the Favour of you to hand
“ my *Discoveries* to the Publick, if you
“ shall judge them becoming the Dig-
“ nity of your *Office*. For my own
“ Part, I neither expect a *Statue* from
“ my generous *Country-men* for my *In-*
“ *vention*, or desire a Patent for the *sole*
“ making and vending all *divining Wands*
“ for the Use of these *Kingdoms*; but
“ you know, *Sir*, that some Reward
“ or Respect is due to me, as well as the
“ *Discoverers* of the *Longitude*, and the
“ *Contrivers* of the *Beech-mast Oil*.

“ My Ambition does not reach very
“ high, and therefore I shall humbly
“ propose it to your Consideration, and
“ stand by the Award of your Judgment;
“ I have long had a secret Affection for
“ a *Merchant's Daughter* in the City,
“ and the only difference between us is,
“ that he is worth *Fourscore Thousand*
“ *Pounds*, and I am a poor *Virtuoso*. Now I
“ have lately discover'd by the Assistance
“ of my *Wand*, that he will lose *Twen-*
“ *ty Thousand Pounds*, by trusting it in
“ a certain *Person's* hands whom he mi-
“ stakes for a *substantial Citizen*: All
“ that I desire is, that, upon my nam-
“ ing the *Man*, he shall draw out his
“ Money

“ Money, and give it me with his Daugh-
“ ter for the Merit of the *Discovery*,
“ which is worth the *Money*, you know,
“ to a *Farthing*. This is my Proposal,
“ and I desire you would determine be-
“ tween him and

Your Humble Servant,

Nicholas Talisman.

P. S. To prevent the fruitless Enqui-
ries of the Curious, I assure them that
my *Wand* is not made of that *Wood*
which *Pliny* recommends for that Pur-
pose, from a *Recipe* of an *Egyptian Phi-*
losopher; and that the *Stick* which *Car-*
dan makes such a Noise about, is good
for nothing that I know of, but to
make the *Handle* of a *Coach-whip*. T



Friday,

N° 6. Friday, April 22.

Ut si qui agrotet quo morbo Barrus, haberi
 Ut cupiat Formosus: eat quacumque. Puellis
 Inficiat curam quarendi singula: quali
 Sit facie, surâ quali, pede, dente, capillo:
 Sic qui promittit, civeis urbem sibi cura,
 Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra Deorum;
 Quo patre sit natus, num ignotâ matre inhonestus,
 Omnes Mortales curare, & quarere cogit. Hor.

TH O' I am but lately set up for an Author, yet I find my self already so considerable as to be enquired after by the curious Part of the World; who have sent me Letters, some to testify their Approbation of my *Censorship*, and some to direct me in the Execution of my Office. These I value as other People do *Honorary Degrees*, or the Testimonials of foreign *Litterati*; and which, according to the manner of the Learned, I shall have Recourse to whenever my Reputation is attack'd by any insolent Modern at Home. They are at present but a *dead Stock*, but the Time may come when they may be a saleable Commodity;

modity; or, as my Friend *Horace* says, they are as a *Sword* at Peace within the *Scabbard*, which it must be either Folly, or Vanity to draw, when there is no Appearance of Danger. A Taste however of their Correspondence, without descending to all Particulars, may not be improper; that my Reader may judge of what Importance it is for a Man to assume a publick Character, and how difficult a Task to discharge it with Safety and Honour.

Not a few of my Correspondents are very inquisitive after my Right and Title to the venerable Name I bear, and imagine it would be a great Satisfaction to my Readers, if I should present them with a *Family Piece*, or, as the *Heralds* term it, a *Genealogical Tree* of my Pedigree; advising me not to forget those *Accidents* which happen in most ancient Families, and which that of the *Johnson's* has been as subject to as any Line since the *Conquest*. One among the rest is exceedingly pleased with the *Luckiness*, as he calls it, of *both my Names*; and blesses himself with a double Figure of *Rhetorick*,———*what? Ben, and Johnson too!* I am obliged to him for the kind Presages he makes upon this Occasion,

sion, but must own that I can't determine whether my *Christian* Name was given me from a *Dream* of my *Mother's*, or with a View of future Profit from a *Rich Benjamin*, who was my *God-father*.

I may perhaps, at an Hour of more Leisure, indulge my own Vanity in answering my Correspondents Desires; and set forth all the remarkable Passages belonging to our *House* and *Name*, which I believe may prove an agreeable Entertainment: And to satisfy Female Curiosity, I shall not omit mentioning a *Nostrum* of my *Great Aunt's* for the Preservation of Chastity, after the *Sixty Fifth Year*, which I look upon to be as valuable a Discovery, as any lately made by the *Virtuosi* of this *Island*.

A Second Packet of Letters directed to my Printer, are filled with Conjectures about my proper Person; and such reasonable Enquiries as, *who I am, where I live, and what particular Profession I follow*. One is sure he has seen me a Thousand Times, but can't say positively where; Another takes me for that *unaccountable Fellow* who talks to every Body in all the publick *Coffee-Houses*, and yet no Body knows his Name. I must own that I take as much Pleasure in
reading

reading over these Enquiries, as a *Coquet* in a *Mask* does with the Description of the Charms of her Face, and the Importunity of the Gallant to reveal her self; resolving, with her, to hold the *Bead* fast in my *Mouth*, and allow the World to see no more of me than what they can discover from my Air and Dress. I over-heard a Fellow in a *Coffee-house* upon reading one of my Papers cry out, *Well done, Dick!* Which put the Company upon asking his Meaning, and then he declared he had known me for Twenty Years, drank with me in a Hundred Places, and so went on giving an Account of the Life and Character of *One* whom I have not the Honour to be related to. However, the *Spark* was believ'd, and every *One* then was so *modest* as to say, that they thought the same, but did not care for speaking of it first.

These are a *Species* of Mankind that I can easily laugh at, and divert my self with their Impertinence and Credulity; but there is a *Third* sort that gives me no little Pain. These are the *Party-Men*, who notwithstanding my Declaration to the contrary, are continually soliciting me to enter into the Disputes of *Whig* and

and *Tory*, and pressing me into the *Service* of their respective Sides. I have many a Score of Letters to this Purpose, all subscrib'd, either with *Miso*, or *Philo*, with an additional Substantive that declares their Opinions more directly than all they say in their Letters. One tells me, *Now is the Time*, and his Opposite, that the *Time may come*; some are pleased to hint, *That there are such things as Places*, and some cheer me up with Philosophical Sentences, as *Virtue is its own Reward*, and such notable Discoveries: A Third charges me with a *Series of Arguments*, a Fourth attacks me with *Matter of Fact*, and a Fifth, who mistrusts his own Reason, sends me *Six-penny-worth of printed Conviction*, not doubting but upon the Perusal I must be a *Convert* to his Opinion. Others pretend to predict strange things from the common Accidents and Operations of Nature, advising me to fall in with that Side, which *Heaven* seems to declare for; every one taking upon him to interpret the Skies in his own Favour.

I shall wave answering the Demands of these Gentlemen, and only, in Respect of the last, give them the Opinion of a far better Judge than my self, which I
would

would have my Readers take fasting, an Hour before the *Eclipse* begins.

“ I have omitted, says Sir *William Temple* in his History of *William the Conqueror*, “ the Accounts and Remarks
“ wherein some Writers have busied
“ their Pens of strange Comets, Inclemencies of Seasons, raging Diseases,
“ or deplorable Fires, that are said to
“ have happen’d in this Age, and Kingdom;
“ and are represented by some
“ as a Judgment of God upon this King’s
“ Reign: Because I rather esteem them
“ Accidents of Fate or Chance, such as
“ happen in one part or other of the
“ World, perhaps in every Age, at some
“ certain Periods of Time, or from
“ some Influence of Stars, or by the
“ conspiring of some natural or casual
“ Circumstance; and neither argue the
“ Virtues or Vices of Princes, nor serve
“ for Example, or Instruction to Posterity,
“ which are the great Ends of History,
“ and ought to be the chief Care
“ of all Historians. T

Monday,

N^o 7. *Monday, April 25.*

Τῶν πάλων ὃ κακίστον ἐν ἀνθρώποις, θανάτου τε
 καὶ πασέων νότων ἐστὶ πονερέτατον,
 Παῖδας ἐπὶ θρέψαι, καὶ ἀρμύρα πάλα ἀδύχοις,
 Χρήματα δ' ἐγκρατέως, πόλλ' ἀνὴρες παύων,
 Τὸν πατέρ' ἐχθαίρουσι, καταρβύν' ὃ δ' ἀπλήρω,
 Καὶ συγχεῖσ' ὡς περ πλοχὸν ἐπερχόμενον. Theogn.

AS I profess'd, at my first setting out, to have a particular Regard to the *Stage*, I shall (whenever dispos'd to *Criticisms* of this kind) consider it with Relation to the Merits or Defaults of the *Pieces* perform'd, or *Persons* performing them. By which Method I shall have it in my Power, to entertain the Town with the Beauties or Defects in *Writing*, as well as the Graces or Imperfections in *Action*.

I consider *Tragedy* and *Comedy* as Two Opposite *Glasses*, in which Mankind may see the true Figures they make in every important or trifling Circumstance of Life: Indeed they must look with impartial Eyes to profit by the Reflections given, or they can never be Judges of the

the Charms or Inelegancies that make up their Composition: If they will be purposely blind or negligent, their *Passions*, like their *Habits*, will hang undecently on them, however often they may frequent the *Theatre*. The peculiar Province of *Tragedy* is to refine our Souls, to purge us of those Passions that hurry us into Misfortunes, and correct those Vices that make us incur the Wrath of Heaven, and Condemnation of our Fellow-Creatures. The Influences of *Comedy* are of a lighter Nature; her Aim being only to divest us of Follies and Impertinences, which may sometimes make us obnoxious to *Odium*, but often render us Objects of *Ridicule*. As the Task of the former is much the Nobler, as well as of most Consequence in Life, I shall for the Generality make my Observations on this Part of *practicable Poetry*.

My Purpose at present is the Examination of a *Tragedy* of *Shakespear's*, which, with all its Defects and Irregularities, has still touch'd me with the strongest Compassion, as well in my Study, as on the Stage: I mean that, which bears the Stile of the True and Ancient *History* of *King Lear*. I intend not to charge it with those Errors, which all this Author's
Plays

Plays lie under, thro' his being unacquainted with the *Rules* of *Aristotle*, and the *Tragedies* of the *Ancients*; but to view it on the beautiful Side, to remark the Propriety of *Lear's* Character, how well it is supported throughout all the Scenes, and what Spirit and Elegance reigns in the Language and Sentiments.

For the Satisfaction of my *Female Readers*, and that my *Criticisms* may descend to them with more Pleasure and Familiarity, I will draw up an Abstract of the real Story of this *Tragedy* as it stands in our Old *British History*.

Above a Thousand Years before the Invasion and Conquest of *England* by the *Normans*, Reign'd *Lear*, who had only Three Daughters, and no Male Issue. After a long and laudable Possession of the Realm, failing thro' Age, he determines to bestow his Daughters, and so among them to divide his Kingdom. Yet first to try which of them lov'd him best, (a Tryal that might have made him, says *Milton*, had he known as wisely how to try, as he seem'd to know how much the trying behov'd him;) he resolves a simple Resolution, to ask them solemnly in Order; and which of them should profess largest, her to believe. *Gonorill*,
the

the Eldest, apprehending too well her Father's Weakness, answers with Protestations, *That she lov'd him above her Soul.* The Old King, over-joy'd that she so highly honour'd his declin'd Age, gave her to Wife to the *Duke of Albany*, and with her a Third Part of his Realm. The Success of *Gonorill's* short Compliment was ample Instruction to *Regan*, the Second Daughter, what to say. She spares no Protestations to her Reply, and with Vehemence of Phrase assures him, that *she lov'd him above all Creatures*; and so receives an equal Reward with her Sister. *Cordeilla* the Youngest, (or *Cordelia*, as our Poet calls her,) tho' hitherto a Darling with her Father, and tho' in humouring his Infirmary she foresaw the Advantage of a few smooth Words, and knew the Danger and Loss of plain Dealing, moves not from the solid Purpose of a sincere and virtuous Answer: *Father*, says she, *my Love towards you is as my Duty bids; what should a Father seek, what can a Child promise more? They, who pretend beyond this, flatter.* The Old Man, wishing her to recal these Words, and express her Affection with more Complaisance, could not prevail with her to forego her
D Sincerity;

Sincerity; but, exasperated with the Plainness of her Speech, discarded her at once from his Bosom, and any Share in his Love or Dominions. The double Charms of her Virtue and Beauty made so strong Impressions on the Heart of a *Prince in Gaul*, to whose Bed her Father had once destin'd her, that, nothing alter'd from the Loss of her Dowry, he courts her Consent to become his Wife, and gladly receives her to his Arms in such manner as she was sent him. *Lear*, more and more drooping with Years, became an easie Prey to his Daughters and their Husbands: Who now by daily Encroachments had seiz'd the whole Kingdom into their Hands; and the Old King is put to sojourn with his Eldest Daughter, attended only by *Threescore* Knights: Which Retinue soon grudg'd at, as too numerous and disorderly for continual Guests, is reduc'd to *Thirty*. Not brooking that Affront, the Old King betakes him to his Second Daughter; but there also Discord soon arising between the Servants of differing Masters in one Family, *Five* only are suffer'd to attend him. Then back again he returns to the Other; hoping that She, his Eldest, could not but have more Pity on his
Grey

Grey Hairs; but she now refuses even to admit him, unless he be content with *One* only of his Followers. The distress'd Old *Monarch*, stung with the Disobedience and Ingratitude of his favour'd Children, began to reflect severely on the Rashness of his Conduct, the Misapplication of his Bounty, and his Wrongs to the tender *Cordelia*. The Confirmation of her Words in their ungenerous Usage, teaches him a Lesson he should earlier have learnt: Now might be seen the difference between the silent or downright-spoken Affection of some Children to their Parents, and the talkative Obsequiousness of Others: While the hope of Inheritance overacts them, and on the Tongue's End enlarges their Duty. *Lear*, to complain of his dishonest Treatment, confess the Errors his Age had run him into, and comfort his afflicted Heart with the Wisdom of *Cordelia*, takes his Journey to her into *France*. She out of meer Love, without the Suspicion of expected Reward, at the Message only of her Father in Distress, pours out a Flood of true filial Tears, sends her trusted Servants to convey him to the Court, and furnishes him with Attendance and State, suitable to

his Dignity, and Regal Character. The Generous *Prince*, who had made *Cordelia* his Wife, without any Dowry more than the Riches of her Person, surrenders to his Royal Guest, during his Abode there, the Power and Disposal of his whole Dominion: permitting his Wife to go with an Army, and reinstate her injur'd Father on his Throne: In which Expedition her Piety was so successful, that she vanquish'd her unnatural *Sisters*, with their *Dukes*; and *Lear* again for Three Years obtain'd the Sovereignty. To whom dying, *Cordelia*, with all Regal Solemnities, gave Burial in the Town of *Leicester*, which was formerly founded by him.

This Story has taken up so much Room in the present Paper, that I must refer my Remarks on the Play to my *Next* on this Subject, which I intend on this Day Se'nnight. Then I will Examine how *Shakespear*, by Incidents naturally arising out of his Fable, has encreas'd the Distress of the History; wherein he has kept up to the Tenor of it; and how artfully he has preserv'd the Character of *Lear*, and given him Language and Manners conformable to his recorded Conduct and Infirmities.

Wednesday,

N^o 8. *Wednesday, April 27.*

Malus enim Custos Diuturnitatis metus: contraque benevolentia fidelis est, vel ad Perpetuitatem.
Cic.

IT was an excellent good Position, in one Sect of the Heathen Philosophers, that determin'd *Man* a *Sociable* Creature, and born for the *Common Good* of his *Kind*. It will be much easier for Me to censure the Degeneracy of the World, and rail at this Maxim's being grown so generally out of Fashion, than to think of working up a fallen Age into this commendable *Stoicism*; of extinguishing that *Narrowness of Mind* which creeps through the whole *Species*, and of restoring them to *Virtue* and *Humanity*. Would every one look on himself as a Member of Community, as design'd by Nature to shoot out into good Offices; this spreading Depravity would soon be check'd, and Reason prevail to make us subservient to all the Noble Ends of our Creation. How many

ny sinking Families would be rais'd from Ruin, if every one, that was bless'd with a Superfluity of Fortune, would know himself bound in Honour and Religion to assist the Indigent? But when Men are once a sliding, we are more forward to hurry them down the Hill of Adversity, than offer our Endeavours to break the Fall.

This Corruption of Principles, has split its Adherents into Two Extremes. The one Faction consider themselves born only for themselves; the Other look on all the rest of the World born for Them. The first Class is compos'd of *Churls* and *Misers*; the latter is made up of the *Arrogant* and *Tyrannick*. Both Vices owe their Original to Weakness; but the Consequences of the latter are of the greater Fatality. For when Power is unluckily lodg'd in the Hands of those, who think they *may* put every thing in Action that they *can*, and, like *Archimedes*, toss the Globe; the World becomes the Prey of their ungovern'd Appetites, and Cruelty and Persecution are the Rules of their Dominion

Yet to consider the Fears and Disquietudes that have been the Portions of Tyrants in all Ages, and how few have descended

descended to the Shades by a *dry Death*, as *Juvenal* terms it, it is amazing that so many have infested the Earth, strove hard to climb to guilty Empire, and, when mounted, have given a Loose to Rage and Inclemency. What *rational* Man would chuse to put himself in the Circumstances of Affluence and Supremacy, amidst which he could neither love, nor be belov'd by any One? Yet such is the Life of Tyrants, says *Cicero*; they cannot build on Allegiance, Affection or Fidelity; can contract no Friendships; but are curs'd with Power attended with Suspicions, and eternal Anxieties. For who can love him, whom he fears; or him, by whom he conceives himself fear'd? For those who would owe their Establishment to Fear, must of necessity dread the very Persons whom they put under such Apprehensions. What a Life had *Dionysius*, what Terrors and Torments must have perplex'd his Mind, when he stood in fear of his Barber's Razor, and was forc'd to shave himself with hot Embers! What Satisfaction could *Alexander* the *Pherean* taste, when he held the Consort whom he lov'd in Suspicion; when his Guards attended him nightly with drawn

D. 4. Swords

Swords into his Bed-Chamber, and ransack'd all her Chests and Cabinets, least a Weapon should be hid in any of them to his Destruction!

I was naturally led into this Tract of Thought, by the Perusal of a Favourite Greek Author, whose *Epistles* have been handed down to Posterity under the Name of *Phalaris*. That he was the cruellest of Tyrants is as generally known, as that a Brazen Bull was the Engine of his Barbarities. It appears that *Demoteles*, probably a Subject of Condition, had counsell'd this inhumane Man to set the Land free, and resign his Power: To which the Tyrant has reply'd with such Spirit and Reasoning, that I have taken the Pains to translate his Letter for the Entertainment of such as cannot be entertain'd with it in the Original.

Phalaris to Demoteles.

“I Freely pardon your Advice, *Demoteles*; But you, that have never
“acted in an Arbitrary way, would
“perswade me who am a Tyrant, to
“resign the Office by a voluntary Ab-
“dication: Yet have not assur'd me of
“a single Deity's Protection, in case of
my

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“ my Compliance, but have thought
 “ your own Opinion a sufficient Security
 “ ty to me, even in a Matter of this
 “ Consequence: Not considering that
 “ there is much greater Hazard in the
 “ laying down than Acquisition of such
 “ a Government. For as it is much safer
 “ for a Man in a private Station not
 “ to aim at Supremacy; so it is for a
 “ Tyrant in Possession to venture out
 “ the Game, rather than throw it up.
 “ Upon the whole, we may make the
 “ same Remark on this Frame of Government,
 “ as on the General State of Humane Nature.
 “ For supposing it possible, and that a Man
 “ were to hear before-hand with how many certain
 “ Difficulties, and distracting Accidents
 “ he should be afflicted through the
 “ Course of his Life, he would never
 “ on these Terms consent to be born:
 “ So were a private Man, who had an
 “ Itch of Power, but to have the
 “ Plagues and Infelicities of a Tyrant’s
 “ Life recounted to him, he would
 “ screen himself under the Shelter of a
 “ calm Privacy, rather than venture out
 “ into the Storms of Preheminence.
 “ And on these Views, *Demoteles*, I
 “ think it much better for a Man never

“ to have been born at all; but if he
“ must act a Part in Life, to set down in
“ the private Capacity rather than play
“ the Monarch. For had you but coun-
“ sell'd me before I stept into Power,
“ and shew'd me a Prospect of its Tor-
“ ments and Anxieties, I had eternal-
“ ly renounc'd all Thoughts of Do-
“ minion. But now that, through a
“ Necessity of the Administration, I
“ have incurr'd the *Odium* of the Mul-
“ titude, 'tis not in the Art of Man to
“ perswade, or Power of the King of
“ Gods to prevail on Me to resign my
“ Throne. For I am satisfied, that when
“ I relinquish this Guard, I shall be ex-
“ pos'd to Misery and Indignities, from
“ the exasperated Retaliations of those,
“ on whom I have exercis'd the Ri-
“ gour of my Authority.



Friday,

N^o 9. *Friday, April 29.*

— *Graius dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui.*

Hor.

*Ad Aëtionis Usum atque Laudem maximam
sine dubio partem Vox obtinet, quæ pri-
mum est optanda nobis, deinde quæcunque
erit, ea tuenda.* Tull. de Oratore.

MY Female Cousin, whom I mention'd
in my first Paper as a passionate
Admirer of the Greek Language, and
the great Support of that Tongue and
my self, would fain have her *Breakfast*
out of *Homer* yesterday, on which she
fed with a very hearty Appetite. As the
Greek abounds with a Variety of *Dia-
lects*, so no Author makes use of them
to greater Advantage than this venerable
Father of Poetry; I found my Cousin
receiv'd the same Pleasure upon hearing
the beautiful Rumbling of an *oïo*, as o-
ther Ladies do from a long Trill or Qua-
ver of *Margarita*. Tho' I have before
observ'd

observ'd to you that she does not understand a single Word of the *Original*, yet I could not but smile when I took Notice how lucky she was in her Admiration, and the Changes of her Posture and Passions upon proper Occasions; she was flush'd with Anger and Indignation, melted and dyed away with a languishing Softness as the Subject required, humouring every Turn of Sentiment and Stile with great Propriety. How this should come to pass in an ignorant Person I could not easily account, 'till upon Consideration I recollected, that *Homer* commonly conveys the Images he represents to the Soul in Words that bear a near Similitude to the *Ideas*, which help to impress them more forcibly on the Mind; or, as a Modern Author expresses it, the *Sound is still an Eccho to the Sense*. Beside, I my self gave no small Assistance to her Raptures, for it is my way to read every Line with a due Elevation or Depression of Voice, to alter my Key, and vary my Accent in a Manner exactly conformable to the Sentiments of my Author.

But not to talk too much of my self, when my Task was over, I fell into some serious Thoughts about the Powers
of

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of *Voice*, and the shameful Defects of the Arts of *speaking* and *reading* with Propriety.

I remember once to have asked a skillful *Mathematician*, what Proportion he thought the *Dumb* Part of our *Species* bore to those who had a free Use of the Organs of *Speech*; His Reply was, That in Men the Proportion was as *One to Five Thousand*, in Women as *One to an Hundred Thousand*; it being his Observation that the weaker *Sex* are much more rarely deficient in the Faculty of *Speech* than the *Male*: I can't tell whether it may proceed from this Reason, that those who have the greatest Propensity to *Talk*, and the strongest Passions to vent by the Mediation of the Tongue, break through their natural Impediments with Ease; as the dumb Son of *Cræsus* spoke upon the seeing the Sword lifted up to destroy his Father. Or perhaps there may be a certain Providential End in it, that as every Creature is furnished with its proper Arms of Defence for Self-Preservation, in which Nature seldom errs, so the weaker *Sex*, whose chief Powers are placed in the Use of this Instrument, most rarely fail in having it perfect. And here

here let me take Notice of one pleasing Remark more, that tho' it sometimes happens the Rules of Nature are transgress'd in other Creatures, as it is no uncommon thing to see a *Bull with Four Horns*, and a *Cock with Two Bills*, yet no One has yet Recorded a *Woman with Two Tongues*.

But setting aside these ludicrous Reflections, We must own, in Justice to the Ladies, that they commonly excel the Men in the Art of Speaking; that they not only utter the Words with more Ease and Fluency, but tune their Voices much more agreeably to the Subject or Sense of what they express. The young Gentlemen who have taken into their Heads to mimick the *Sex* in other things of less Consideration, and adopted half their Fashions, might have a more easie Pardon, if they would but try to imitate their Graces of Speech and Utterance. From the Neglect of improving this Faculty, how many Absurdities do we meet with in every Day's Conversation? Hence it proceeds, that One Man shall ask you *how you do*, with the same Magisterial Air and Accent, as an Officer gives the *Word of Command*; Another shall beg a *Pinch of Snuff*, or enquire

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enquire what a *Clock it is*, in the Note and Tone of an expiring Shepherdess. *Dick Dimple* forces a good *natural Base* into the disagreeable *Squawl* of an affected *Treble*. *Jack Lovewell* draws out all his Words in the Form of *Sighing*, and makes a Preparation to melt you to Compassion, but when He is delivered of his Burthen, you can't forbear *Laughing*. There is the gay Mr. *Trimeter* who never opens his Mouth without a *Flight of Winged Words*, as the Poets call them, which are gone past the Recovery of himself, or his Hearers, and still followed by a Second and a Third *Flight*, and you are obliged to him for holding his Tongue, meerly because he is out of Breath. On the contrary, the *insipid* Mr. *Formal* lets fall his Words with so slow a Negligence as if they were not worth picking up; they come like Drops thro' a *Still*, and you have conceived all that he has to say, before he is got into the middle of his first Sentence. From hence, One is always heard with Uneasiness, and the Other without Attention; The first is so far before your Apprehension that you can't overtake him, and it is not worth While to stay 'till the latter comes up to his Meaning.

The

The Faults of *Reading* are not less numerous, than those in common *Speech*; the only Difference is, that a Mistake here does an Injury to the Thoughts of others, whereas the first only affects our own. There is hardly any thing more ungrateful to a Judicious Ear than the Abuse of a fine Sentiment by an unskilful Reader, and on the other Hand it receives a double Grace from the Mouth of one who gives it a proper Turn and *Emphasis*. It is very odd, what some of Mr. *Dryden's* Friends have often reported of him, that there was no Man who read Poetry with a worse Grace than himself, so that a Stranger would have hardly believ'd him the Author of one tolerable good Verse: To be a good Judge and a good Composer of Musick without being able to sing well, is not uncommon; but that comes not at all up to the Instance in Mr. *Dryden*. Some of our best Modern Poets, whom I have the Honour to know, repeat their own Verses with a more nice Propriety and Delicacy, than I think it is possible for any other Person to do; and I will speak it to the Honour of our Family, that, from the immortal *Ben* downwards, we have no
Tra-

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Tradition or Notice of one *Johnson* in our *Line*, who was not very happy in his Elocution.

The best way in my Opinion to correct the Vices and Defects of Utterance, to put our Voices into a proper Tone, and give Weight or Air to what we have to say, is to set before us the best Speakers for a Pattern. I do not mean to mimick them, as some of our *Under-Players* do the chief Actors, with a servile Imitation; who, for want of knowing what is just and beautiful, run rather into the Imperfections of the Originals than their Excellencies. The frequenting of the *Theatre* will be a great Assistance to a tolerable Ear, and Judgment; and help to form a Man into graceful, easy, and pleasing Elocution. I must own, that I was not a little glad to see the chief Parts in the *Tragedy* of the *Lady Jane Grey* so well disposed, and suited to the Actors; I think Mr. *Elrington* deserves a peculiar Commendation, nor do I question but he will come up to the late Mr. *Powel*, in the Parts he shone in to the greatest Advantage. I should have forbore to mention Mr. *Booth*, had not I thought that in the repeating one of the finest Passages
in

in the whole Play, he exceeded himself in every thing I have seen him concern'd in lately. It is where *Guilford* is surpriz'd by *Pembroke* in a deep Meditation, and the First presses him to discover what put him into that Form of Discontent; to which he replies,

*I have a Thought—but wherefore said I one?
I have a Thousand Thoughts all up in Arms,
Like populous Towns, disturb'd at dead of
Night,
That mix'd in Darknes's bustle to and fro,
As if their Business were to make Confusion.*

T

N^o 10. Monday, May 2.

*Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut Magus ;——* Hor.

WHEN I gave you an Abstract of the real History of King *Lear* in my Paper of last Monday, I promis'd on this Day to make some Remarks on the

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the Play; to shew how the Poet, by natural Incidents, has heighten'd the Distress of the History; wherein he has kept up to the Tenor of it; and how artfully preserv'd the *Character* and *Manners* of *Lear* throughout his Tragedy.

How far he has kept up to the Tenor of the History, most properly comes first under Consideration; in which the Poet has been just, to great Exactness. He has copied the *Annals*, in the Partition of his Kingdom, and discarding of *Cordelia*; in his alternate Monthly Residence with his two Eldest Daughters, and their ungrateful Returns of his Kindness; in *Cordelia's* marrying into *France*, and her prevailing with her Lord for a sufficient Aid to restore her abus'd Father to his Dominions. Her Forces are successful over those of her two unnatural Sisters; but in some Particulars of the *Catastrophe*, the Poet has given himself a Liberty to be Master of the Story: For *Lear* and *Cordelia* are taken Prisoners, and both lying under Sentence of Death, the latter is hang'd in the Prison, and the former breaks his Heart with the Affliction of it.

I come now to speak of those Incidents, which are struck out of the Story,

ry, and introduc'd as subservient to the *Tragick* Action: To examine their Force and Propriety, I must first consult the Poet's Aim in the Play. He introduces a fond Father, who, almost worn out with Age and Infirmary, is for transferring his Cares on his Children; who disappoint the Trust of his Love, and possess'd of the Staff in their own Hands, contemn and abuse the Affection which bestow'd it. Hence arise two practical Morals; the first a Caution against Rash and Unwary Bounty; the second against the base Returns and Ingratitude of Children to an Aged Parent. The Error of the first is to be painted in such Colours as are adapted to Compassion; the Baseness of the latter set out in such a Light, as is proper to Detestation. To impart a proper Distress to *Lear's* Sufferings, *Shakespeare* has given him two Friends, *Kent*, and *Gloucester*; the one is made a disguis'd Companion of his Afflictions, the other loses his Eyes by the Command of the Savage Sisters, only for interceeding with them for a Father, and acting in his Favour: The good old King is, by the Barbarity of his Daughters, forc'd to relinquish their Roof at Night, and in a Storm. Never was a Description

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tion wrought up with a more Masterly Hand, than the Poet has here done on the Inclemency of the Season; nor could Pity be well mov'd from a better Incident, than by introducing a poor injur'd old Monarch, bare-headed in the midst of the Tempest, and tortur'd even to Distraction with his Daughters Ingratitude. How exquisitely fine are his Expostulations with the Heavens, that seem to take part against him with his Children, and how artful, yet natural, are his Sentiments on this Occasion!

I tax not you, ye Elements, with Unkindness;

I never gave you Kingdoms, call'd you Children;

*You owe me no Subscription:—Then let fall
Your horrible Pleasure.—Here I stand your
Slave,*

*A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd Old
Man;*

*But yet I call you servile Ministers,
That will with Two pernicious Daughters
join*

*Your high-engender'd Battles 'gainst a Head
So Old and White as this. O! O! 'tis foul.*

What

What admirable Thoughts of Morality and Instruction has he put in *Lear's* Mouth, on the Growling of the Thunder and Flashes of the Lightning!

——— *Let the Great Gods,
That keep this dreadful Potber o'er our
Heads,
Find out their Enemies now. Tremble thou
Wretch,
Who hast within thee undivulged Crimes,
Unwhip'd of Justice. Hide Thee, thou
bloody Hand,
Thou Perjur'd, and thou Simular of Virtue
That art Incestuous, &c.*

And afterwards in the following Speech,
*Thou thinkest much that this Contentious
Storm
Invades us to the Skin so, &c.*

Now when the Poet has once work'd up the Minds of his Audience to a full Compassion of the King's Misfortunes, to give a finishing Stroke to that Passion, he makes his Sorrows to have turn'd his Brain: In which Madness, I may venture to say, *Shakespear* has wrought with such Spirit and so true a Knowledge

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ledge of Nature, that he has never yet nor ever will be equall'd in it by any succeeding Poet: It may be worth observing that there is one peculiar Beauty in this Play, which is, that throughout the whole the same Incidents which force us to pity *Lear*, are Incentives to our Hatred against his Daughters.

The two Epifodes of *Edgar* and *Edmund* are little dependant on the Fable, (could we pretend to pin down *Shakespeare* to a Regularity of Plot,) but that the Latter is made an Instrument of encreasing the Vicious Characters of the Daughters, and the Former is to punish him for the adulterous Passion, as well as his Treachery and Misusage to *Gloucester*; and indeed in the last Instance, the Moral has some Connection to the main Scope of the Play. That the Daughters are propos'd as Examples of Divine Vengeance against unnatural Children, and as Objects of *Odiū*, we have the Poet's own Words to demonstrate; for when their dead Bodies are produc'd on the Stage, *Albany* says,

*This Judgement of the Heav'ns, that makes
us tremble,
Touches us not with Pity.*—

As

As to the General Absurdities of *Shakespeare* in this and all his other Tragedies, I have nothing to say; they were owing to his Ignorance of *Mechanical* Rules and the Constitution of his Story, so cannot come under the Lash of Criticism; yet if they did, I could without Regret pardon a Number of them, for being so admirably lost in Excellencies. Yet there is one which without the Knowledge of Rules he might have corrected, and that is in the *Catastrophe* of this Piece: *Cordelia* and *Lear* ought to have surviv'd, as Mr. *Tate* has made them in his Alteration of this Tagedy; Virtue ought to be rewarded, as well as Vice punish'd; but in their Deaths this Moral is broke through: *Shakespeare* has done the same in his *Hamlet*; but permit me to make one Observation in his Defence there; that *Hamlet* having the Blood of his Uncle on his Hands, *Blood will have Blood*, as the Poet has himself express'd it in *Mackbeth*.

I must conclude with some short Remarks on the third thing propos'd, which is the Artful Preservation of *Lear's* Character; had *Shakespeare* read all that *Aristotle*, *Horace*, and the Criticks have wrote on this Score, he could not have wrought

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wrought more happily He proposes to represent an Old Man, o'er-gone with Infirmities as well as Years; One who was fond of Flattery and being fair spoken, of a hot and impetuous Temper, and impatient of Controul or Contradiction.

His Fondness of Flattery is sufficiently evidenc'd in the parcelling out his Dominions, and immediate discarding of *Cordelia* for not striking in with this Frailty of his; His Impatience of being contradicted appears in his Wrath to *Kent*, who would have dissuaded him from so rash an Action.

—————Peace, Kent;
*Come not between the Dragon and his Wrath:
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my Rest
 On her kind Nursery. Hence, and avoid
 my Sight;
 So be my Grave my Peace, as here I give
 Her Father's Heart from her.*—————

The same Artful Breaking out of his Temper is evident on *Gonorill's* first Affront to him in retrenching the Number of his Followers. There is a Grace that cannot be conceiv'd in the sudden Starts of his Passion, on being controul'd;
 E and

and which best shews it self in forcing
Us to admire it.

Lear. *What, Fifty of my Followers at a Clap?
Within a Fortnight?*

Alban.—*What's the Matter, Sir?*

Lear. *I'll tell thee; — Life and Death! I
am asham'd,*

*That thou hast Pow'r to shake my Man-
hood thus;*

*That these hot Tears, which break from
me perforce,*

*Should make Thee worth them: Blasts
and Fogs upon thee!*

*Th'untented Woundings of a Father's Curse
Pierce ev'ry Sense about thee! &c.*

I cannot sufficiently admire his Strug-
gles with his Testy Humour, his seem-
ing Desire of restraining it, and the
Force with which it resists his Endea-
vours, and flies out into Rage and Im-
precations; To quote Instances of half
these Beauties, were to copy Speeches
out of every Scene, where Lear either
is with his Daughters, or discoursing of
them. The Charms of the *Sentiments*,
and *Diction*, are too numerous to come
under the Observation of a single Paper;
and will better be commended, when
introduc'd occasionally, and least expected.

Wednes-

N^o II. *Wednesday, May 4.*

Ξα. Νὴ τὴ Δία, καὶ μὴ αἰσίνομαι φόβον τινός.
 Δι. Πῶς, πῶς; Ξα. ὅτιδεν. Δι. ἔροπιθε νῦν ἴδι.
 Ξα. Ἀλλ' ἔστιν ἐν τῷ πρὸς πρὸς. Δι. πρὸς νῦν ἴδι.
 Ξα. Καὶ μὴ ὁρῶ, νὴ τὴ Δία, θηρίον μέγα.
 Δι. Ποῖόν τι; Ξα. δεινόν, παντοδαπὸν γυνὴ γίνεθ'.
 Aristoph. in Ran.

THERE seem to be a certain Sett of unhappy Pre-possessions peculiar to the lower Part of Mankind, which being drawn in with their Milk, and convey'd to them sooner than their Letters, never forsake them even 'till they bend upon the Stick, and pore thro' Spectacles. Such are the Notions of *Fairies, Demons, Spectres*, the Powers of *natural Magick*, and the Terrors of *Witchcraft*; all which they entertain with a positive Confidence of their being true, and what is worse, make them a Part of Religion it self: so that a Wise Man would find it a Matter of no small Difficulty to cut off this Branch of Superstition from their Minds, without doing

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ing an Injury to the Stock they graft it upon, and removing the best Principles of Happiness at the same time with the worst and most fruitful of Miseries. Neither can we say that this Evil is confined to the Under and less polite Part of the World, it has spread from the *Cottage* to the *Farm*, from the *Farm* to the *Squire's Hall*, and, like the imaginary Tortures it represents, tho' it most frequents Scenes of Ruin and Spots of Darkness, yet it sometimes glares in open Day, and haunts the better Breasts of Learning and Education. It is Matter for our Wonder that People of Sense should indulge the Garrulity of Nurses and Servants, which are the Vessels this *Spirit* resides most powerfully in, and suffer them to convey these ridiculous Horrors to their Children, which often take so firm a Possession of their younger Heads, that no future Powers of Reason and Religion are able to banish them; but, like some Hereditary Distempers in the Blood, they may be indeed abated by wholesome Prescriptions, but can never be eradicated; and will certainly break forth anew, when they are most dangerous, at the decline of Age.

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I fancy every Man may find a *Bigot* of this Kind within the Circle of his Acquaintance, and, for my own Part, I know too many to be unconcerned at the Growth of a Folly, which creates so much Uneasiness in the Soul, and fills it with Legions of foreign Fears, which have no Foundation in Nature, or Reason. Should a Stranger of sound Sense, or one who had no Notion of the Prevalence of this Evil, be presented with a faithful Catalogue of all the *Believers* in Spirits and Incantations, within the Kingdom of *Great Britain*, he might be inclined to suspect that the greater Part of the Nation were yet unconverted to *Christianity*, and under the Tyranny of a *Pagan Priest-hood*. To give only a few Instances of what has fell within the Compass of my own Observation.

I have frequently had *Twenty Vouchers* at one time for the real Cause of the *Fairies Ring* in a Country Meadow, who have actually seen those diminutive *Beings* tripping in their circular Dance; and would, for my Conviction, have taken their Oaths of it before a *Justice of the Peace*. I own that I could not allow my self to accept of this way of

Proof; but they, good People, interpreted that only as if I had been ashamed to recant.

I remember a poor Country-Girl at my Friend *Squire Goslin's*, who suffer'd under the Persecution of these little *Demons* for not cleaning her *Dairy*, as much as Sir *John Falstaff* did by their Substitutes in *Windsor-Park*. The Marks were so visible, and the Truth so undisputed, that I had like to have affronted the whole *Family* only by saying, that I thought the *Impressions* a little too large for the *Hand of a Fairy*.

There is a very grave Gentleman of my Acquaintance, who has seen some *Hundreds of Spirits*; The Man seems to be in his right Senses, and like the *Mad-man* mention'd by *Horace*, performs every Office of Life with Decency; but when you touch upon this Subject he runs riot, and can't bear the least Contradiction. He is naturally *Phlegmatick*, and when I once asked him with a grave Face, after much Attention to his *Stories*, at what Times they generally appear'd to him, his Reply was, *I see them most commonly, after the drinking of Brandy*. This was enough for me, and

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I beg my Reader not to think it a *Pun*, for it is really Fact.

The worthy *Acasto*, who has the true Spirit of Religion, and good Sense, has often related to me his Successes in attacking this superstitious Humour among his Neighbours in the Country. There was, it seems, a *Devil*, or at least a *Spirit* or two who had taken Possession of some of his *Tenants* Houses for many Years; where they took the Privilege of disturbing the Family with all manner of Noises, *ratling* of *Chains*, *clattering* of *Pewter*, and in short *flinging the House* out of the *Window*, as we say, whenever they pleased. They sometimes made Excursions into the adjacent *Common*, and kept their Revels by a *Ditch-side*, or under an *Old Oak*; and were *Demons* of such considerable Figure and Standing, that they were thought too hard for either *Minister* or *Conjur'er*. However, my Friend pitying the miserable Credulity of his Neighbours, first dispossessed them of the *Houses*, then pursued them to the *Common*, and at last beat them quite out of the *Parish*. Tho' the People will not be perswaded but that they are lodged in a great *Wood*, about a *Mile* and half Distance from *Acasto's* Seat; and

that they will begin their Incurfions as soon as he leaves the Country. However, my Friend intends to begin his Attack upon the Old *Wood* the first favourable Moon-shine Night, and does not question but he shall compleat his Triumph before the Summer is over. His Method was, to take the Pains to convince them by watching himself at the pretended Seasons of Disturbance, and his Presence so effectually awed their Imaginations, that they started no *Mormo's* while he was with them; and by often repeating the Tryal, and reasoning kindly with them upon the Subject, he worked to the Bottom of the Delusion, and delivered them from all the Monsters of their own Formation.

I was led into these Reflections, by reading a very ridiculous Book lately published: The Title of it is, Mr. *Lilly's* History of his *Life* and *Times*, where that notorious Impostor has put together all the idle Fancies of whimsical or cunning People, under the Notion of an Art, or Science.

The Fellow relates the Cheats of his Profession with the Formality of Truth, and I don't question but that they will pass for such upon the Vulgar, since they

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they fall in with their natural Prejudices. And therefore when he says, that *Sarah Skelborn* the *Speculatrix*, had the *best Eyes for the Second Sight that ever he saw*, he will certainly be believ'd; because it is a receiv'd Maxim with the Ignorant, that every one has not the Faculty of discerning *Spirits*, and future Contingencies. I should not have taken Notice of this silly *Book*, had not I found that the Tricks of *judicial Astrology* are practis'd at present with great Advantage to their Professors; that many *Ladies* have as high an Opinion of the *Dumb Doctor* as of the *Great Meade*, and that *Partridge* is daily preferr'd to the immortal *Sir Isaac Newton*. T

N^o 12. *Friday, May 6.*

—*Quos Mæcenæ adduxerat Umbras.*
Hor.

AS there are abundance of People who live without any Wit at all, so there are Numbers who may be properly said to live by *their Wits*; These may be sorted into many different *Classes*,

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ses, but I shall forbear doing that at present, and only take Notice of one particular Character of this Species of Mortals, which is the *Umbra* whom *Horace* mentions in the Verse I have set at the Head of my Paper.

The *Umbra*, or *Shadow* of a great Man, is one who is always at the side of the Person you may call his *Substance*; He has no Being, Motion, or Will of his own, but exists meerly as a *Shadow* by Reflection from another Body; and as soon as the latter falls, the *Shadow* either vanishes, or is translated to some other *Substance*; on which his Being and Actions have the same Dependance as before. This is the strict Notion of the Word, and as the *Romans* used to apply it: The *Shadow* therefore was a Part of the Equipage of the Man of Figure; when he went to the *Theatre*, tho' a Man of moderate Size, his *Shadow* might lengthen to an Hundred Foot; when to an Entertainment, he might look round the Room, and see scarce any thing but Reflections of his own Person; but if to his Country-Seat, the *Shadow* must necessarily follow; or the *Substance* it self must suffer a considerable Diminution.

Among

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Among the *Romans* every one so well understood the Nature of this Creature's Existence, that he claimed as great a Privilege of Admittance to Assemblies, Sports, Feasts and Visits, as the *Lord* himself; and had an indisputable Right to his Share of every Entertainment. Some of these *Umbra's*, by the long Relation they have born to the Body, have taken off good part of the cumbersome Matter, and begun themselves to thicken into *Substance*, and cast short *Shades* of their own; and by Degrees grow into the Bulk and Measure of the *Substance*, from which they at first borrow'd their Essence.

But to forbear going farther upon the *Metaphor*, the Character couched under it is what we every Day see in all great Families. It is not material how the Dependance at first began, whether from distant Relation, casual Discourse, friendly Recommendation, or officious Importunity; sufficient it is, that the *Umbra's* in all Ages have been considerable enough to deserve Observation. They may, as far as I know, put in as fair a Title to a *Sect*, as the *Flatterers*: Of which *Gnatho* in *Terence* very humourously says he would institute a Society,
and

and call them, according to the manner of the Philosophers, after his own Name.

The *Shadow* may be defined to be, an obsequious, pliable Animal, who is in constant Waiting on a Person of Eminence, without any fixed Salary; His continual Nearness to the *Patron*, he would recommend himself to, makes those who do not know him, fancy him of some Importance; and he very often gains a Credit with Inferiors which is necessary to support him, before he has made any Impressions upon the Great Man he would be thought to depend upon. He never leaves his Attendance without making a Merit of it, by picking up some favourable News which he is sure will please; or by employing himself in some little unexpected Services, which he hopes will be returned with greater. He is the happiest Creature in the World, when he can approach near enough to whisper, or is called out from a Croud in a *Levee* to be whispered to: A constant Smile dwells upon his Face, and an easy Complacence attends his whole Carriage, 'till he has work'd his Interest to a height sufficient to stand one Frown, and bear up against his Competitors. When he can't enter into the first Com-

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pany, you see him bowing to all who come in pretending Business, and he *is very sorry he can't be so happy as to make One with his Grace.* He is always seen thrusting close behind the *Patron* at Court, and receives Respect from all the Inferior Officers about it. In the *Church* he takes care to place himself in the View of the Eye he most regards; and watches the Minute of meeting the last oblique Look, which he improves into the Honour of a Bow. He can repeat a Catalogue of all his *Patron's* Acquaintance, and has enter'd deep enough into their Characters to make them of Service to himself.

A *Shadow* of this Make soon becomes great enough to set up for himself, and has inferior *Umbra's* of his own, who work up by the same Method in their respective Subordinations as he himself used; while he still has the *Direction* of the great Body, and proportions their several *Shades* as he pleases. It has often happened in the Course of Things, that a *Creature* of this sort at last becomes necessary to a great Man; and he can no more quit him, than he can a Part of himself, which by his constant Adherence he may be said to be.

Different

Different from this, there are several other kinds of *Shadows*, or Retainers to the Great; whose Relation commences from a more generous Principle. These are those to whom he is continually stretching the liberal Hand, relieving their Wants, or bettering their Fortune, and enlightning their Obscurity with Rays of Bounty and Munificence. The Business of these *Relatives* is the Returns of Praise and Gratitude, the good Wishes of an overflowing Heart, the kind Remembrances of a faithful Head, and the secret Prayers of a pious Mind. The Noble *Verus* enjoys this Happiness in the highest Measure, tho' he knows the least of it; The Good which he scatters rises up in a plentiful Harvest of Glory; he is honoured in distant Kingdoms, and blessed in Regions that he never saw. By him the Widow's Heart, in the Phrase of the sacred Pages, *sings* with Rapture, the Orphan's Tear is dried, and the Prisoner's Groans are stifled. This indeed is the true and proper Use of Greatness, and makes even popular Applause fair and innocent.

But I must not dwell now upon this Subject, since I have designed a distinct Discourse

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Discourse to recommend and shew it in all its Lustre.

The last kind of *Shadow* I shall mention, is, the Man of Learning, Wit, or Humour; who without seeking has worked into the Bosom of the honest *Patriot*, the brave *Leader*, or the generous *Mæcenas*. It is the Pleasure of the *Patron* that makes him his Companion in Business, Society, or Retirement; his Meals are insipid without he gives them a Relish, his Conversation wants half its Life and Spirit when he is not there to turn it into the proper Channel; without him the Town is solitary, and the Country it self unpleasing. Of such a *Species* was *Horace* to *Mæcenas*, and I think it is not only the best Satyr upon the People of *Rome* for making him a significant Person, a Man of State and Importance, but the finest Railery upon his *Patron* too; when he says, he was thought a *Favourite* of the first *Statesman*, only because he would now and then take him up in his *Chariot*, carry him to the *Circus*, ask him *what it is a Clock*, and other Trifles of equal Weight and Significancy. For it is certainly true in Nature that a Man of *Mæcenas's* Character had rather have
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the most trivial Question in the World answer'd by an *Horace*, than any other Person: As if there could be a greater Charm or Elegance in one Man than another, in a matter where the greatest *Genius* could make but the same Reply as a *Groom*, or a *Foot-man*. T

N° 13. *Monday, May 9.*

Multi suam Opinionem Intellectum putaverunt, & erraverunt. Et quidem Opinio potest putari Intellectus; Intellectus Opinio non potest. Unde hoc accidit? Profecto quia hæc falli potest, ille non potest: Aut si falli potuit, Intellectus non fuit sed Opinio. Verus nempe Intellectus, certam habet non modo veritatem, sed & Notitiam Veritatis.

S. Bernard.

I Have received a Letter from a learned but unknown Correspondent, in Answer to my Paper of *Wednesday* last, touching my general Opinion of Apparitions; It is fill'd with Arguments of so nice a kind, and carried on in so particular a Chain of Thought, that, tho'

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I have no Warrant to give it to the Publick, I will venture to Communicate it as an Entertainment too good to be lost to the World.

Mr. *Censor*,

“ **H**AVING read Yours on the Pre-
 “ possessions which take place
 “ too frequently in the Minds of the
 “ Vulgar, concerning *Fairies, Spectres,*
 “ and the Powers of *Natural Magick;*
 “ I take the Liberty of joining my Re-
 “ marks with you in some Parts of it,
 “ and of dissenting from you in Others.
 “ I equally accuse all rash Prepossessions
 “ and Terrors arising from *Imagination*
 “ or *Fallacy;* and am as unwilling that
 “ Children should be bred up in an ear-
 “ ly Acquaintance and Horror of *Phan-*
 “ *toms:* But yet I cannot shake off Su-
 “ perstition so far, (if my Belief must
 “ come under that Name,) as totally
 “ to disallow the Existence of a Spi-
 “ rit. I think it is a *Negative* which
 “ strikes fully at Religion, and implies
 “ a great Improbability of the *Resurre-*
 “ *ction.* This Disbelief must necessarily
 “ cut off the Authority of many Passa-
 “ ges in the *Old Testament;* and the
 “ *Sadducees,* who denied a *Resurrection,*
 “ main-

“ maintain’d *God* to have a *Body*, that
“ they might the better deny the Ap-
“ pearance of *Spectres*, or *Immaterial*
“ *Essences*. You’ll pardon me for men-
“ tioning what, I doubt not, but you
“ very well know, that the *Epicureans*
“ had the same Notions of their *Deities*.
“ *Cassius* would have fain perswaded his
“ Friend *Brutus*, that the *Spectre*, which
“ he saw waking of *Julius Cæsar*, was
“ but a false Imagination: And the
“ learned *Rabbi Moses*, in latter Times,
“ has declar’d his Opinion, that all
“ which is read and recorded in the
“ *Sacred Writings* of the Apparition of
“ *Angels*, di^{nt} come by an Imaginary
“ Vision.

“ These Instances, I confess, seem to
“ the Prejudice of my own Belief, yet
“ do not weaken it. As I am not a
“ *Bigot* to it, so neither am I capable of
“ being an *Advocate* for it; and tho’ I
“ do not require *Ocular Proof* for my
“ own Confirmation, but can content
“ my self with an Implicit Faith of
“ their Existence; yet I am far from
“ coming into the Ten Thousandth
“ Part of the *Legends* recorded in their
“ Favour, and shall only beg leave
“ to continue my Sentiments, and
“ examine

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“ examine some Causes, which have
 “ deluded Men into an Imagination of
 “ seeing Apparitions.

“ *Averroes* has stinted his Concessions
 “ in this Matter, he has admitted the
 “ Appearance of a *Speetre*, and deny'd
 “ the Substance; saying, that a *Speetre* is
 “ only a *Phantom* conceiv'd in the Mind,
 “ and thence convey'd to the Exterior
 “ Senses, by the great Contemplation
 “ of Men who are Melancholy and
 “ given to Speculation; whose Under-
 “ standing, he grants to be sound and
 “ entire; but only the Operation
 “ thereof hurt for a Season. Indeed,
 “ the Imagination of Men being bent
 “ and set upon any thing by earnest
 “ Speculation may alter, and hurt a
 “ little the Operation and Force of the
 “ Mind and Intellectual Faculties; but
 “ not so far as to cause a Man to see
 “ any *Speetres* of a moving and living
 “ Nature. There is a very great Dif-
 “ ference in the Imagination which is
 “ Internal, and the Action of the Sen-
 “ ses which are External: Nevertheless
 “ we must agree to what *Aristotle* says
 “ of Persons sleeping, the Senses then
 “ do seem to move themselves by a lo-
 “ cal Motion of the Humours, and of
 “ the

“ the Blood that descendeth to the Or-
 “ gans which are Sensitive ; so that be-
 “ ing awaken’d, they think they see
 “ those very Forms and Images, which
 “ they dream’d of. Thus by a false Per-
 “ swasion of the Senses, not acting in
 “ their full Vigour, many have labour’d
 “ under the Fears of Apparitions.

“ But all *Speċtres*, according to *Galen*,
 “ are not to be referr’d to the Falsity
 “ and Deceit of the Senses and Imagi-
 “ nation, or to Melancholy ; but many
 “ *Phantoms* owe their Rise rather to the
 “ Subtilty of the Sight, by which Men
 “ have perswaded themselves that they
 “ have seen many vain Forms and Ima-
 “ ges. Give me leave to produce one
 “ Instance of this sort out of *Cardan* ;
 “ he tells us, that once in *Milan* many
 “ were convinc’d that they saw an An-
 “ gel in the Clouds, insomuch that the
 “ whole City was alarm’d and struck
 “ with Fear ; till a certain *Civilian*, wi-
 “ ser than the Generality, shew’d them
 “ that it was not a real *Speċtre* or *Appa-
 “ rition* of an Angel, which they saw,
 “ but that the same proceeded from the
 “ Statue of an Angel, which being set
 “ on the Top of *St. Goddard’s* Steeple,
 “ and giving an Impression to the Clouds,
 “ yielded

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“ yielded a Reflection to the Eyes of
 “ such as had their Sight more sharp
 “ and subtile than the rest. The De-
 “ lusion of *Pythagoras* was of the same
 “ Nature, mentioned by the *Scholiast*
 “ on *Aristophanes*, who having writ cer-
 “ tain Words in Blood on a *Steel Mir-*
 “ *ror*, and plac’d the same directly op-
 “ posite to the Face of the Moon, im-
 “ pos’d a Wonder thro’ a Secret of Na-
 “ ture, by making the Letters legible
 “ on her Orb.

“ It is an Old Maxim, that the Truth
 “ of every thing is hidden from Us, and
 “ that nothing can be comprehended,
 “ but that which is false and untrue.
 “ This Error probably deriv’d its Source
 “ from *Socrates*, who said that all his
 “ Knowledge amounted to no more,
 “ than that he was sure he knew No-
 “ thing. But *Heraclitus* before him
 “ said, that Truth was hidden in the
 “ bottom of a Pit, whence it was ne-
 “ ver to return to Men; and if we have
 “ any Knowledge at all, it is not but
 “ in a *Shadow*, and by some other
 “ Means than by our Senses, or Imagi-
 “ native Faculties, both which are easy
 “ to be seduc’d and deceiv’d. After
 “ these Philosophers came the *Acade-*
 “ *micks*;

“ *micks*; who held that the Senses err’d,
 “ but that, by the Intelligence, Truth
 “ might be discover’d.

“ I believe that *Spectres* and *Appari-*
 “ *tions* have lost their Credit much, by
 “ certain uncommon things in Nature
 “ appearing Prodigious, and affecting
 “ us with equal Terrors as if we had
 “ seen *Spirits* or *Phantoms*; with which
 “ seeming Super-natural Effects when
 “ we are once acquainted, we begin to
 “ laugh at our own Fears, and con-
 “ clude there can nothing happen so
 “ strange that it ought to surprize Us:
 “ There is an Instance of this extraor-
 “ dinary kind, which I remember to
 “ have read in *Pliny the Younger*, touch-
 “ ing the Lakes of *Cecubo*, *Reate*, and
 “ *Bussanello*; These Lakes have many
 “ Islands, which float and move up and
 “ down with the Wind, no otherwise
 “ than as a Ship toss’d to and fro by the
 “ Waves of the Sea. Now would not
 “ Persons that were to behold this Fluctuation of Islands, and were not pre-
 “ possess’d that it was a work of Na-
 “ ture, entertain strange Apprehensions
 “ in their Fantasies, and believe they
 “ saw something very Prodigious and
 “ Terrible? Nor is the Subsequent one
 “ in

“ in *Plutarch* of a different Stamp :
 “ When *Sylla* entred *Italy* with his Ar-
 “ my, says He, there were seen Two
 “ Clouds or Vapours, having the form
 “ of *Goats* fighting one against another,
 “ near a Mount in *Campania* ; which
 “ Vapours gradually rising from the
 “ Earth , and dissipating, vanished
 “ away, not without the great Asto-
 “ nishment of *Sylla* and his Army. Now
 “ the Terrors arising from these un-
 “ common Incidents, are deriv’d not
 “ from a Delusion of *Sight*, but *Opi-*
 “ *nion*.

“ *Plato* has often confounded the *I-*
 “ *magination* and *Opinion* together ; but
 “ *Aristotle* has not always join’d them,
 “ because the *Imagination* is as an Im-
 “ pression ; and as it were, the Tra-
 “ and Footstep of the Sense, and not
 “ determinate Sentence or Resolution
 “ of the Opinion and of the Sense.
 “ The *Epicureans* seem to give a very
 “ good Resolution upon this Point, in
 “ that they confound in One the *Opi-*
 “ *nion* and the *Imagination*, and affirm
 “ that both the One and the Other
 “ may be True or False. But that our
 “ persevering *Opinion* (which they call
 “ τὸ πρῶσιμένον :) is not deceiv’d. I
 “ had

“ had intended to say something of Op-
 “ ticks on this Subject; but I find I
 “ have both digress’d, and been imper-
 “ tinent with too great a Scope :
 “ Therefore shall conclude with the
 “ Sentiments of St. Bernard prefix’d to
 “ my Letter; which are, that many
 “ have deem’d their Opinion an Intellect,
 “ and have been deceiv’d; And indeed the
 “ Opinion may well be call’d the Intellect,
 “ but the Intellect cannot be term’d the Opini-
 “ on? And what is the Reason? why, because
 “ the Opinion may be deceiv’d, but the
 “ Intelligence cannot; or if it could, it were
 “ not an Intelligence but an Opinion.
 “ For the true Intellect hath in it self,
 “ not only a certain Truth, but also a know-
 “ ledge of the Truth. Excuse the Liber-
 “ ty of this long Epistle from,

Sir,

Your very humble Servant

Philalethes.



Wednesday,

N^o 14. *Wednesday, May 11.*

*Nulla manere diu, neq; vivere carmina possunt
Quæ scribuntur aquæ Potoribus, — Hor.*

IT is a common Observation among good Companions that, *such a One is excellent Company, or the wittiest Man living, after the Second Bottle*; Others have their Recommendation commence later, and are reckoned as *absent Persons* till the Fourth or Fifth *Flask* brings them into *Company*, where they exert themselves with great Sprightliness, and soon outshine the rest of the *Table*. As One, who has been kept with a severe Hand from the Use of a plentiful Fortune, as soon as that Restraint is removed, runs into greater Lengths of Extravagance than those who have always had a sufficient Share of Wealth; so these *Sparks* who come late to the Exercise of their Wit, lay about them with greater Vigour, and squander it away more profusely, than those who have been used to husband a regular Compe-

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tency.

tency. It is the greatest Pleasure of *Dick Sly* to observe the Motions of *Ned Flasker's* Parts, which he takes care to quicken by whispering his Neighbour to fill about briskly; for *Ned*, says he, *is coming into a Vein of Mirth, and don't let us slip the Opportunity of seeing him display himself for the Want of a Critical Bumper.* The Glass moves, *Ned* catches the first Subject that offers, and diverts the whole Company for the next Two Hours.

There are other *Topers* whose *Wit* partly depends upon the Wine, and partly upon their Time of meeting. Some, what Quantity soever they drink, can't be Merry till the Clock is turned of Twelve; and Others, who have sat in a sort of Lethargy all Night are roused into an Air of extreme Gaiety, by a thundering Bounce at the *Tavern-door*, and the exhilarating Voice of *past Two a Clock.* The Morning *Watch-man* has the same Effects upon the Parts of these People, as the liberal Glass has upon others; their Senses, that seem'd to have been fled, rally at the Call of the *Staff*, and they seldom leave the Field without a complete Victory. Wine, is said, to be a great Betrayers of *Secrets*, and in no Case more apparently than in this, that

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that you may keep Company with some Men of reserved Tempers for the Space of many Years, without ever suspecting that they have *any thing in them*, and after a hearty Bottle discover them to be *Wits*.

Such are the Obligations one Sex has to the Powers of this Juice, and the Fashion of our Country does not permit us to know whether it might not have the same Effect upon Female Understandings. However, I can't help taking notice of an Observation I lately heard in Company with some Ladies; they were talking very civil things as they usually do of their absent Acquaintance; when One of them said that, *Lady Harriot the other Day was mighty Satyrical after the Tenth Dish of Tea, and that Miss Betty, whom she had ever looked upon as a pretty Piece of uninform'd Machinery, or a Mute Puppet, after drinking Three Dishes more spoke like an Angel; and rallied even Lady Harriot with such a Spirit and Delicacy, that she was the Admiration of the whole Company.*

When I left them, I fell into a Variety of Reflections upon this Speech; trying if I could resolve it into some natural Cause or Reason. I began to con-

sider that the Animal Spirits in the softer Sex might be of a finer and more delicate Texture, than those in the Male Part of our Species; and therefore did not require such spirituous Liquors to exalt them as ours do, but received that brisk and lively Turn which disposes the Brain to Mirth and Wit from more gentle and temperate Vapours. I was confirmed in my Notion by considering the different Operations of Wines upon different Constitutions among our own Sex; The *Middle* Part of Mankind are not to be excited to their Gaieties but by the *Strength* of *Port*, over which a *Beau* would languish with the *Head-Ach*; The Polite and Elegant are obliged to the *French* Vineyards for all their Humour, and the robust *Sailor* scorns to be moved to his rough Gallantries by any Liquor that has not suffered a *Distillation*.

But of all the Tribe of *Wine-bibbers* none are more indebted to the *Grape*, and none have been more grateful to their Benefactor, than the *Poets*. *Horace*, who was himself a great Lover of his Glass, insinuates by way of Excuse, that it was impossible to be a good *Poet* without it, and lays it down as a
Maxim

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Maxim that the Works of a *Water-drinker* must be as Poor and Spiritless as the Element that inspired them, and no less subject to Corruption in a small Space of Time. Whereas the Productions of a Brain moderately warmed with nobler Juices, like the Children of Lewdness, would prove Strong, and Vigorous, and survive all the Puny Off-springs of a regular Sobriety.

The Merry Bard, in the *Epistle* I have quoted, seems to defend his Custom by what a Modern might call an *Hereditary Right* to drinking; which he thinks the Poetical Fraternity may claim from the Father and Founder of the Art, tho' he shews a little Modesty in the Point, and does not support his *Title* by saying, as some would have done, that *Homer drank himself blind*: However, like a true Advocate for the Cause, he proceeds, and if it be not plain in the Case of his *Greek* Ancestor, his *Latin* one *Ennius* is a full and compleat Authority, and *Horace* as a Descendant from him, asserts his *Right* to the Glas as incontestable. The first he leaves as a disputable Case, not without a hint that it might be proved from his *Favourite* Character of *Nestor*, who had a particular Kindness for

Old *Wine*, and old *Stories*, or as a Modern says,

[to praise
The Sage, who warm with Wine began
His Fellow-warriors, and his Youthful
Days.

That my Reader may see, our *English Poets* have used the same Privilege with as good Success, I shall present him with a few short Memorandums of my great Ancestor *Ben Johnson*, which have been preserved with great Care in our Family.

Mem. I laid the Plot of my *Volpone*, and wrote most of it, after a Present of Ten Dozen of *Palm Sack*, from my very good Lord T——r; That Play I am positive will last to Posterity, and be acted when, I and Envy are Friends, with Applause.

Mem. The first *Speech* in my *Cataline*, spoken by *Scylla's Ghost*, was writ after I parted from my *Boys* at the *Devil-Tavern*; I had drunk well that Night, and had brave Notions. There is one Scene in that Play which I think is
Flat;

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Flat; I resolve to mix no more Water with my Wine.

Mem. Upon the Twentieth of May, the *King*, Heaven reward him, sent me one Hundred Pounds; I went often to the *Devil* about that Time, and wrote my *Alchymist* before I had spent Fifty Pounds of it.

Mem. At *Christmas* my Lord B—— took me with him into the Country; There was great Plenty of excellent *Claret-wine*, a new *Character* offered it self to me here, upon which I wrote my *Silent Woman*. My Lord smiled, and made me a noble Present upon reading the first *Act* to him, ordering at the same time a good Quantity of the *Wine* to be sent to *London* with me when I went, and it lasted me till my Work was finished.

Mem. The *Tale of a Tub*, the *Devil* is an *Ass*, and some others of low Comedy, were written by poor *Ben Johnson*. I remember that

I did not succeed in any one Composition for a whole Winter; it was that Winter *honest Ralph* the Drawer *died*, and when I and my *Boys* drank bad Wine at the *Devil*.

I think that these *Memorandums* of the immortal *Ben* are sufficient to justify the Opinion of *Horace*, and I do assure my Reader that they are faithfully transcribed from the Original. T

N^o 15. Friday, May 13.

*Scurra Volanerijs, postquam illi iusta Chiragra
Contudit articulos; qui pro se tolleret, atque
Mitteret in pbimum talos, Mercede diurnâ
Conductum pavit* ——— Hor.

THE most different Actions, such as those which relate to Virtue, or Vice, have the same Effect upon the Actor from the force of Usage and Custom: And the repeated Returns of Piety or Debauchery equally affect the Saint and the Sinner. Nature which was at first, excepting the original Taint, fair, and

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and sincere, or as Mr. *Lock* says, a *blank Sheet of Paper* capable of receiving any Characters at the Pleasure of the Writer, soon is either blurred over with Impertinence, fouled with Impurity, or improved and dignified with Impressions of Honour, Virtue and Morality. If an evil and perverse Hand draws out the first Lines, it is probable that the same will be continued to the End; or if any Interpolations should be made by a better Hand, they will be so visible that a common Critick in Life will easily find them out, and discover that they are not of a piece with the whole. On the contrary, when the Characters are fair at the beginning, they mend upon you as you proceed, and, Page after Page, improve in their Beauties. I will not pursue the *Metaphor* too far, but observe the End of my Design, which is to shew the Power of Habits, and Customs; and how impossible it is to get the better of a Predominant Vice, when you have long indulged the Practice of it.

A constant Circle of the same thing is generally reckoned the most tedious unsatisfying Part of Life, and yet I know not by what Fatality it happens, we still beat the Round without reflecting that

we are in it, and dance our selves giddy as it were before we perceive that we are in that very Tract we have often condemn'd. The Man, who rises with a Nauseousness of his own Follies, starts out to the same Scene again, forgets his Resolutions, is lost in the common Maze, and returns with an additional Sum to his Account, which is never regarded or thought of till the Game is played over again, and his present Losses give some Notion of those that are past. I have often thought how an idle or vicious Person would be startled at the reading a Catalogue of his own Actions *de die in diem*, and how inconsiderable the Alterations would appear, when the account of a Year ran on only with such material differences as going to the *Opera* instead of the *Play*, visiting *Betty* instead of *Jenny*, dining at the *Rose* for the *Devil*, and going to *Greenwich* instead of *Hampstead*, or *Epsom*. And yet what a numerous Company of Creatures, that are called Rational, may be fairly included in such an Account; how many Pieces of human Machinery move with so small a Variety of Springs! My great Ancestor *Ben Johnson* has touched this Subject with a
just

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just Liveliness of Thought and Expression in his *Discoveries*; *What a deal of cold Business*, says he, *do Men mispend the better part of Life in, in scattering Complements, tending Visits, gathering and venting News, following Feasts and Plays, making a little Winter-Love in a dark Corner.*

I know nothing that shews the Weakness of human Nature more, or renders a Man more contemptible in the Eye of Reason, than his being under the Dominion of an evil Habit, and lying at the Mercy of some Master-Vice. The Wretch in this Condition forfeits his Understanding, gives up the Freedom of his Will, and either walks in Leading-strings, or is forced along like a Brute by a severe Director, whose Burthen he not only carries, but suffers the Scourge at the same Time. The worst of it is, that the longer the Misery endures, the more insensible the Sufferer grows: and what at first was submitted to with Pain and Reluctance, sits light and easy at last, and they have no Notion that any State of Life can be more happy than their own. Custom has reconciled a *Gally-Slave* to his Oar, that the Offers of Liberty it self have been refused; and habitual
Vice

Vice has had the same Effect on the Sinner, who has learnt a false Patience under the Length of his Captivity, and begins to hug the Chain with Pleasure that he once dragged with Uneasiness.

But of all the Adventurers for Unhappiness, none seem more strange and unaccountable, than those who continue their Passion for their Vices, when the Powers of committing them are past and extinguished. There may be an Excuse for him who loves fine Dishes and rich Wine, while his Appetite is good and his Palate quick and nice: But for the Man who hath lost his Taste, to chuse to feed upon an *Ortolan* rather than a joint of *Mutton*, is a piece of Luxury that wants a Name. When the Substance which is the Pleasure of the Vicious is departed, this *Ghost* or *Phantom* of their own Imaginations arises, and haunts them in the same manner as the Vice it self. It is observable that these People take Pains to transfer their Follies from one Sense to another, and try to keep that alive in the Eye, which is dead to the Touch; to preserve that in the Fancy which cannot be conveyed thro' the Ear; and so make up a sort of artificial Wickedness out of the Ruins of Nature.

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Nature. The impotent *Clodius* keeps his Wenches still, and the disabled *Milo* seeks the Company of all the young Debauchees in Town; feasting himself with Repetition of the same Madness which he himself was guilty of twenty Years before. *Sempronia* can't bear the Gallantries of a Lover, and therefore writes *Letters* every Day to her self in Praise of the Charms her Grand-Children might have been now in Possession of, had she employ'd her own Right.

I could not help running into this Vein of Thought, from a Letter I lately received from an invalid Gamester; which is a lively Picture of this *Species* of Wretches, and goes beyond the *Motto* which I have chosen from *Horace* upon one of the same Fraternity.

Venerable Censor,

“ I Am now of that Order of Men
“ I called *Gamesters*, tho' I was once
“ reckoned a fine Gentleman, and a Man
“ of Worth, Honour, and a good E-
“ state. I fell to play about fifty Years
“ ago, and have been in love with the dear
“ *Dice* ever since. To tell you I have play'd
“ when I have been sick of a Fever, or
“ lost two thousand Pounds when I
“ could

“ could neither stir *Hand*, nor *Foot* with
 “ the *Gout*, may seem ridiculous, but is cer-
 “ tainly true. I don’t know how it comes
 “ to pass that I who have been ridicu-
 “ led for above twenty Years, should
 “ have as strong a Passion for what has
 “ ruin’d me, as I had in the Days of
 “ my better Fortune. I go, Day after
 “ Day, without a Penny in my Pocket,
 “ to the *Table*, and never think of eat-
 “ ing or drinking for seven Hours to-
 “ gether: While the *Box* is rattling, I
 “ feel in my self all the same Passions as
 “ if it were my own Money upon every
 “ *Cast*, am in Rapture at a *Run of Nicks*,
 “ and in Dumps at the dismal *Outs*.
 “ Pray, Sir, take my Case into your
 “ Consideration, and oblige

Yours,

Ame’s Acc.

My Correspondent’s Case is indeed
 very deplorable, and I shall give him
 some Advice at a convenient Season; in
 the mean time, my *Ancestour*, whom I have
 before quoted, shall inform him of the
 Badness of his Condition. “ It is a
 “ dangerous thing, when Men’s Minds
 “ come

N^o 16. *The CENSOR.* III

“ come to sojourn with their Affecti-
 “ ons, and their Diseases eat into their
 “ Strength: That when too much De-
 “ sire and Greediness of Vice have made
 “ the Body or Fortune unfit, or unpro-
 “ fitable, it is yet gladdened with the
 “ Sight and Spectacle of it in Others:
 “ and for want of Ability to be an *Actor*,
 “ is content to be a *Witness*. T

N^o 16. *Monday, May 16.*

*O incurabil piaga, che nel petto
 D'un Amator si facile s'imprime,
 Non men per falso, che per ver sospetto,
 Piaga, che l'huomo crudelmente opprime,
 Che la ragion gli offosca, e l'intelletto,
 E lo tra fuor de le sembianze preme,
 O iniqua Gelosia!*

Ariost. in *Orl: Fur.*

I Have receiv'd a Letter from a fair
 Correspondent, who begs my Ad-
 vice in a Point, on which the whole
 Happiness or Misfortunes of her After-
 Life may possibly depend: And as I can-
 not be too friendly in lending my Assi-
 stance in such a Case, so I think my self
 bound

bound to interpose my Censures on that unreasonable Passion, which has caused the Disquiet complain'd of in her Letter.

Venerable Censor,

“ HAVE Compassion on a Virgin
“ who is beset with Difficulties
“ that require your Counsel as well as
“ Pity: You must know, I lie under
“ the Circumstances of Courtship; the
“ Person, who addresses me, has Parts
“ as well as Fortune to recommend him
“ to my Affection; I am assur'd he
“ loves me with the greatest Tenderness;
“ and as all his Professions have been
“ strictly honourable, I need not blush
“ to declare I have received his Passion
“ with an Air of Satisfaction: But
“ what Happiness can I propose even
“ in the Possession of this Man, whose
“ Engagements are such as I could not
“ wish for greater in an Husband?
“ What Fears must not I form to my
“ self, what Disquietudes presume will
“ be my Portion? For, Oh! Mr. Cen-
“ sor, his Jealousie is intollerable. It
“ breaks upon him in the State of an
“ humble Lover, and subjects me to a
“ Tyrant before he has a Right of gi-
“ ving.

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“ ving me these Vexations. If I but
 “ faulter in my Discourse, or make a
 “ Reserve of a single Word, it alarms
 “ his Suspicions, and is certain to throw
 “ him into a Gloom, ’till my Meaning
 “ is explain’d with Circumstances: If
 “ I am silent, he fancies my Thoughts
 “ bent on a Rival: If I do but play my
 “ Fan in Publick, he imagines every
 “ Motion attended with a Glance that
 “ bespeaks Dishonour; and in short, let
 “ me Frown, Smile, or Blush, he will
 “ interpret every Change of Counte-
 “ nance, either to my Dislike of his
 “ Company, or a secret Wish of being
 “ better entertain’d elsewhere. Advise
 “ me, Dear *Censor*, what to do in this
 “ nice Affair: Can I venture to take
 “ the Man I love, and not dread the
 “ Consequences of such a Temper? Is
 “ there a Cure in Nature, or a Secret
 “ in Art and Conduct, to redeem him
 “ from the Misfortune of ungrounded
 “ Suspicions? Or can he not love me
 “ with the same Fervour, and be less
 “ fearful of my betraying him? I shall
 “ rest much on your Sentiments; and
 “ thought my self in particular obliged
 “ to chuse you my Director, because
 “ he has told me, he wonders, as *Cen-*
 “ *for,*

“ *for*, you do not take into your Considera-
 “ tion the Freedoms the Ladies think
 “ they may take with their Reputati-
 “ ons. I am

S I R,

Your distress'd Admirer,

and Servant,

Clarinda.

The Passion of Jealousy has been sufficiently defin'd by my Predecessors in *Essay*; and it would be no difficult Matter to find it presented in two distinct and different Lights. Some Authors have labour'd to make it Excusable, by deriving its Birth from an Extremity of Love; while Others have determin'd it a Jaundice of the Mind, which from its own vitiated Humours makes every Object appear foul. I cannot touch the Case of *Clarinda* with too tender a Regard; she confesses she is not insensible of her Lover's Merit, and would marry him, did she not fear the Surrendry of her Person would heighten his Tyranny, and make him insult on his Encrease of Power.

All I can do to serve the Fair One, is to give my Sentiments of this Passion;
 and

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and if his Reason and good Sense, seconding my Opinion, can help to reclaim him, I shall be pleas'd at having been instrumental in both their Happiness. I am so far from regarding Jealousy as the high Pulse of Passion, or thinking that Love cannot subsist in its full Strength without it, that I conceive it an Infirmary arising from a Poorness of Spirit. That which is *Distrust* in the Breast in point of *Commerce*, is *Jealousy* in point of *Love*: Now to suppose a Man *must* defraud me, because he *may*, is a Suspicion low and ungenerous; and is giving him a Sort of Right to use me as ill, as I conceiv'd he meant to do. So, to suspect a Woman will be careless of her Honour, because she has a Power of playing false with me, is not only encouraging a base Fear, but carries with it a tacit Confession of my own Want of Merit.

I grant the fair Sex cannot be too circumspect in their Conduct; Calumny is a busy Fiend that pries into all their Actions, and is pleas'd to represent 'em to their Disadvantage. The Comments of a censorious Age cannot be restrain'd; but ill-natur'd Observation will take hold of Levities, that never proceeded from

from intentional Guilt. But then the Man that sees my Actions, and is convinc'd of their Innocence, ought to laugh at the Censures of Malice; and rather heighten his good Opinion of my Virtue, by perceiving the general Injustice of Defamation.

To know I am wrong'd in my Honour, and over-look it, is an Argument of Stupidity. Every Man owes himself the Justice of resenting an open Injury; but to proceed on Surmise and Suspensions, is servile and ignoble. It is searching out a Means of making one's self unhappy; harbouring Snakes in one's Bosom, that will certainly wake to Rage, and dart their Stings into the very Soul of our Quiet: Would any one but coolly reflect on half the Torments and Anxieties which attend on Jealousy, he would never allow it a Place in his Breast. The Plagues and Consequences of this Passion are so exquisitely describ'd in *Shakespeare's Othello*, that this Play may serve as a compleat Common-place Book of Cautions against entertaining rash Suspensions.

As I never see the Rage of the *Moor*, when he is once work'd up by the Villany of *Jago*, without the greatest Pity; so

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I am as strongly pleas'd to observe the
 Art of the Poet, with what a curious
 Happiness he has trac'd this Passion,
 what little Baits he has laid to feed O-
thello's Suspicion, and what Sentiments
 of Resentment he has fir'd him with, at
 every new Suggestion of being injur'd.
 His very Resolution against Jealousy
 speaks him prepar'd for Doubts, and
 bent to sift the Truth.

*Think'st thou I'd make a Life of Jealousy;
 To follow still the Changes of the Moon
 With fresh Suspicions? No: To be once in
 doubt,*

*Is to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a Goat,
 When I shall turn the Business of my Soul
 To such exufflicate and blow'd Surmises,
 Matching the Inference. 'Tis not to make
 me jealous,*

*To say my Wife is fair, feeds well, loves
 Company,*

*Is free of Speech, sings, plays, and dances:
 Where Virtue is, these are most virtuous.*

*Nor from my own weak Merits will I draw
 The smallest Fear, or Doubt of her Revolt;
 For she had Eyes, and chose Me: No, Jago,
 I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt,
 prove;*

*And on the Proof, there is no more but this,
 Away at once with Love or Jealousy.*

This

This Speech is on the first Insinuations of *Jago*, to work him to a Conception of *Desdemona*'s Disloyalty; his Starts of Passion, as his Suspicions strengthen, are equally lively; and shew how easily a Man may be seduc'd who lends a free Ear to Detraction, and forms his Belief to every Surmise; how wretched his distrustful Temper makes him, and to what Extremities he is driven to revenge himself for the suppos'd Injury.

N° 17. *Wednesday, May 18.*

Cavendum est, nè Assentatoribus pat. efaciamus Aures, nec adulari nos sinamus: in quo falli facile est. Tales enim nos esse putamus, ut jure laudemur: Ex quo nascuntur innumerabilia peccata, cum homines inflati opinionibus turpiter irridentur, & in maximis versantur Erroribus. Cic.

MY Discourse upon the *Shadow* has produc'd a Desire in some of my Readers, that I would touch upon another

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other Character of some Affinity to the *Umbra*, which is the *Flatterer*. A Subject so common in the Observation of Mankind, and so frequently handled by good Authors, is not easy to be treated of without falling into the same Tract of Thought, and a Likeness of Colour and Description with other People; however, I shall try if I can't fling together some loose Remarks upon this Head, without borrowing too much from my Neighbours.

I think, it was *Erasmus* who first observed that *Friendship* was founded upon *Self-love*, that a Man liked another for resembling himself in the Qualities of his Mind, the Humour of his Actions, or the Tendency of his Inclinations, which is no more, says he, than *loving himself in a second Person*. Thus the Man converses as it were with a *Mirror* which reflects his own Image, and gives him a pleasing *Idea* of himself.

If this Principle be true, as I see no Reason why it is not, the Foundation of *Flattery* and its Distinction from *Friendship* is easily discovered.

The *Flatterer* goes upon the same Grounds of *Self-love*, as the *Friend*. The Difference is, the *Friend* finds his Companion

panion of the same Sentiments with his own, from Genius, Reason, or Education; the *Flatterer* moulds himself into the Form of the Person he flatters; the first is pleas'd with Nature as he meets it, the latter works out of Nature, grafting upon his own Mind whatever he perceives has taken Root in that of his *Patron*.

The *Friend* holds a faithful Glass, and represents the Image agreeable to the Substance with all its Beauties and Imperfections; the *Flatterer* leaves out all that is deformed, or paints it over so as to make it invisible; and, to make Amends, flings in a Stock of foreign Charms, and Colours, to make the Figure more amiable. In short, two *Friends* are two distinct *Originals* that bear a Similitude to each other, and have much the same Air, Features, and Lineaments; the *Flatterer* is a servile *Copy*, imitated well enough to give some Pleasure to an undistinguishing Eye, and Judgment.

It is a Maxim with the Writers upon this Head, that the *Proud*, and the *Powerful* are most capable of being imposed upon by this *Vice*. If they mean that they are the properest Objects for a cunning Man to chuse for his Game,
the

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the Truth of it is evident, but the *Seeds* of the Disease are in Nature it self, and all Mankind have a Share of the Taint; Wealth and Power are indeed the most inviting Views for the *Flatterer*, but not the only Causes why a Man is *flattered*.

To tell what a particular Turn of Mind a Man must have in order to become capable of being the Object of *Flattery*, is easy. For as soon as ever a Man is willing to receive favourably *more* than he knows, from a fair Survey of his own Qualities, he deserves; then the Bias leans too much towards himself, and from that Minute artfully improved, is he capable of being imposed upon. When we begin to prefer the Opinion of Others to our own, we give into a Deceit which may be fatal; *Pride* and *Arrogance* ensue, till we actually imagine our selves in Possession of what we have been often told we have; and think it can proceed from nothing but Envy in any, who pretend to lessen the false Estimate we have been taught to make of our selves.

The *Flatterer* therefore lies in wait to discover the weak Side of Nature before he applies his Engines, the Time and Pains are mis-spent 'till he is assur'd

of a Friend within to betray the Fort to him; as soon as that is done he gains Ground daily, intercepts the Reliefs of Reason and Advice, or represents them as Enemies, and then the Conquest grows cheap and easy.

There is no greater Variety in any thing than in the Art of pleating, and a Man must please before he can deceive: From hence proceeds the difference of these *Creatures* whose Business it is to suit their Talents to the Size and Measure of the Parts of their *Property*; which must be a Study of a wide Compass in the General, as comprehending all the Differences of human Understanding.

Some are mean Daubers in the Art, and lay on their Paint so thick, and with so ill a Judgment, that it offends at first View; and yet they find *Fools* enough to be pleased with their own Picture, tho' drawn by never so injudicious a Hand. Positive and direct Expressions of Praise, a kind of affected Bluntness, must be used to those whose Heads are Proof against delicate Touches and fine Strokes; the Man's Senses must be stormed by Violence, when there is no Hopes of

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of taking them by Surprise and Strata-
gem.

The *Flatterer* as he moves in a higher Sphere, manages with a suitable Air and Address; well knowing that the Person who would be offended at a Draught of himself from a poultry Performer, would be still pleased with an agreeable Likeness from the Pencil of a *Kneller*. He knows the Times and critical Minutes of pleasing, and not only chuses his *Incense* with Judgement, but considers whether his *Idol* be in a Humour to receive it.

Against such an artificial Fencer, there seems to be no Security, and the greatest Happiness is to come off with the slightest Wound. The most morose Temper, and the finest Sense have been foil'd by this Weapon, there being no Guard against it but Flight. *Shakespear* has given us an exquisite Stroke of this kind, in the Character *Decius* gives of his own Management of *Julius Cæsar*.

——— If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'erfway him: For he loves to hear
That Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,
And Bears with Glasses, Elephants with
Holes,

*Lyons with Toils, and Men with Flatterers:
But when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work,
For I can give his Humour the true Bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.*

I forbear going farther upon so common a Theme, but can't in good Manners leave my Reader without an Antidote against this powerful Poison.

The best Preservative against *Flattery* is, an impartial Scrutiny of our selves; and since none can be competent Judges of our own Abilities, Powers and Understandings, but our own Hearts, we are to prefer the Account *that* gives of our Strength to any foreign Reports. The Old Verse of the *Satyrists* is a short, but excellent Rule in this Case.

Plus aliis de Te, quam Tu tibi credere noli:

A Man to raise in himself a just Scorn of *Flattery*, might make use of that very *Pride*, which leads Others to believe, and so turn the Instrument of his Ruin into his Security: For let him consider, that if he takes the Bait, it is plain that the Odds of Understanding are on the
Flatterer's

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Flatterer's Side; and he suffers a Cheat to pass upon himself, and, in short, is blinded for no other Purpose, but to have his Pocket picked with the greater Ease and Convenience. T

N^o 18. *Friday, May 20.*

Πάντα τότε καὶ νῦν διαμύβει τὰ ζῶα εἰς ἀλλή-
λα. νῦν καὶ ἀνοίας ἀποβολὴ καὶ κτήσιν μεταβαλ-
λόμενα. Plat. in Timæo.

*Utque novis facilis signatur Cera figuris,
Nec manet ut fuerat, nec formas servat easdem,
Sed tamen Ipsa eadem est; Animam sic semper
eandem*

Esse, sed in varias doceo migrare figuras.
Ov. Met.

AS my principal Diversion in Read-
ing, is, a strict Conversation with
the best Old Classics, *Virgil* was the
Choice of my last Night's Study. In
Authors of this Sort where I am sure
to be entertain'd in every Page, my Cu-
stom is to take my Chance for the Sub-
ject, and begin my Amusement where
the Book first opens. I had the good
Fortune to pitch on that noble Pas-
sage,

sage, where this divine Poet has treated of the Transmigration of Souls, according to the Doctrine first started by *Pythagoras*, and afterwards copied from him by *Socrates* and *Plato*. The Description is of so fine a Texture and so elegantly wrought up, that I was tempted to try whether it might not please, disrob'd of the Charms even of *Virgil's* Versification.

Aeneas, at the Request of his Dead Father who appear'd to him in the Night, with the Direction of *Deiphobe* the Priestess of *Apollo*, takes a Progress to the Infernal Shades. Descending, he is by *Charon* wafted over the River *Acheron*, on whose Banks whole Drovers of Ghosts waited to be transported; and thence passes on thro' the Mansions of the Distress'd, and takes a Survey of the Realms of Torture. Departing from those Resorts of Horror and Pollution, he purifies himself by a sprinkling of Water, and arrives at the *Elysian* Fields. Here he is delighted with an ample Prospect of Bliss, sees all the Predecessors and Heroes of his Race, and by the Poet *Museus* is conducted in search of his Sire.

The

The good Old *Anchises's* Spirit was employ'd in a verdant Valley, on the View and Contemplation of those Souls, that were to set forth for the Upper Regions; and, by Intuition, fore-reading their Fortunes, Manners and Atchievements. In this *Réverie* he is interrupted by the Approach of his Son *Æneas*; and lifting up his Hands and shedding Tears of Extacy, he bursts into Expressions of Satisfaction at his Arrival, and Commendation of his Piety: When *Æneas* had with equal Symptoms of Pleasure repaid his Father's Tenderneſs, he calls his Eyes on the ſecluded Groves and *Viſto's* which had before engaged the Thoughts of *Anchises*. Surpriz'd at the Number of Shades which glided about in thoſe Recesses, and at the ſlow creeping of *Lethe's* Flood, he enquires into the Meaning; when *Anchises* inform'd him, that all thoſe were Souls to whom other Bodies were due by Fate, and which muſt drink of the Stream of *Lethe*, to imbibe an Oblivion of all Tranſactions in their Pre-exiſtence. *Æneas* is again amazed to think that any Souls ſhould have ſo ſtrong a Paſſion for Life, as to leave thoſe Reſidences of Tranquility, and be fond of the Incumbrance

of Flesh and Mortality; but his Sire, to relieve him from that Suspence, begins to unravel the Process of Destiny, and reasons of their Transmigration in the following manner.

Understand then, first, that there is an Internal Spirit which feeds and cherishes the whole Universe, the Firmament, the Earth, and Waters, the shining Globes of the Sun and Moon, and all the spangled Lights of Heaven; that there is a Mind, infused thro' the Parts, which actuates the whole Mass of Matter, and mingles it self with the System of the World: Hence the Species of Men and Beasts, the Fowls of the Air, and the Fishes of the Sea, derive their Life and Motion; there reigns such a Divine Original and fiery Vigour in these Souls, as cannot be dull'd or depress'd by the Dross of Matter, an Earthly Substance, or Abode of Mortality. From this Conjunction are the Springs and Fluctuations of Passion. Hence do our Fears and Desires, our Griefs and Transports arise and struggle: And the Essences, pent up in the blind Prison of the Body, cannot look back to their Celestial Fountain. Nor when a Separation is made by Death, are they

N^o 18. *The CENSOR.* 129

they absolutely free from Misery, or discharg'd from the Stains contracted by the Union with the Body: For it cannot be but many Habits, which have for a Season been growing together, should work themselves into the Texture and Constitution; therefore do the Souls go thro' Purgations for the Offences done in their State of Nature; some are spread out to bleach in the Air, others immerg'd in vast Gulphs of Water, and others purified by the Force of Fire. We all submit to our several Inflictions; thence are we allowed to range in wide *Elysium*, and a few of us made Inhabitants of the blissful Meads: when a certain tedious Revolution of Time has effac'd the Marks of our contracted Pollution, and restor'd our Ætherial and fiery Essence to its Original Purity. These Souls, when they have run the Circle of a Thousand Years in Bliss, are call'd forth in Numbers to the Flood of *Lethe*; that drinking thereof they may mount to the Upper Regions without Recollection, and begin to desire a Return into New Bodies.

Having run thro' this System of Transmigration, I was invited to look over what *Ovid* has made *Pythagoras* say on

the same Head: The Philosopher begins with a Prohibition of eating Flesh, as conceiving whenever we devour'd *that* of an Animal, we prey'd on the Substance of our Fellow-Creature: He endeavours to remove our Apprehensions of Death, and disarm us of the Terrors of Futurity, the *Stygian* Lake, and gloomy Regions, as Fictions of the Poets, and imaginary Horrors; for that the Soul, as soon as it quits its Habitation, is instantly receiv'd and informs fresh Matter; that all things are chang'd, and nothing annihilated; that the Spirit glides out of Brutes into Human Bodies, and is again transfus'd into the Bestial Substance, even as the Night and Day succeed each other, or the Vicissitudes of the Seasons come round. That the very Elements are not permanent in one Form, but rise out of, and are resolv'd into each other; the Earth, resolving, rarifies into Water; that *Fluid*, still becoming more fine, melts into Air; and that Air, growing yet more subtle, kindles into Fire. So the Fire thickning passes into Air, the Air condensed dissolves into Water, and the Water exchanging its Fluidity for Grossness thickens into Earth.

By

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By this 'I had satisfy'd my Curiosity of Reading, and address'd my self to some Meditations on the Lecture: I began to consider these Notions of the *Pagans*, as distant and imperfect Views of Divinity, which Faith and our Christian Religion have set in a nearer and more evident Point of Light. Their Transformation of Bodies, and Arguments against Annihilation of Matter, plainly imply the Immortality of the Soul, and lay a fair Foundation for a Resurrection: Now as they seem to meet our Belief in these Particulars, so do that Sect of *Christians*, who espouse the Notion of a *Millennium*, nearly Copy the Tradition of *Virgil*, that the Immaculate Souls shall wander a thousand Years in the Beatitudes of *Elysium*. As I still grew more deeply engag'd in these Contemplations, and one *Idea* crowded upon another, I fell insensibly into a Slumber which dress'd up a Dream, whose Oddity must have grown out of the Impressions of what I had read.

Methought, I was set down to Supper, and extending my Arm over to the Salt-cellar, I perceiv'd the Salt which I had taken to vibrate and dance like Quick-silver,

silver, on the Point of my Knife : While I was surpriz'd at the Accident, I heard a Voice, in a small shrill Tone, call out for a *Microscope* ! My Amazement made me comply with the *Mandate*, and fetching my Glass, I perceiv'd the scatter'd Particles of Salt to be like so many Miniatures of an Human *Fœtus*. As I continu'd to survey them, they seem'd to unite, and swell into the Proportion of what we fancy a *Pigmy*. Immediately the incorporated Figure in a hoarser Cadence address'd me thus ; If thou would'st consider, O Son of Mortality, to what painful Revolutions thy Flesh will be obnoxious, thou wouldst have Compassion on that of thy Fellow-Creature, and protect it from a future Series of Tortures. I was once like Thee, a Man of Significancy, but murder'd by Villains and buried in a Meadow ; scarce was my Frame dissolv'd by Putrefaction, and I had fattened the Worms of the Soil, but the Field of my Interment was inclosed and converted into a Garden, the Earth turn'd up, and the Vermine, my Remains had made rich, were Food for the Birds ; I lay six Hours in the Bowels of a Cock-Sparrow, and thence by the Voracity of a Cat was remov'd
into

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into larger Quarters: That Cat for some Mischief was kill'd and thrown out on a Dunghil; where, in Process of Time, I sprang up in a Mush-room; I was plucked thence, clap'd into Pickle, and sent a long way for a Present in an Earthen Vehicle; The Person that eat me, traversing the Fields, was press'd by some Occasions, and so let me drop into a *Worcester-shire* Salt-pit; my Saline Particles insinuated themselves with the Nature of the Place, and grew of a Piece with it; after this Transformation, I was dug up, hurried about from Place to Place, and to conclude my History, *per tot Discrimina rerum*, am become the Inhabitant of your Salt cellar.

This fantastical Narration from a Corn of Salt or Two, set me into such an immoderate Fit of Laughter, that it rous'd me from my Slumber; and put me in Mind of *Hamlet's* Disquisition with *Horatio*, about *Alexander's* Dust stopping a Beer-barrel. The Passage is of so particular a Strain and so modern to my Dream, that I shall beg leave to close this Paper with a Quotation of it.

Ham. *To what base Uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not Imagination*

gination trace the Noble Dust of Alexander, 'till he find it stopping a Bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with Modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus. Alexander dy'd; Alexander was buried; Alexander returned into Dust; the Dust is Earth, of Earth we make Clay, and why with that Clay (where-to he was converted) might they not stop a Beer-Barrel?

*Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to Clay,
Might stop a Hole to keep the Wind away:*

*O, that that Earth, which kept the World
in awe,*

*Should patch a Wall t'expel the Winter's
Flaw!*



Monday,

N^o 19. *Monday, May 23.*

*Arbitror enim Ego Musæi Stylum longè
esse Homérico politiozem atque compti-
orem. Quod ut clariùs pateat, aliquot
Versus adducere coactus sum. Nam
quemadmodum omnes sunt incomparabiles,
solique è Græcanicis Virgilio digni, ità
Nonnulli aded compositi, ut ab ejus Gen-
tis nullo alio, quam à Musæo, dici potu-
isse videantur. Scalig Poetic.*

From my own Apartment. May 21.

HAVING declar'd in my first Paper,
that I should look with a severe
Eye on the Labours of my Contempo-
raries, I was this Morning attended by
a young Gentleman, who has endea-
vour'd to oblige the Town with some
Productions of his own as well as Trans-
lations from a learned Language. He
told me with an Air, that confess'd a Dif-
fidence of my Approbation, that he had
lately spent some Hours on translating
the *Hero* and *Leander* from the Greek
of

of *Musæus*; but that he durst not thrust it into the World, till I should give him my general Thoughts of the Project, and permit him to submit the Merit of his Manuscript to my private Censure. I told him that the Poem had already been done by a very good Hand; but that I believ'd, it was not impossible for a Translation to come nearer yet to the Spirit of the Original, and touch the Graces with a more elegant Tenderness: That, if he would leave his Papers, they should be very safe in my Custody, and whenever he requir'd my Opinion of his Performance, I should be ready to give it with a Sincerity, that becomes the Character of my Person and Office. As to my general Thoughts of the Project, that I would take the first opportunity of Leisure, to let the Publick partake them with him.

The distressful Love of *Hero* and *Leander* is a Subject which most of my Polite Female Readers are acquainted with, as well from the Representation of it in *May* and *Bartholomew Fairs*, as from the Versions of *Ovid's* soft *Epistle*, or this more artful History of *Musæus*: If my present Remarks run a little out of the Sphere of their Comprehension, they

they must forgive me the *Pedantry*, and consider them as *Critical* Directions to an *Author*, who is like to entertain them with something more *Feeling* and *Intelligible*.

I have always read this small *Remain* of *Museus*, with Pleasure enough to consider it the Product of that *Antique Greek*, however his Title to it has been of late disputed. There has reign'd a Spirit of Detraction for some Years in the World, which has labour'd to strip the *Ancients* of their Honours, on purpose to adorn some more *Modern Brow*. I cannot conceive that this springs from a fair and generous Emulation; but that finding themselves unable to come up to the Strokes of Antiquity, as *Chronologers* often do to gain a Point, they draw down Authors to their own Dates, to prove that all Merit in Writing was not confin'd to the *Ara's* of *Paganism*.

The Poet *Museus*, according to the Account of *Eusebius*, was the Scholar of *Orpheus*, and flourish'd about the Time when *Tola* and *Jair* were Judges over *Israel*. If this Poem then be the Genuine Work of that *Bard*, its Date preceeds the *Destruction* of *Troy*, and is considerably more *early* than the Poetry
of

of *Homer*. Our Countryman, the great Mr. *Lloyd*, with some others, has disputed its Authority; and thinks nothing is plainer than that the Author of this Piece liv'd after the *Cæsars*, and even below the *Fourth Age* of *Christianity*. For Proof he advances, that in some old Books it is ascrib'd to *Musæus* the *Grammarian*. It is not my Design to enter into a Controversy of this Matter; but I freely declare, that till I am convinc'd the *Idiom* of the *Greek* is more recent, than what was wrote in that Age, I shall be always proud to pay the Compliment of this fine Piece to *Musæus*.

It is an Observation of my Lord *Orery's*, in his Answer to Dr. *Bentley's* Dissertation on *Pbalaris*, That the best *Greek Writers* had generally Skill in *Musick*; which was infus'd into them from their *Infancy*, and none were reckon'd well-bred that wanted it. This made their Ear just and fine; and the Fineness of their Ear easily slid into their Tongue, modell'd their Speech, and made it tuneable. I dare say, every one that is a Judge of Poetry will look on this as a Composition of such a Master of Numbers, and be forced to acknowledge more Harmony in it,

it, than ever yet a *Grammarian* was guilty of.

Indeed he has touch'd the Theme of Love with that Delicacy, as if a *Museus* had only supply'd the *Greek*, but an *Addison* indited the *Sentiments*. A Translator, that would hope a more than ordinary Success from an Original embellish'd with such Ornaments of Diction, and Beauties of that exquisite Softness, must be very Curious as well as Happy in his Expressions. It is not an indolent Versification, or the Knack of making his Numbers barely musical, will serve his Turn: To reach the Spirit of this Author, he must be, in a manner, daring as *Pindar*, and tender as *Tibullus*; he must search out all the Beauties of his Language, and make them breathe the Soul of Love.

I shall conceive no small Hopes from his Performance, who can come off with Applause from the following Verses in the Beginning of the Poem.

Λύχρον ἔρωι θεῶν ἀγαλμα, τὸν ὄρεται αἰθέρι
Ζεὺς

Ἐνύχιον μετ' αἰθέρα ἄγειν ἐς ὁμήγευ' ἄστρων,
Καὶ μιν ὀπκῆσαι νυμφόσολον ἄστρον ἐρώτων.

What

What Majesty, what Tenderneſs, and Choice of Words are mix'd in theſe Verſes! I could quote a great many more that equal them in Harmony, but that it would be eſteem'd but copying from *Scaliger*. The digreſſional Remarks of *Musæus*, thro' the whole, are exactly drawn from Nature, and introduc'd with Propriety above Commendation. His Deſcription of *Hero's* Beauty has a Delicacy which is better to be conceiv'd than expreſs'd: And That of the Storm, in which *Leander* is drown'd, gives ſo horrid an Image of a tempeſtuous Sea, that it almoſt convinces the Reader that it is poſſible to paint a *Sound*.

I dare not be more extenſive in the commending this Poem, without incurring an Imputation of too much Partiality to my own Judgment.

Tom's Caffee-houſe in Devereux Court.

Looking over the Prints, I found an Adverſement which gave Notice of the Revival of a Comedy call'd the *Country-wiſe*, as on *Wednesday* laſt. My Reſpect for the ingenious Author of this Play, made me enquire what Audiencce it had; and I was informed that the *Pit*
and

and *Gallery* were but thin, and that the whole *Range* of the *Boxes* was grac'd with but a *Pair of Ladies*. I cannot attribute this to a more than ordinary *Modesty* of that Sex, or their *Fear* of being shock'd at some *Indecencies* of *Language*, since I have observ'd them croud to *Epsom-wells*, and other *Comedies* of that *free Stamp*. But I must take *Notice*, that the *Gentlemen*, under whose *Direction* the *Play-house* is at present, make too free with the *Reputation* of their *Authors*, by reviving their *Plays* at a *Season* when the *Theatre* is but a gentle sort of *Bagnio*, and the *Company* may more properly be said to be *sweated* than *diverted*.

N^o 20. *Wednesday, May 25.*

*Das aliquid Fame, quæ carmine gratior
aurem*

Occupat humanam? ——— Hor.

I Know nothing which is more dangerous than the *Misapplication* of *Wit*; and as it may have many fatal *Consequences* upon my *Readers*, so I
am

am concern'd, by Vertue of my *Censorial* Power, to bring it under due Regulations. A Man of a fine Genius and lively Imagination is always working his Ideas into an agreeable Form, either for his own Amusement, or the Entertainment of others; and if he is of a vicious Turn of Mind, all the Dresses he cloaths his Thoughts in will be formed upon that Ground-work, and stained with the Tincture of his Vices. The Mind, as it happens to be affected, produces either *Beauties* or *Monsters*, which are so many Patterns of its own Degeneracy or Perfection.

About Half a Century ago this rank Plant began to flourish among us, and by the Encouragement of a Series of gay Seasons took so deep Root, that I am afraid we shall hardly ever be able to remove it. To whose Infamy the planting of it is owing may be uncertain, but many careful Hands were employed in cherishing and promoting its Growths; and the Men of Parts and Wit were not the most idle Labourers in this Harvest. What Improvements or Mixtures it has received from later Hands, how it has been blended with Profaneness, or interwoven with Politics,

ticks, shall not be my Business to enquire. But I cannot but lament that it seems at present to shoot up again with Vigour, and tempts the Hand of a better Authority than mine to correct its Luxuriancy. The very *Titles* of some modern Pieces of this kind of *Wit* are enough to shock a Man of any Reason or Religion; and tho' they may find Readers enough, yet all Men of *Geni-
us* are concerned to despise such infamous Attempts to please, or they themselves may be reckoned Partakers of the Folly they approve.

As there are Abundance of these dirty Papers thrust into the World meerly from the Impudence of their respective Scribes, so there are as many good Pieces suppressed only by the Modesty of the Performers. For my own Part, I have engaged in the Defence of Learning joined with Religion, and Wit made more agreeable by Virtue; and I shall give my Reader a Proof of my own Resolution, by obliging him with the following Copy of Verses. They were writ to a young Gentleman of Condition soon after his leaving the University.

Oxford,

Oxford, May 10, 1713.

“ *Dear Charles,* the Scene is shifted
now, and You,

“ Freed from the *Schools*, sublimer
Thoughts pursue;

“ With decent Art, and comely Pra-
ctice shew,

“ What others only can pretend to
know;

“ May duller Souls to Reputation
climb

“ By learning how to quibble out
their Time;

“ They fight, where, if they cou’d a
Conquest gain,

“ The useless Triumph were not worth
the Pain!

“ For what do all their Arguments avail,

“ But just to shew that neither can
prevail?

“ They pass thro’ Ways with Thorns
and Briars curst,

“ And are at last no nearer than at first.

“ He, who pretends the highest Pitch
to fly,

“ Has no more Certainty than You, or I;

“ And

“ And were his Thirst of Vanity but
less,

“ With equal Freedom wou’d the
same confess.

“ Grant that he had some Notion of
the Soul,

“ But does he, Sir, yet comprehend
the Whole?

“ If so, then purge our Eyes from
dark’ning Mists,

“ And tell us what she is, and how
subsists;

“ How does she *wander*, yet to Place
confin’d,

“ Clear the *contain’d*, and yet *containing*
Mind?

“ When Nature’s Hand the Vital Knot
unties,

“ Resolve me, Chymist, where the
Spirit flies;

“ Does she to secret Caves in Earth re-
pair,

“ Or range at Liberty in liquid Air?

“ How is she alter’d, or is still the same

“ As when her Pow’rs inform’d this
fleeting Frame?

“ Had latter *Sages*, less with Learn-
ing fraught,

“ Had the great *Stagwite’s* fantastic
Thought;

H

“ And,

- “ And, when they could not ev’ry
Cause explain,
“ With Water cool’d the raging of
their Brain:
“ While *Folly* thus had sacrific’d to *Pride*,
“ What Heaps of unborn Mysteries had
dy’d?
“ And where could Madmen chuse
more proper Graves,
“ Than, what resembl’d ’em, their Fel-
low-Waves?
“ Could we in Thoughts, as we in
Matter see,
“ How Parts here differ, and how there
agree;
“ As then in Mixtures of unequal kind
“ We odd agreeable Confusions find;
“ So could we thus inspect the *Sage’s*
Head,
“ And see what Crouds of Folly there
are bred;
“ What a strange Chaos would divert
the Sight?
“ Here mighty *Occam* and *Dun Scotus*
fight?
“ There lie hard *Questions* ready to rebel,
“ And here *Distinctions*, in a secret Cell;
“ *Cartesius’* Whirligigs one Corner hold,
“ Oppos’d by furious *Hot, Moist, Dry,*
and *Cold*;
“ In

" In dark Obscurity *Privation* lies,

" And would reach *Entity*, but dares not rise;

" *Matter* and *Form* a Thousand Gambols play,

" As Novel scenes arise, and Old decay.

" This strange Anatomy could we survey,

" Then *Congreve* need not write, nor *Dogget* play;

" The *Greshamites* might sell their Trinkets, and be gone,

" The *Puppet-show* it-self would be undone.

" Think not that I for ign'rant Darkness plead,

" For I too hope we may be wise, and read;

" And yet I never can those Fools admire,

" Who think they're wise, because they cannot tire.

I would prefer a neat well-furnish'd Home,

" To the vast Lumber of an Antique Dome;

- " 'Tis true, there's Stuff enough, and
 Room for more,
 " But what avails the needful, worth-
 less Store?
 " Who sails from *India's* Shore, and
 brings to Land
 " A heavy Cargo of unuseful Sand?
 " If we for Knowledge sail o'er Lear-
 ning's Seas,
 " Let us bring what will profit, what
 will please.
 " Let Study be with Elegance refin'd,
 " Enlarge the Thought, but not de-
 press the Mind.
 " What to Stone Sculpture, Lines to
 Colours are,
 " Gesture to Speaking, and to Beauty
 Air,
 " Such Grace, and something more,
 yet more Divine,
 " Something which Thought can
 reach, but not define,
 " Should in true, useful, solid Lear-
 ning shine.

T



Friday,

N^o 21. *Friday, May 27.*

Denique cetera Animantia in suo genere probè degunt: congregari videmus, & stare contra dissimilia: Leonum feritas inter se non dimicat: Serpentum morsus non petit Serpentes: ne Maris quidem belluæ ac pisces, nisi in diversa genera, seviunt. At, herculè, homini plurima ex homine sunt Mala. Plin.

BEing Yesterday on the Ramble, and putting in for Refreshment at *Salter's* Coffee-house at *Chelsea*, I entertain'd my self with taking a Survey of his Labour for these Twenty Years past, which has been in making a Collection of monstrous and uncommon Curiosities. As the *Virtuoso* himself was not at Home, I was forc'd to content my self with learning the History of the Rarities from Female Intelligence; and as I desired her to point me out something of *Antiquity*, she produc'd a *Sword* which she inform'd me was brought from the *Battle of Hock-*

sted. This one Instance gave me sufficient Satisfaction of her Judgment as an Antiquary; and I do not know but that, if she were requir'd to produce something Modern, she would fetch out a *Splinter* of the *Pillar* of *Salt* into which *Lot's* Wife was turn'd, a Piece of the *Ruins* of Old *Troy*, or *Diana's* Temple at *Ephesus*: The Fragments of all which their *Catalogues* pretend to.

I began to think that if a *Distress* were to be made of this *Medley* of *Oddities*, how it would puzzle an *Officer* to give every one its proper Denomination, and an *Appraiser* to set a precise Valuation. Nothing but the Head of a *Virtuoso* can be capable of proportioning the Values between an heap of *Thunderbolts*, and a *Musical Mouse-trap*; between *Goliath's Gantlet*, and an *Indian Monarch's Snuff-box*; or a *Nun's Slipper*, and the *Cham* of *Tartary's Stirrup*. The Heads of those Men of Delicacy are furnish'd with peculiar Cells for Regulation, and Esteem in these Niceties; and they can with as much Ease set a Price on the *Virgin Mary's Milk petrified*, as a Broker can on an Old Chest of Drawers, or Table-Bedstead: What Value could a Mechanick impose
on

on the *gilded Chest*, which graces a Corner of this accomplish'd Coffee-room; and which has travell'd from *Japan* with the Bones of a Fryar in it, sent to reconcile a King of *Portugal*; but which was fortunately snap'd up by the Way by an *English* Captain, and presented to be laid up amongst these numerous Treasures of Curiosity?

Now as *Whitsontide* is approaching, and the gay Youths who are content at other times with appearing Spruce at a Shop-door, or practising gentle Postures behind a Counter, will be dispersing into Places of Recreation for three Days; such whose Heads are not turn'd, or Circumstances adapted to *Richmond* or *Epsom*, but are confin'd within narrower Circles of Pleasure, I would advise to make an Innocent Parade to *Chelsea*, and do enjoin them strictly to call in at *Salter's*, on Pain of incurring the Censure of Stupidity, in default thereof.

This *Oeconomist* is furnish'd with such Variety of Objects for Speculation, that he is sure to content every Disposition and Capacity in their several ways. The Scholastick Genius that has a taste for, and Faith in Antiquity, has here an

ample Field for Dissertation on the preserving such small, but precious, Remains for so many Ages: The *Smatterer* in *Naturals* cannot fail of being pleas'd to see a piece of Wood that grew in the *Shape of a Hog*: What Room for Discourse does a *rough Diamond* make? What Grounds for a Romance does the Skin of an *Alligator* furnish? How may the Jocose Imagination be tickled with the *Italian Padlock*, and the little *Ladies* in the *Glass-case*? And for the sprightly Lads that delight in rough Game, how might they point and sneer on Account of the dry Drubs, they could give each other with *Goliath's Sword* or *Queen Elizabeth's Walking-Stick*?

For my own Part, as I am particular in most things from the generality of Mankind, so my Observations from Objects have a different and peculiar Turn. When I cast my Eyes upwards on *Salter's Cieling*, and beheld it planted with the stuffed Skins of so many noxious Animals, I began to resemble his Disposition in them to the State of Humane Nature. This is a dumb Picture of Life, thought I; just in this manner are Mortals surrounded with Danger; Who can be so circumspect,
and

and void of Provocation in his Conduct, that may not be assaulted by a Bully, who shall run at him like a *Sword-fish*? Who can be arm'd against the Deceit of one, who shall devour us with the Voracity of a *Shark*, and weep over us with the Diffimulation of a *Crocodile*? How often are we tortur'd with the Impertinence of a Pratler, whose Jingle is more insufferable than that of a *Rattle-Snake*? How often is our Credulity impos'd upon by Stories that surmount the Improbabilities of a *Mer-Maid*? And yet these Assaults, either on our Persons or Senses, are made by those whom Nature has thrown into the same Form with us, endow'd with the same Faculties and Operations, and whom she design'd to be Brethren and Assistants to each other.

There is scarce an Animal throughout the Creation, that delights in injuring its own *Species*. Rivalship, or Emulation, indeed may push them on assaulting and grappling with each other; but Strength and noble Rage in them does the Mischief, which Man performs oftner by Treachery and Circumvention: Instinct and Hunger make Lyons to prey on Deer, and Cattle; Serpents to swallow
Birds

Birds and Reptiles; and the larger Fish to feed on the smaller, as their proper Food, and design'd by Nature for their Sustenance: But Man, that has all the Products of the Creation at his Service, aims his Arrows chiefly against Man; runs him down with Fraud and Artifice, hunts him into the Toils of Perplexity, and triumphs in his Ruin.

“ Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey,

“ But savage Man alone does Man betray!

“ Press'd by Necessity, They kill for Food;

“ Man undoes Man to do himself no Good.

“ With Teeth and Claws, by Nature arm'd, they hunt;

“ Nature's Allowance to supply their Want:

“ But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,

“ Inhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays:

“ With voluntary Pains works his Distress,

“ Not thro' Necessity, but Wantonness.

Monday,

N^o 22. *Monday, May 30.*

——— *Dic, quid referat intra
Naturæ fines viventi, jugera centum, an
Mille aret?*

AS I was walking in the Street the other Day, I observed a Fellow mounted upon a *spotted Horse* harranguing a circular Assembly, which his Trumpeter had called together; I mixed with the Multitude, and made a part of the Audience, not without hopes of reaping some Diversion from the *Doctor*, his *Company*, or his *Horse*. Neither was I deceived; but as the *Doctor*, both by his Situation and his Understanding, seem'd to be the most considerable Person, I own my self most obliged to him; tho' I perceived many who judg'd the contrary, and made the *Horse* their chief Favourite. I shall not make so long a Preface as he did, but tell my Reader that I was not a little *pleased* with one of this *Equestrian Empirick's* Argu-

Arguments to recommend a certain *Plaster* whose Virtues and Value he was displaying to his Audience: " If, says
" the *Doctor*, you have a violent Pain
" in the Side, Back, Head, or any o-
" ther Part, try all the Tricks you can
" for Ease, clap a Bag of a Hundred
" Pounds to the Part affected, what
" Relief will you gain by it? You'll
" Sigh and Languish on. — But if
" you apply this single *Emplastrum*,
" (which I sell with the whole *Packet*
" for Six-pence) the Pain will be im-
" mediately relieved, you are well in
" an Instant. — And *Ergo*, I say
" this *Plaster* is worth an Hundred
" Pounds. —

Tho' I knew from whence the Rogue stole his witty Consequence, I could not help being pleased with the Arguments; and soon perceived the Effect it had upon his Audience, who, by the Multitude of *Gloves* and *Handkerchiefs* to receive this precious Piece of *Leather*, seemed to think that they had made a fine Market of their *Sixpences*, and actually gulled the *Doctor* out of *Ninety Nine Pounds Nineteen Shillings* and *Six-pence*, by taking him at his Word.

Now

Now tho' I am not fond of moralizing upon every silly Accident or Story, and turning a Man's whole Life and Conversation into a Common-Place of serious or religious Application, yet upon this Occasion I could not refrain from running into some Reflections upon that most unreasonable Vice of *Covetousness*. The *Quack's* Argument about the Hundred Pounds Bag is the same beautiful Thought, tho' in a courser Dress, and so better suited to the Capacity of his Patients, that is made use of by the finest and most delicate Authors of Antiquity. *Lucretius* has worked up the same Sentiment into a Number of as fine Verses as any in all his Works, and *Horace* has more than once touched upon it in the same way; A Bed of Down or Cloth of Tissue, says one, cannot make the Rich Man's *Gout* less Pungent, nor Liquor in a *Cup of Gold* relieve the Thirst of the *Hydropical Miser*.

In this Train of Thought I proceeded, reflecting still upon some Passages in these celebrated Poets, which strike upon this Subject with great Spirit and Delicacy. *Horace* has put a parcel of Arguments into the Mouth of the *Miser*, supposing him to plead his own Cause,

Cause, and so, allowing him all he can say for himself, baffles him from his own Concessions. The excellent Sense of the Poet, if not wronged by a bad Interpreter, might run in this manner.

There is no Man that proposes to gather Abundance of Riches but what has some *End* in his View, which once attained, the Pursuit is to be given over, and he is to set his Heart at Ease. Now, what says the *Covetous*? Why, he truly will be contented to undergo the Fatigues of Trade, Labour, and Business; he will rise early, and sit up late for a certain space of Time, and then——

What, will not you allow your self the Satisfaction of using some Part of your Wealth as you gain it? will you give your self no Ease and Relaxation, to taste of the Pleasures in the Use of your Riches? No, replies the *Niggard*, if I break one Bag, it's gone, I shall not have a Penny left, and so on to the Second and Third. But if you don't, what are you better in the midst of your Possessions than I, or a far poorer Mortal? If you have a Hundred *Granaries*, *Meadows*, and *Fish-ponds* full, and well stocked, yet you can't eat a Morsel more than I, and the same Quantity or less will serve
me

me who live within the Bounds of Nature, and a small Fortune. Oh! But there is a Pleasure in taking from a great Heap, because I know there's so much left. In return, I have the same Satisfaction from my little *Stock*, for that answers my Ends; and he is a fantastical Fool that prefers dangerous Means to a safe one when both are to the same End, and had rather drink out of a River than a little Fountain or a Glass. Well, but my Money, replies the *Miser*, procures me Esteem and Respect, and that I hope you will say is a laudable Passion. You tell me so indeed, but I can't perceive that it does; you are your own Idol and Idolater too, you bow to your self, and only fancy that others do so, or else you are certainly Blind: For you are hissed at in the publick *Streets*, pointed at in the *Temple*, and cursed over every Glass of Wine that is drank in the whole City. Indeed when you come home, out of Fear, or a servile Spirit, you may meet with some Regard. Ay, at home, cries the Wretch, there I triumph, there I have every thing at my Devotion, my Servants, my Children, and my Wife, all studious to please me. It is no such Matter, Sir,
you

you are despised even there, and tho' they dare not profess it to your Face, every Soul in your Family curses you in their Hearts. If you should chance to be Sick, they will all be so far from wishing your Recovery, that they will wait long, and pray with Impatience to see you Cold; they will laugh over your Grave, and triumph in the Spoils of your ill-got Estate, without reflecting from what Hand it came. In short, Sir, when you Covetous Wretches pretend that you have a determined End in your View, you belye and deceive your selves; every Encrease of Wealth begets a fresh Appetite, and you will never be able to leave off your Pursuits as long as you live by *Comparisons* and think it is impossible you should be Happy, while there is a richer Man in the World than your self, and by Consequence you must be always Miserable.

In short, there is but one Rule to be *Happy* in any Fortune, and that is, to live within the Bounds of Nature and Reason, and not set up an imaginary Scheme of Happiness which has no Foundation in either. To live easy, is to make our Desires keep pace with our Necessities; and it is safer to exceed
them,

them, than to fall in within them; for the one lays a Ground for an inexcusable *Vice*, but the other may be abated by several Methods.

After this Lecture from an *Heathen* Author, I shall conclude my Paper with that excellent Saying in sacred Writ, that a *covetous Person is an Idolater*; that is, that there is *something* which he prefers to his Gods and has transferr'd that Love and Honour which is only due to the Omnipotent Being, to some Created Substance, and so is in the strict Notion of the Thing an actual *Idolater*.

T

N^o 23. *Wednesday, June 1.*

Κάλλος γὰρ πείπτουσι ἀμώμητοιο γυναικός
 Ὄξύτερον μετέπεισι πέλει πλεονέσσει οἷσιν.
 Ὀφθαλμοὺς δ' ὁδὸς ὄρν' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμοῖο βολάων
 Ἐλκὸς ὀλισθαίνει, καὶ ἐπὶ φρένας ἀνδρὸς ὁδῶσι.
 Musæus.

I Never go into Assemblies of the Fair and Young, but I retire full of Sentiments of the Force of Beauty, and the sudden Impressions which an handsome Face never fails of making on the Hearts of Men. The Appearance of a
 graceful

graceful Person causes Emotions, which *Philosophy* itself cannot correct, nor *Stoicism* be insensible of. I have seen Gaiety aw'd with a single Look, and a pert Fop brought down to a dutiful Lover, by one Glance from a commanding Female. It is to be observ'd, whatever Variety of Charms the Nymph may have, the *Eye* is generally the *Throne* of *Cupid*, where he sits in the height of Pride, and dispences his Arrows at Will to his Subjects. For this Reason, tho' the *Naturalists* inform us of *Basilisks*, and the *Mythologists* of *Gorgon's Heads*, I dare affirm a beauteous Woman to be the only Animal capable of striking a Man dead with a Look, or of turning him to a Stone or Stupidity.

What has brought me on this Subject of Love, is the following Letter, which was transmitted to me from the Gentleman to whom it was writ by a Person, on whom Beauty and the Attractions of a powerful Female have made no light Impression.

Dear Jack,

May 3, 1715.

"YOU'll be surpriz'd to hear (from
" my self, especially) that I am one
" of the most unfortunate Men alive;
" You

“ You know, my Circumstances are far
 “ from being desperate, and that I al-
 “ ways enjoy’d a perfect State of Health :
 “ For which Blessings my grateful Ac-
 “ knowledgements, to the divine Di-
 “ sposer of all things, have ever been
 “ punctual. But you’ll be apt to ask
 “ me, What then can make you unea-
 “ sie? I am perfectly acquainted with
 “ your repeated Resolutions not to be
 “ disturb’d, or disquieted, at any cross
 “ Accidents or Misfortunes which
 “ might befall you; as knowing that
 “ none such could happen to you, un-
 “ less by the Permission of a Power
 “ which (if so dispos’d,) ’twould be in
 “ vain to resist.

“ This I am still satisfied and fully
 “ convinc’d of, but Flesh and Blood
 “ master and over-bear my Reason. A-
 “ las! The Scene is changed since (at
 “ *Oxford*) you were Witness to these
 “ Resolutions. Reason then was at
 “ the Helm, but now Affection. You
 “ are acquainted with all the Secrets of
 “ my Heart, nor shall you long be a
 “ Stranger to this, which I know not
 “ whether to call Pain or Pleasure.

“ You know the Person by whose
 “ Direction I was settled in this Coun-
 “ try,

“ try, so remote from my Friends; he
“ has often told me, he did it with a
“ Prospect to my future Advantage: But
“ I have too much Reason to apprehend
“ it will be the Source and Foundation
“ of my future Woe. Not to keep
“ you longer in Suspence,

“ I have since I came to these Parts
“ settled my Affections, I am afraid
“ unhappily, on a Lady who (Human-
“ ly speaking) is Perfection it self. You
“ have often heard F—— of Q——n's
“ commend with Transport and Rap-
“ tures the Sense, Temper, and Beau-
“ ty of the agreeable *Mirtilla*: The
“ Lady whose Fetters I wear, is the
“ same. The first time I saw her, my
“ Observations were not very particu-
“ lar; but at the Second Interview I
“ observ'd a Softness in her Countenance,
“ that bespoke a Calmness and Serenity
“ of Temper; to which was join'd Mo-
“ desty, able to raise Virtuous Desires
“ to the highest Pitch, and to dash the
“ wanton Pretensions of the wildest
“ Libertine. I found an unspeakable
“ Satisfaction in viewing her; which I
“ thought might be done without Dan-
“ ger: But the more I gaz'd, the more
“ still that Pleasure encreas'd; tho' I
“ still

“ still perswaded my self the bare look-
 “ ing on her would fix no lasting Im-
 “ pression on my Mind, nor deeper than
 “ that which agreeable Objects gene-
 “ rally imprint: Nor perhaps had it,
 “ if it had not been my Fortune (to call it
 “ good or bad, I hitherto am at a loss;)
 “ to fall into Company and Conversa-
 “ tion with her. ’Twas then, that
 “ Sweetness of Temper, that Discre-
 “ tion which before I could only guess
 “ at, shew’d and display’d it self. Then,
 “ that which before seem’d to have its Be-
 “ ing only in my Fancy, I found to have a
 “ real Existence.

“ Should I indulge the Inclination I
 “ have to praise her particular Virtues,
 “ I should tire you with her Encomi-
 “ ums. Perhaps, what I have already
 “ said on this Subject may seem tedi-
 “ ous and insipid to you, who have not
 “ hitherto experienc’d the soft Impres-
 “ sions the Fair Sex is capable of mak-
 “ ing.

“ But what shall I do? My Life is a
 “ Burthen to me, till she is inform’d of
 “ the Esteem and sincere Affection I
 “ bear her; And whatever my future
 “ Views may be, considering the mean-
 “ ness of the Post I am in at present, I
 “ cannot

“ cannot discover my Passion without
“ incurring the Imputation of Assurance.
“ What the Lady's Fortune is, I am
“ altogether Ignorant; tho', could it
“ be without detriment to her, I should
“ wish it less than 'tis reported to be,
“ for then I could promise my self bet-
“ ter Hopes of Success.

“ But every thing seems to combine
“ to make me Miserable; Her Fortune
“ (if Fame may be rely'd on,) is con-
“ siderably beyond what I ought to
“ expect, as the Market goes by way of
“ Settlement; and to give even an impar-
“ tial Account of my own Circumstan-
“ ces, would be downright Madness.
“ My only Comfort is that the Lady
“ has Sense, and, I believe, no sordid
“ Affection for Money; and could she
“ be convinc'd that the chief Care and
“ Study of my Life (next to that to which
“ all Concerns must give Place) would
“ be to make her's Easy, Agreeable,
“ and Pleasant to her, I should not al-
“ together despair of Success.

“ My Design in writing this long
“ Letter to you, is to ask your Advice,
“ (whose Reason is not clouded with
“ Passion) what is best to be done in
“ my Case. Whether I should boldly
declare

“ declare my Passion, or languish be-
 “ tween Hopes and Fear, or rather
 “ in Despair. I, as it were, foresee your
 “ Counsel will be, that I should assume
 “ a Modest Boldness. But then a Frown,
 “ or an Answer any ways discouraging,
 “ would render my Condition more
 “ desperate than ever, compleat my
 “ Misery, and make me incapable for
 “ the future of ever resuming the Sub-
 “ ject.

I am Faithfully Thine,

P. M.

As I am retain'd by the Gentleman,
 to whom this Letter was writ, a *Coun-
 cil* for the *Lover*; I am to put him in
 the best Measures, according to my
 Judgment, to carry his Cause. I must
 consider him as a *Plaintiff* that has brought
 his *Action*; I must suppose her to have
appear'd, and therefore his next Step,
 of Course, is to *declare*; and in that
Declaration let him be so full and exact,
 as to leave her no Room to *Demur*.

Women indeed are often sway'd by
 Vanity or Interest, and no less frequent-
 ly by Inclination; therefore tho' some
 Pre-

Professions of Passion may favour of Assurance, the Man, who in that Fear resolves to be dumb, deserves to lose his Mistress. In Love, as in War, the Attacks must be made strenuously, or the Assailant will come off by the worst. And were I a Woman, I should with more Pride surrender to the Person who would carry me fairly, and treat me with Honour; than to him who stood on formal Capitulations, and, for want of Merit, was for bartering by Equivalent in Land and Money.

N° 24. *Friday, June 3.*

Ὅστις ἀδῶν πίνοι, οἷνῳ δὲ οἱ ἐπλετο μάρτυρ.
Hesiod.

HAVING in one of my former Papers made an Apology for the Wine-bibbers, I find some of my Readers have mistaken my Design, and imagine that I have been pleading the Cause of those everlasting Topers who rise, perform their constant Course, and set in
Wine

Wine. This sort of People have given me to understand that they highly approve of my Lecture upon the Subject, and one significant Person of a *Culinary Club* has signified to me in a Hand, which I could easily perceive *shook* as he writ, that the President had read my Discourse thrice over, and had order'd it to be laid upon the Table between two Rows of Tobacco-pipes, to be perused by the Members of the Society. He likewise informs me, that, in Respect to my Name and Family, the *Club* have petitioned the Man of the House to pull down his *Sign*, which is at present the *Bumper*, and set up the Head of my great Ancestor *Ben. Johnson* in its room, which he thinks is a Compliment I ought to be proud of.

Another Correspondent, who it seems is as much married to his Bottle as his Wife, returns me his hearty Thanks for my Reasons for Drinking; which, he says, are as good as those contained in the two famous Verses which he has remembered, and forgot five Hundred times since he commenced a Toper. His Wife, who I find is a Woman of a clear Voice and an excellent Delivery, is apt to rally the good Man for his Intemperance,

I

and

and now, says he, as soon as ever she begins
Issuing her your Paper with a --- *Here read
the CENSOR.* He does not know
how it is, but there is a *Charm* in it,
he says, that has tied her Tongue to its
good Behaviour for this last Fortnight.

In return to all these kind Things, I
must assure my Correspondents that I
am no Patron of hard-drinking; and it
has always been my Opinion, there is
not an Animal upon the Face of the
Earth more miserable than a *Sot*. This
Wretch, like the *Salamander*, lives in
the midst of a Fire; his Blood and Spi-
rits continually boiling with the Fumes
of his former Excesses, and receiving a
fresh Supply for his present Debauche-
ries. His Time is not measured by the
Day, or Hour, but the *Bottle*; and all
his Arithmetick is, *What is to pay*, and
how much he has drank. His Health,
his Fortune, and every thing else is di-
vided and split into *Tavern Bills*; And
Pints, and *Quarts* stand at the foot of
every Account he makes up. To be-
hold one of these Creatures with a *bloa-
ted Face*, and a *wasted Carcase*, by the
Aid of a *Paralytical* Hand lifting up a
Glass to his Head that works all the
while in the same unequal Motion, is
an

an Object of the utmost Aversion and Contempt: But his Pleasure is, the Vanity of saying he did not spill one Drop of the precious Liquor. Absurd Wretch! And yet how many of this Class are to be met with, who work the Day, the Week, and Year round, without any Season of Rest and Relaxation. The whole *Calendar* is turned into *Holidays* with the Drunkard, and his *Jubilee* returns with every Sun that rises.

But what of all the Extravagancies of this vicious Custom most offends me, is the Pride and Triumph that these mighty Heroes of *Bacchus* take in subduing each other, and, without a *Metaphor*, knocking each other literally under the *Table*. *Drinking Matches* are now become almost as frequent as *Horse* or *Cock Matches*, and the Prize is often as considerable, tho' the Event resembles the latter most, where one of the Combatants receives a Blow that either shortens his Life, or kills him upon the Spot. It is a pretty Diversion for two rational Creatures to set down to murder one another by way of Pleasure, and strive who shall go first to the Grave, for the Improvement of good Fellowship.

While others are repeating the noble Exploits of our *British Ancestors*, or the more modern and more glorious Victories of *Blenheim* or *Ramelies*, and setting forth the Conduct and Courage of their Country-men, these Wretches in the Angle of a smoaky Room are boasting of the *Martyrs* to the Bottle, and pleasing themselves in the Repetition of Triumphs they ought to be hanged for. If all their Discourse were put into plain *English*, it would run in no better a Strain than this; That *Will. Tipple* went drunk to *Hell* on *Monday*; that *Tom. Two-gallons* died in his Chair after the Tenth Bottle without saying one Word; that the jolly *Baronet* spent his Estate, beggar'd his Family, and after a merry Meeting fell from his Horse and broke his Neck, having before taken care to make no *Will* when he had nothing to leave.

The best way that I know of to convert a Drunkard is, to beat him out of that Argument which the Tribe most value themselves upon, and that is, that for all their Faults they are Men of Honour, or honest Fellows, and therefore fit to be trusted. Now if the World had a just Opinion of them, these Wretches would be excluded from all man-

ner

ner of Commerce with their Fellow Creatures, as unfit for Society. The *Marquess of Halifax* has touched this Subject with such a Delicacy, in his *Directions* for the Choice of *Members* to serve in *Parliament*, that I shall forbear to say any thing my self, and recommend the Reader to a better Entertainment from that great Judge of Men and Letters.

‘ Great Drinkers are less fit to serve
‘ in Parliament than is apprehended.

‘ Mens Virtue, as well as their Un-
‘ derstanding, is apt to be tainted by
‘ it.

‘ The Appearance of it is sociable and
‘ well-natur’d, but it is by no means to
‘ be rely’d upon; nothing is more frail
‘ than a Man too far engaged in *wet*
‘ *Popularity*.

‘ It is seldom seen, that any Princi-
‘ ples have such a Root, as that they
‘ can be Proof against the continual
‘ dropping of the Bottle.

‘ As to the Faculties of the Mind,
‘ there are not less Objections; the Va-
‘ pours of Wine may sometimes throw
‘ out Sparks of Wit, but they are like
‘ scattered pieces of Ore, there is no
‘ Vein to work upon.

‘ Such Wit, even the best of it, is
 ‘ like paying great Fines ; in which
 ‘ Case there must of necessity be an
 ‘ Abatement of the constant Rent.

‘ Nothing sure is a greater Enemy to
 ‘ the Brain than too much Moisture ;
 ‘ it can the least of any thing bear the
 ‘ being continually steeped. And it
 ‘ may be said, that Thought may be
 ‘ resembled to some Creatures which
 ‘ can only live in a *dry Country*.

‘ Yet so arrogant are some Men, as
 ‘ to think they are so much Masters of
 ‘ Business, as that they can play with
 ‘ it ; they imagine they can drown
 ‘ their Reason once a Day, and that it
 ‘ shall not be the worse for it ; for-
 ‘ getting, that by too often dividing,
 ‘ the Understanding at last groweth too
 ‘ weak to rise again.

‘ I suppose this Fault was less frequent,
 ‘ when *Solon* made it one of his Laws,
 ‘ that it was lawful to kill a *Magistrate*
 ‘ if he was found Drunk. Such Liber-
 ‘ ty taken in this Age, either in the
 ‘ Parliament, or out of it, would do
 ‘ horrible Execution. T

Monday,

N^o 25. *Monday, June 6.*

Etiam Illi, qui in ligneolis hominum Figuris gestus movent, quando filum membri quod agitari solet traxerint, torquebitur Cervix; nutabit Caput: Oculi vibrabunt: manus ad Ministerium præsto erunt: nec invenustè totus videbitur vivere.

Apul. de Mundo.

AS in the sedate Moments of my Life, I take frequent Rambles of Speculation, so I never fail of having my Mind as well as Eye delighted with the Variety of Objects which occur to my Observation; For when I am in these pleasant Moods of Serenity, there can nothing present it self, however perverse or awkward in its kind, but what will promote my contemplative Faculty, and give a Rise to a Thousand occasional Remarks.

I happen'd in one of these lucid Intervals, to be dragg'd along with a Friend of Business thro' the Hurry of the *Royal Exchange*, and from thence to

the *Custom-house Keys*: In the first Place, my Ears were assaulted with imperfect Sentences of *buying Stock*, from *Seven Eights* to *Three Quarters*, so much *Discount*, and many other Fragments peculiar to the Phrase of Merchandize. When I came to the *Keys*, I was worse distracted with repeated Hammerings, splitting of Tobacco-tubs, and the hoarse Clamours of the robust Porters about the Cranes, who look'd like so many *Archimedes's* that could toss the Globe.

Perceiving such Crouds of People employ'd in their different ways, and acting in a sort of *regular Confusion* without disturbing each other, I could not help reflecting on the little *wooden Family* of my facetious Friend *Powell*: This *Artist* is furnish'd with Personages to play on Nature in all her Degrees and Distinctions of Quality, from a *Tinsel* Emperor to a *ragged Lazar*. In this height of Business when I observ'd the Deference paid to a burly Head-Officer, that stalk'd full of the Knowledge of his Dignity, my Imaginations were full of the famous *Charlemain*; and again when some *Under-strappers* in Power shuffled along, and all the Complement to them was --- *'Servant, Master*; I consider'd

sider'd them as so many *London Prodigals* that liv'd on the Loose, and never allow'd their *Occupations* a Moment, beyond the time prescrib'd by *Custom* or *Authority*.

I likewise consider these busie Animals, like *Puppets*, in another Sense; you shall observe those little *Mechanicks* to stir their Stumps, whirl round their Bodies, and rowl their Eyes as Occasion serves, and yet cannot discern the Springs of those respective Motions. It is just so with the active Part of Mankind; they bustle and hurry; toil and splutter; we can see the Pains they take, and the Compliance of their Limbs to what they are engag'd in, but cannot penetrate to the Influences under which they act. I do not mean the Natural Causes of Motion, or the Office of Muscles in Humane Bodies, but the various Interests in Life which set those busie Mortals a going.

Were I dispos'd to be jocular, I could animadvert on the Numbers of Objects, this Day swarming about the Fields, that look yet more like *Powell's* artificial *Engines*, than the Product of Nature's Wisdom. They are dress'd, like gorgeous Puppets, in their *Holy-day*
I s.
Geer,

Geer, and move as awkwardly as if they had not Joints, but their Limbs were clap'd together and fixt to their Bodies on Wiers.

But I shall rather chuse to imitate the Author, whose Words I have borrow'd at the Head of my Paper; and divert the low and ludicrous Image to a Reflection of more Weight and Dignity. All the Operations of Providence stand on the same Foot; the Celestial Influence insinuates it self by an unseen Attachment, and one Impulse of the Divine Will, like a Master-spring, puts the inferior Causes in Agitation. The first Emission of his Power being made, every thing, by mutual and communicated Impulses, receives a Motion proper to its Nature: We have Eyes that discern the Effects of this imperceptible Ordination; and Understandings and Conjectures that soar up to second Causes; but the Interests of the Almighty, in the Disposition of his Works, is a Secret fit only for Angels to contemplate.

I confess, the Influences under which Men act are frequently obvious and apparent; their Passions are the Keys of Action, and it is very easy to distinguish
betwixt

betwixt the Man that takes Pains only for a Livelyhood, and him that labours to amass a Treasure. It seems very plain to me that worldly Interest, and a little Spirit of Avarice, were the Motives of the following Petition, which was this Morning sent to me in a small *Band-box*.

The humble Petition of Martha Twistrowl, Spinster and Milliner, to the Honourable Benjamin Johnson, Esq, CENSOR of Great-Britain.

YOUR Petitioner sets forth that being a Woman, industrious in her Calling, and willing to live well in the World, she humbly hopes that *your Honour* will think proper, upon her Petition, to recommend to general Wear the most becoming Fashion of *Black-Heads*. That your Petitioner having attain'd the Secret of making them up with an extraordinary Air, and having a very good Custom amongst the Ladies of the middle Rank, would be a considerable Gainer if the said Fashion could be brought to bear. If likewise *your Worship* would please to take Notice, that to make the Expence the more easy, I have provided a good Quantity of *course Gause*, and
Love,

Love; and that it shall be at the Ladies Pleasure to buy their own *Ribbands* at the *Marlborough Cellars*; it would be a particular Obligation, and your Petitioner, as in Duty bound, shall ever Pray, &c.

Martha Twist-rowl.

I make bold to send your Worship one of these *Heads*, inclos'd; if it may be worthy of the Wear of any of your Friends.

Tho' I was pleas'd with the Complaisance of this Female Trader, and shall consider her as the first who has signaliz'd me with the Title of *Esquire*, yet I cannot favour her in this Matter further than by the Insertion of her Petition. As I cannot perswade my self the Fashion is becoming, so, by my Office, I am obliged to Censure the Levity of the Sex, in foregoing a Dress advantageous to their Beauty, for this new and disagreeable *Exotick*. I have made my Observation on several that have wore them; the Pale and Fair look like so many *Pewits*, and the Brown and Ruddy like *Zara* in the Tragedy. I am confident that had the famous *Pewterer's* Wife

N^o 26. *The CENSOR.* 181

Wife in *Bedlam* surviv'd to have seen
this Dress, her Pride would scarce have
gone far enough to have encourag'd the
Fashion by her falling into it; For the
Head Mrs. *Twist-rowl* was so kind to
send me, as I have a small parcel of Cher-
ries rip'ning for me, I have sent it into
the Country to my good *Cousin*, with
Directions for her to fix it on a Pole in
the Orchard, to serve for a *Scare-crow*.

N^o 26. *Wednesday, June 8.*

Ἐλαφρόν, ὅσις πημάτων ἔω πόδα
ἔχει, παραινέει, νεδεύει τε τὰς κακὰς
Παρονοίας. ————— *Æschyl. in Prom.*

I Have not a few times diverted my
self with observing how Authors in
different Ages have not only slipt into
the same Sentiments without copying
from their Predecessors; but have work'd
up a Maxim with a certain *Sameness* of
Thought, and sometimes of Expression.
I remember the Learned Dr. *Bentley*
has made it one of his Exceptions to
Phalaris's Epistles being Genuine, that
the Tyrant has made use of some Pro-
verbial

verbial Sentences, which are recorded as the Inventions of Authors of a much later Date, and therefore *Phalaris* could not write those Epistles, because he has used some Sayings that were not in Being in his Age. I confess, I am not totally satisfied with this Argument, I look upon it a Hardship next to an Impossibility to determine strictly the Periods, and Origins of such Sentences; and were it not a Work that would favour too much of Pedantry and Affectation of Book-Learning, I could produce several of these sententious Fragments, which have been severally attributed to five or six distinct Authors, and that on the Testimonies of great Hands. But this is a Digression from the Subject I intended. I was proposing to shew from this Passage of *Æschylus* prefix'd to my Paper, how closely the same Sentiment has been traced, by Authors of different Ages and Language, without being beholding to each other for an Imitation. This Sentence in the Grecian Poet is spoken by *Prometheus* after he is bound to Mount *Caucasus*, and in the height of his Distress is advis'd by the *Sea-Nymphs* to quit his Resentments and assume a Temper;

How

*How easy 'tis to comfort and direct
The Wretch that labours under racking Pains,
For him that tastes not of the Grief himself! —*

Terence in his *Andrian Woman* has given Charinus, in a Perplexity of a lighter Nature, a Sentiment very conformable to the Tragedian's;

*Facile omnes, cum valemus, recta Consilia
ægotis damus:*

Tu, si hic sis, aliter sentias. —

Our own *Shakespear* has wove the same Thought into one of his Comedies, but follow'd it with a larger Scope of Language and Observation; However, as all his Insertions of this kind have a peculiar Force and Beauty, I shall not think it amiss to quote the whole, since I have every where endeavour'd to insinuate Morality, and reckon it as much a Part of my Office to recommend what Men ought to do, as censure what they ought to avoid.

*Men counsel, and give Comfort to that Grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their Counsel turns to Passion; which before
Would give instructful Med'cine unto Rage;
Fetter*

*Fetter strong Madneſs in a ſilken Thread,
 Charm Ach with Air, and Agony with Words:
 Thus it is all Mens Office to ſpeak Patience
 To thoſe that wring under the Load of Sorrow,
 But no Man's Virtue nor Sufficiency
 To be ſo Moral, when he ſhall endure
 The like himſelf. —*

*Mens Griefs cry louder than Adverſement;
 And there was never yet Philoſopher
 That could endure the Tooth-ach patiently,
 However they have writ the Stile of Gods,
 And made a Piſh at Chance and Sufferance.*

I think this *Engliſh* Poet, whoſe Honour muſt never dye till Taſte and Judgment are withered in our Country, has grac'd this Subject with a Lecture of equal Wiſdom and Elegance. We preach up Patience and Conſolation at every Turn, but never can put the Leſſon into Practice. Our Fortunes have always ſome Diſtemper, which makes us ſour and diſcontented: We talk gravely of the Allotments of Providence, and of Reſignation to the Divine Will; yet, like froward Children, we break and throw from us the Bleſſings of indulgent Heaven, and require to be furniſh'd every Moment with freſh Felicities.

Sir

Sir *Richard Bulstrode*, whose Essays are lately publish'd, has touch'd the Subject of our Discontents with much Nature, and Easiness of Style. This great Man seems to me to write, as a Courtier of King *Charles's* time would speak; he has Fluency without Affectation; his Notions are strong and of a good Compass; and his Writings are full of Strokes of Divinity, as well as moral Instruction: I beg leave to hope I may entertain my Readers with a Quotation from him, that is a natural Sequel to the Theme I had taken in Hand.

“ He that enjoys the greatest Happiness in this World, does still want
 “ one Happiness more to secure him for
 “ the future what he possesses at present;
 “ and if the Enjoyments of this Life
 “ were certain, yet they are unsatisfy-
 “ ing; it is a hard thing that every
 “ thing in this World can trouble us,
 “ but nothing can give us Satisfaction.
 “ I know not how it is, but either we,
 “ or the things of this World, or both,
 “ are so fantastical, that we can neither
 “ be well with these things nor with-
 “ out them: If we be hungry, we are
 “ in Pain; and if we be full, we are
 “ uneasy: If we are Poor, we think
 our

“ selves Miserable; and if we be Rich,
“ we commonly really are so; if we are
“ in a low Condition we fret and mur-
“ mur; if we chance to get up and are
“ raised to Greatness, we are many times
“ farther from Content than before;
“ so that we pursue the Happiness of
“ this World just as little Children
“ chase Birds, when we think we are
“ very near it, and have it almost in
“ our Hands, it flies farther from us
“ than it was at first. Indeed the En-
“ joyments of this World are so far
“ from affording us Satisfaction, as the
“ sweetest of them are most apt to sa-
“ tiate and cloy us: All the Pleasures
“ of this World are so contriv'd as to
“ yield us very little Happiness; if
“ they go off soon they signify nothing,
“ and if they stay long we are sick of
“ them: After a full Draught of any
“ sensual Pleasure, we presently loath
“ it; and hate it as much after the En-
“ joyment, as we search'd and long'd
“ for it in Expectation: But the De-
“ lights of the other World, as they still
“ give us full Satisfaction, so we shall
“ never be weary of them; every Re-
“ petition of them will be accompanied
“ with a new Pleasure and Content-
ment:

“ ment: In the Felicities of Heaven
 “ two things will be reconcil’d, which
 “ never met together in any sensual De-
 “ light, long and full Enjoyment, and
 “ yet a fresh and perpetual Pleasure; it
 “ would embitter the Pleasures of Hea-
 “ ven to see an End of them, tho’ at
 “ never so great a Distance: But God
 “ hath so order’d things that the vain
 “ Delights of this World should be tem-
 “ porary, but the substantial Pleasures
 “ of the next World be as lasting as
 “ they are Excellent.

N^o 27. *Friday, June 10.*

—E Caelo descendit, γυνῆς ἀναστρέψου. Joven.
 Εἰ δὲ μή τις ἐβέλτε, δὲ μή τις ἐβέλτε. Antiph.

AS I took Care to send out my Scouts
 to all Places of Resort and Pleasure,
 within Ten Miles of the Bills of Mor-
 tality, to learn the true State of *Habits*,
 and *Manners*; their respective Reports
 have given me but a very indifferent Ac-
 count on both Heads. I find the *Beau*
Monde is resolv’d to *dress* in Contempt
 to

to Gracefulness, and behave in Defiance of Decency. It looks as if Vanity had made War on good Sense, and a Spirit of Libertinism triumph'd over Morality.

I confess, I can much easier dispense with some Extreame in Habit, than a licentious Levity of Behaviour; and as odious a Vice as Pride is, I would allow both Sexes an Indulgence for Fashions, so the Ladies will not think themselves Goddesses, and the Men, like *Alexander*, disclaiming their Fathers, expect to be deem'd Sons of *Jupiter Ammon*. We ought to remember that nothing can become us so well, as Humility and a modest Carriage: Arrogance and assuming Airs are going directly out of our Sphere, and forgetting our Nature and Condition. The Vicissitudes of Fortune, and frequent Changes which we see happen to the most exalted Stations, should serve to disarm us of our swelling Passions, and put us in Mind that we are but mortal.

To know our selves of Old was accounted a great part of Wisdom, but Custom and Fashion have now made it a Rule to forget we are Men. Vanity and Ostentation over-run our Natures, and make us neither see our own Frail-

ty,

ty, nor the Perfection of the Power to whom we owe our Being: I remember it is an Observaion of Mr. *Collier's*, that there are but three tolerable Pretences for Pride, which are Learning, Nobility and Power; and yet all of them, duly examin'd, should rather make us humble than vain.

The Height of all *Socrates's* Learning, and Disquisitions into Nature, amounted to no more than to know certainly that he knew nothing. The farther we make our Progress in Knowledge, the nearer we come to the Discovery of our Ignorance and Insufficiency. The Heathen Philosophers, if any Body, had the best right to pride themselves in their Learning, and yet how short of Certainty were their Searches, how dubious and contradictory their Determinations? The Sects wrangled with each other on Points which none of them could prove; and they often broke in upon their own Assertions. Shall we boast, and look big on Account of our Knowledge, and yet cannot tell how the Seasons change, or why the Night and Day so regularly succeed each other? Shall we swell and be vain of our Understandings and Capacities, when

when all our Positions are but Chimerical, and the Top of our Knowledge, but Surmize and Conjecture? What are our Arts and Sciences but Amusements, invented to fill up the Charms of our Time, and puzzle and perplex us with more elaborate Ignorance?

Have we more reason to be proud of our *Nobility*? Is there Merit in *Degrees* and *Distinctions* of *Birth* and *Quality*; Is it a Cause for Ostentation to stand at the foot of a long *Genealogy*, or that we can fill up a Gallery with the Pictures of our *Ancestors*? How easily might our Vanity be put out of Countenance, with being inform'd that our Grandeur began in a *drudging Plebeian*, or some that more sordid Slave, rose by his Villanies?

Or lastly, have we reason to assume on being invested with *Power*? Is Pre-eminence of that Price that it can add to our Value? What are our Ascents in Dignity, but so many Steps to Danger and Uneasiness? Is there any thing more unreasonable than Acquisitions of Power, any thing more precarious than the maintaining of it when acquir'd? A Fisherman, by happy Force and the Connivance of Providence, may be seated on a Throne; and a Monarch, by the Disaffection of his

his Subjects and the Frowns of Heaven, be turn'd out, like *Nebuchadnezzar*, to graze on the Mountains.

Indeed Learning, Nobility, and Power, rightly apply'd, may be inestimable Treasures. Learning may let us into the Knowledge of what we are, and what we should be; teach us the Dependance and Subjection we are born to, and the Obligations we lie under to the Lord of our Destinies. Nobility may still improve this Lesson; The Homage and Deference that are paid to Superiors, instruct us with how much more Reverence we should adore a Being whose Power and Quality are above the Limits of all Degrees: And is not our Power a Trust from Heaven, which puts us in a Possibility of being serviceable in a wider Compass?

Ælian gives us an elegant and seasonable Reply of *Simonides* to *Pausanias*, which at once was a tacit Reproof to that General's Pride, and an Admonition to him, of the Instability of human Things. As they were merry together over their Cups, *Pausanias* commanded him, to say something wise; to which *Simonides* with a Smile return'd, Remember, thou art a Man. The General, elevated

elevated with Wine and Power, slighted the Precept as useless and trivial; but when afterwards he fled for Sanctuary to *Minerva's* Temple, when Death from without and Famine within star'd him in the Face, he was heard to cry out thrice upon *Simonides*, and accuse himself of Stupidity, for neglecting a Sentence that had more Weight in it than he apprehended. The *Scythians* as handsomely check'd the Impiety of *Alexander*, when he would have pass'd upon them for a Deity. *If you are a God,* (said they) *you ought to confer Benefits on Mortals, not rob them of their Property. But if you are a Man, always think yourself to be what you are. 'Tis absurd to bear in Mind such things, as make you forgetful of your self.*

I cannot dismiss this Subject without taking Notice of a Monument, which has more Ostentation in it than is decent on these Occasions. It is erected on the side of a Garden-Wall on the Entrance to the Town of *Twickenham*, under which are laid the Ashes of Mrs. *Whitrow* a *Quaker*, and over which this Inscription is ingrav'd on a Stone.

Notice

Noſce Teipſum.

*Here, at her Deſire,
are depoſited in a Vault the
Remains of Mrs. Joane Whitrow;
whoſe Soul on the 8th of Septemb. 1707.
left this World, and aſcended
into the glorious Joys of the Juſt,
having liv'd about 76 Years.*

*She was Eminent for her
Great ABSTINENCE;
Her Charity was univerſal;
She lov'd all good Perſons
without Regard to Party.
She was favour'd by Heaven
with Uncommon Gifts.*

*She wrot ſeveral pious Books,
She was an extraordinary Perſon,
and came as near Perfection,
as the brighteſt Saints
that ever adorn'd the Church
ſince the Apoſtolick Age.*

Examine your ſelves

2 Cor. 13. 5.

*Death and Judgment
will come.*

K

Monday,

N^o 28. Monday, June 13.

Quid est enim Libertas? Potestas vivendi, ut velis. Cic.

ARts and Sciences seem to have their *Seasons* of Life and Vigour, of Decay and Death; they revive and flourish from some Secret Influence which we cannot easily trace, fade and are extinguished from Causes equally remote and unobserved. Some Men have fancied that as Plants and Vegetables depend very much for their Growth and Beauty upon the Power of the Climate, and the Nature of the Soil; so Wit and Learning subsist and flourish from the Form and Model of the Government to which they are subject. There is indeed some Reason in this Maxim, since *Free States* and *Kingdoms* have been always observ'd to produce Men of Letters and Genius; and where-ever a true *Liberty* reigns, there must be a Spirit of Reason and good Sense; and when *Men* dare to Think as they please, *Arts* are certainly in a fairer way of receiving Improve-

Improvement, than where the *Mind* is restrained to a certain set of Thoughts, out of which it must not venture for fear of bringing its Partner the *Body* in for a Sufferer. A *Tyranny* over the Bodies of Men must be supported by a *Tyranny* over their Souls too: And therefore an Arbitrary Government can never be said to be in Safety, while there is a Spark of Reason left in the Bosom of its Subjects. *Ignorance* is the *Mother* of *Slavery*, as well as of *Superstition*; and some *Countries* have a juster Title to *Dulness*, than ever *Bæotia* had of Old, from a more fatal Cause than a heavy Air, or a damp Climate. We have a severe Instance, in a neighbouring *Kingdom*, of the Effects that Government has upon the *Sciences*; since Wit and Learning have begun to decline among them as fast as *Tyranny* has advanced; and of all the late Productions of their great Men, none have been Excellent but those that were worked up by a Spirit for *Liberty*. This Consideration has sometimes made me reflect on a *Tyrant* in a new Light; as a perverse *Being* that acts in Opposition to the great *Creator*, and tries to alter the very End and Design of those Second

Causes which Heaven has appointed to produce different Effects. To make this Notion a little plainer to my Reader I shall chuse *France* for an Instance. This Country has the Advantage of a happy Situation, a fine temperate Air, and a noble Soil : so that the Inhabitants by the external Disposition of Things, and the kindness of Nature, seem designed to dignify the humane *Species* by some extraordinary Acts of *Reason*, being in Possession as it were of all the natural Causes that are appropriated to produce those glorious Effects. Thus we may say that Providence has calculated this *Spot* of the World for a superior Genius and Spirit to its Neighbours; and it is not to be denied that some Years ago it seemed to stand in that Reputation with the rest of Mankind, as *Athens* and *Rome* had before. Behold it at present languishing and decaying with a Sickness that cleaves to its Vitals; Letters and Arts drooping under the hard Hand of Oppression; all their Wit and Learning degenerated into the mean Artifices of Cunning, or the low Servility of wretched *Panegyric*. Their *Climate* is still the same, but their *Government* is not;
the

the fineness of their Air, and the Spirit of their Fruits is still the same, but their *Liberties* are lost and extinguished, and nothing Great and Glorious can be effected without them. And who is it, that has thus *altered* the *End* of *Second Causes*, and *acted* in *Opposition* to the *Wisdom* of the *Creator*? Let them enjoy their *Grand Monarch*; If these are the Fruits of his Sway, we envy them not!

I hope my Reader will pardon me for this Reflection, which I assure him does not proceed from any Reasons of *Party*; which I exempted my self from meddling with, when I assumed this Character. I was indeed led into this Subject upon considering of the *Death* of a late *Great Man*, to whom Arts and Sciences are more indebted than to any private Man perhaps that ever our Nation produced. So universal an Encourager of all manner of Learning deserves to be held in the highest Veneration by all its Professors. I was in hopes that some one, out of the many he had raised, would have before now paid a Respect to the Memory of that *Great Mæcenas*. However, tho' the *Muses* have as yet been silent upon this Occasion, I am glad to see him remembered by

the *Translator* of the first Book of the *Iliad*: And since what he has said upon the *Earl of Halifax* is Just, Decent, and Short, I shall transcribe it for the Benefit of my Reader.

“ His consummate Knowledge in all
“ kinds of Business, his winning Elo-
“ quence in publick Assemblies, his
“ active Zeal for the Good of his Coun-
“ try, and the share he had in convey-
“ ing the supreme Power to an illustri-
“ ous Family, famous for being Friends
“ to Mankind, are Subjects easy to be
“ enlarged upon, but incapable of be-
“ ing exhausted. The Nature of the
“ following Performance more directly
“ leads me to lament the Misfortune
“ which has befallen the learned World,
“ by the Death of so generous and uni-
“ versal a Patron.

“ He rested not in a barren Admi-
“ ration of the Polite Arts, wherein
“ he himself was so great a Master; but
“ was actuated by that Humanity, they
“ naturally inspire: Which gave Rise
“ to many excellent Writers, who
“ have cast a Light upon the Age in
“ which he lived, and will distinguish
“ it to Posterity. It is well known,
“ that very few celebrated Pieces have
been

“ been published for several Years, but
 “ what were either promoted by his
 “ Encouragement, or supported by his
 “ Approbation, or recompensed by his
 “ Bounty. And if the Succession of
 “ Men, who excel in the most refined
 “ Arts, should not continue, (though
 “ some may impute it to a decay of
 “ Genius in our Country-men;) those
 “ who are acquainted with his Lordship’s
 “ Character will know more justly how
 “ to account for it. T

N^o 29. *Wednesday, June 15.*

*Jocularè tibi videtur, & sane bene,
 Dum nihil majus habemus, calamo ludimus.*
 Phædr.

Looking over my Letters from Correspondents I fell upon some which I ought not to have neglected so long; but as I do not believe they are much the worse for *keeping*, I shall present them to my Reader for the Entertainment of this Day. For my own Part I can’t see any Reason why we Writers should be restrained from making the best of every thing, or mixing accord-
 K 4 ing

ing to the Custom of the Ladies small Fragments of Silk, which can be of no other Use, into a kind of *Patch-work*; a Work that gives curious Amusements to the Fancy while the pretty Dames consider from what different Quarters the Parts are borrowed, and how lovingly the *Top-knot* and the *Garter*, the *Bell's Petticoat*, and the *Beau's Breeches*, unite in the Contexture of a *Cushion*. The Motely Pieces that make up this Paper may perhaps not prove so entertaining, but they certainly make a Part of my Furniture, and therefore are not to be omitted.

Mr. Johnson,

“ I Am resolved not to call you *Cen-*
 “ *sor*, for I see you value your self
 “ upon that Name, and I love to mor-
 “ tify People at my Heart. Pray, what
 “ have you to do with our *Head-dres-*
 “ *ses*, or to make your Comparisons a-
 “ bout our Looks? I must tell you
 “ that you are no Judge, if you con-
 “ demn a Fashion which is so generally
 “ followed and admired, and you ought
 “ to know that we *Women are never in*
 “ *the wrong*. Lard! When some Peo-
 “ ple set up for Writing they grow so
 “ silly,

“ silly, and provoke People every Day
 “ with that they have nothing at all
 “ to do with, so *they do, that they do.*
 “ And now, Pray Mr. *Johnson*, say no
 “ more about the *Head-dress*, for if you
 “ do I will get a Lover of mine who
 “ is a witty Man, and has writ *Seven*
 “ *Plays* that were never acted thro’
 “ *Spight*, to write a severe Letter to you,
 “ and be even with you for abusing
 “ our Sex, and more especially me,

Sarah All-Feather.

I don’t know what to say to so angry
 a Correspondent, but only that I am in
 much more Fear of her *Beauty*, than
 the *Wit* of her Lover, whose *Seven*
unacted Plays are not near so terrible to
 me, as a single *Frown* from a *Lady’s*
 Brow. My next is from another *Fair*,
 who happens to entertain some better
 Thoughts of me than the former, and
 uses me with much more Respect.

Most Venerable *Censor*,

“ **M**Y Thoughts are divided be-
 “ tween Two very humble Ser-
 “ vants of quite different Characters;
 “ the One is no better than a *Fool*, and

K 5

“ the

“ the *Other* no worse than a *Knave*.
“ They are both equally Happy in their
“ Fortunes, and agreeable in their Per-
“ sons, and if I could but mix some Part
“ of the Innocence of the *One*, and
“ of the Cunning of the *Other* together,
“ I might pick out a good Husband
“ between them both. But as the
“ Case stands, if I take Mr. *Dolt*, he
“ may grow Poorer, and I not Richer;
“ if Mr. *Subtle*, he may grow Richer,
“ and I still be the Poorer; the first
“ may Mismanage his own Fortune,
“ tho’ he shall not touch mine; and
“ the Second will have mine, tho’
“ he improves his own every Hour.
“ As there is no depending upon the
“ easy Nature of a *Fool* on the one
“ Hand, so there is no trusting to the
“ Generosity of a *Knave* on the other.
“ As to the Point of Reputation, that
“ is, what the World will think of
“ either of these Matches, I am wholly
“ unconcerned, the Women will cer-
“ tainly commend one Choice, and the
“ Men, at least those of this World, the
“ other. Yet still I am in suspence,
“ and if I know my own Heart, unde-
“ termined by any secret Affection:
“ To

“ To you therefore, Venerable *Censor*,
 “ I come as to an *Oracle*, to pronounce
 “ the Fate of,

Your Admirer,

Diana Doubtful.

Tho' I believe the Lady has Sense enough to direct herself without my Advice, yet since she seems to depend upon my Judgment, I own that a moderate Casuist may easily resolve her Scruples. For there are a certain Set of Men in the World called *Lawyers*, who will tell her, that she may by proper Instruments tie up either *Fool* or *Knave* as she pleases, by consent of Parties. But I take hold of another Shred of an *Epistle* to compleat my *Patch-work*.

Mr. *Censor*,

“ **A**N old Friend of mine, a *Virtu-*
 “ *oso*, lent me a Book the other
 “ Day, where I found an Account of
 “ certain *Vessels* made to hold the Tears
 “ which were shed at *Funerals*, call-
 “ ed *Lacrymatories*. Now, *Sir*, I un-
 “ stand that at the Interment of the
 “ Ancients

“ Ancients every *Man had his Bottle*,
 “ for quite a different Use than we have
 “ at *Modern Burials*.

“ I would fain have this old Custom
 “ looked into by our *Critics*, and the
 “ first thing I would recommend to
 “ them, is the fixing the *Standard* of
 “ the *Bottles*, and whether this *Tear-*
 “ *Measure* is *Ale*, or *Wine-Measure*, tho’
 “ being my self of a dry Constitution,
 “ I am inclined to fancy it must be the
 “ latter.

“ The next thing I propose is to en-
 “ quire whether they were used by
 “ *Strangers* or *Relations*, and how much
 “ bigger the *Lacrymatory* of the imme-
 “ diate *Heir* to the deceased was, than
 “ those of the rest of the *Mourners*, and
 “ what Proportion those of *younger Bro-*
 “ *thers* might bear to the Eldest. For
 “ I suppose that every one drop’d into
 “ his *Bottle* in Proportion to what was
 “ left him.

“ Lastly, It ought to be considered,
 “ if a Man had more Inclination to
 “ *Laugh* than to *Cry* on such Occasion,
 “ whether *Tears* expressed by the Acti-
 “ on of *Laughter* ought not to go into
 “ the Account of the *Deceased*, as much
 “ as if it had been the Effect of *Sor-*
 “ *row*.

“ When

“ When these Matters are settled to
 “ my Satisfaction, I have some more
 “ important Questions upon the same
 “ Subject, which will be communicated
 “ to you by,

Your humble Servant,

T Timothy Dry-Eyes.

N^o 30. *Friday, June 17.*

Ἦδ' ἔδον πολλὰ κ' ἔτι σοφίᾳ
 Λόγῳ μάτῳ θνήσκουσας, εἰδ' ὅταν δόμους
 Ἐλθῶσιν, αὖθις ἐκτετίμῳ πλέον.
 Sophoc. in Elect.

ABsence, and the Supposition of a
 Person's Death, upon his Return
 and Re-appearance in the World, have
 often contributed to raise his Value, and
 make him of more Price and Estimati-
 on, than when he remain'd altogether
 on the Spot, and was free of his Pre-
 sence and Conversation. The Verses
 that I have chose for my *Motto* to this
 Paper are a Testimony that this is no new
 Maxim, but founded on the venerable
 Authority

Authority and Opinion of above *Three Thousand Years*. *Orestes*, when he is for sending his *Governor* to *Mycenæ* to relate the forg'd Account of his Death, was so far from being shock'd at the Omen, in which the Old *Grecians* were always very Superstitious, that he warrants his Device from Precedent, and conceives fair Hopes from the Remark he makes in the following Lines.

*Why should I grieve to be reported Dead,
While I rise fairer from that Death sup-
pos'd,
To Nobler Life, to Happiness and Fame?
Nor can the Tale which profits prove dis-
astrous:
Oft have I heard of Men, for Wisdom
fam'd,
Revive, and flourish from imagin'd Tombs,
To fresh Renown, and more illustrious Tri-
umphs.*

Such is the Depravity of the World, and so prevalent is Envy, that we make it a Rule to slight our *Contemporaries*, and only honour them in their *Asbes*. We scarce ever esteem a Man equal to his Merit, 'till we have lost him; and then we are free to do his Memory Justice.

stice. We find by *Horace*, this was the very Practice of the *Augustan Age*;

*Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex Oculis quærimus invidi.*

I shall not make it my Business to de-claim on this Head, but take my Leave of it with a Remark of *Paterculus*; *We always treat things present, says he, with Envy; things past, with Veneration; for we believe our selves kept under by the former, but instructed by the latter.*

For this Reason I should advise Authors, in whatever Degree of Reputation with the Town, to take proper Occasions of withdrawing, and permit the World to wish for their Revival. It is an Artifice that not only relieves their Pens, but gives their Imagination an Opportunity of Recruiting, and lays a Foundation for their future Character. To load the Press with continual Publications, is debasing the *Science* of Writing into a *Trade*; making our past *Works* like *dead Stock*, or *unfashionable Silks* in a *Mercer's Shop*, which must be sold at an *Under-price*, because newer *Figures* are in Request.

For

For my own Part, I mean to follow the Example of an ancient Philosopher. *Hermippus* informs us, that *Pythagoras*, soon after his Arrival in *Italy*, had a private Room made under Ground; and having caused a Report to be spread of his Death, he hid himself in that Subterranean Lodging, ordering his Mother from time to time to let him down Meat with Privacy, and an Account in writing of all Affairs that happen'd in *Crotona*, and the adjacent Villages. After a sufficient Time of Retirement, he comes abroad, pretending to be risen from the Dead; and tells all the Circumstances of things as they had happen'd since his suppos'd Death, as if he had learn'd them in the other World: Which Project procur'd him a mighty Authority.

In Imitation of this *Sage*, I must acquaint my Readers, that I have provided a *Dormitory*, wherein I design for about *Four Months* to be buried Alive: And I must desire them from *this Day* to come into the Deceit, and suppose me in an actual State of *Death*. I have taken the like proper Measures as the Philosopher, during the Term of my Silence, for *Food* and *Intelligence*; and shall be faithfully advertis'd of the Growth and
Decay

Decay of *Follies* and *Fashions*. I hope the Notion of my *Austerity* under Ground, and the severe Remarks I must make on things in that *abstracted* Way of Life, will have a proper Influence on the Conduct of the Gay World, and not tempt me to attack their Obstinacy with too great Fury, when I come to *speak again*.

Diogenes Laertius, I remember, has amus'd us with a Story of Old *Epimenides*, of which I cannot inforce the Credit. This *Cretan* Poet being sent out into the Field by his Father to take care of his Flocks, was spent with the Heat and overcome with Drowsiness; to humour which, he withdrew to a Hovel, and there falling into a Slumber, slept for the Space of *Seventy Five Years*. When he awoke, he found a mighty Change in Buildings and Faces; and met no Object, he had the least Remembrance of, but his Brother, who was grown a very old Man. What I design by this Story, is the following Application: As I am preparing to *lye Dormant* for a Season, I must be permitted to declare my Fears, that tho' I should *sleep* double the time of *Epimenides*, I shall scarce find a *total Change* in the reigning

reigning *Vices*, or *Impertinencies* of the Age; and tho' some should *Dye*, I shall expect them to shoot out in a New *Species*, and, like Buildings rising from Ruins, flourish in a more splendid Appearance: However, I have strong Hopes that the *Black Heads* and all such *Exoticks* will have lost their Existence, and that we shall trust to the Growth of our own Country for the Propagation of future Extravagancies.

That I may not be thought wholly idle in my *Separation*, I have Thoughts of giving Orders to some Eminent *Carver*, to make such a Head as I shall direct, of my great Predecessor in this Office, *Marcus Cato the Censor*. When I revisit the World in Print, I design to have a *Head-piece* of this Grave Roman erected on a proper Stand in *Dick Leveridge's* Coffee-house, as well to encourage the Industry of that honest Man, as to receive my Correspondents Billets with less Trouble. Now as the Person that takes upon him to *Censure*, must have *Open Ears* to Report; I have determin'd that the *Ear* of this *Dumb* Representative of myself shall be the Vehicle of my Intelligence; and for this Reason it shall be form'd without a *Tympanum* to bar
its

its Communication with the lower Parts of the Head, so that the Papers thrown in at that *Orifice* shall immediately descend below the *Beard*, where there shall be a proper Contrivance for their Vent.

I have but one thing more to mention, before I take my Leave; and that is, to thank the Publick for the kind Reception they have given to those *Lucubrations* of mine, which have already visited the Light: And to assure them, it will oblige me more particularly to study their Diverſion in my future Labours.



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without *Temple-Bar*. 1717.

THE
CENSOR

VOL. II



Printed for J. M. R. at the West-End
without Temple Bar. 1817.



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

EARL of Orrery;

Baron Boyle of Marston, in
the County of Somerset, &c.
One of the Knights of the
Most Ancient Order of the
Thistle.

My LORD,



AD not these
Papers met with
some Success in
the Town, or,
what I value more, ac-

A 3 quir'd

Dedication.

quir'd some Reputation
among the better Sort
of Judges, I had not pre-
sum'd to request your
Lordship's Patronage for
Them: Not that I pre-
tend to claim it now on
Account of their Worth,
but as the *Censor* is fond
of being usher'd into the
World by so great a
Name.

Entertainments of this
Sort are designed for the
poli-

Dedication.

politest Readers, and however this Volume may fall short of this Pretence, you make so great a Figure in That as well as the Learned Part of Mankind, I could not wish for a Patron more adorn'd by Nature to give it a Recommendation.

The sensible Part of the World in their Pleasures, as well as graver
Con-

Dedication.

Conduct, are proud of being influenc'd by Examples that give them the Credit of Discernment, and a Refinedness of Taste. So that, could I hope this Trifle capable of deserving a Character from your nice Judgement, I should not fear a Number of Admirers that would be ambitious to second your *Lordship* in its Favour.

It

Dedication.

It would be strangely derogating from the Character I have assum'd, even in a Dedication, to confess that I fear your *Lordship's* Taste of Wit is too great to find an Entertainment in this Work. But you are universally acknowledged so good a Judge of Letters, that it will be Prudence in me to resign the *Censorship* before
your

Dedication.

your *Lordship*, and submit
to your Determination
in a private Capacity.

I had no Intention,
My Lord, to enter on your
Praises in this short Ad-
dress, but that they re-
curr as Things so entire-
ly attach'd to the Sub-
ject, that we can no more
forget them, than we
can think of the Sun
without an Idea of his
Brightness and Influ-
ence.

If

Dedication.

If there be any Parts
of Your *Lordship's* Character that I have a more
particular Reason to celebrate, they are your
Humanity and Condescension. Yet These have
been so conspicuous to
all that have been honour'd with the Opportunity of approaching You,
that I need give no other Testimony than the
Liberty of inscribing
these

Dedication.

these Sheets to your *Lordship*, and thereby of acknowledging my self,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

The CENSOR:



THE CENSOR.

VOL. II.

N^o 31. Tuesday, January 1. 1717.

[*Auras,*
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad
Hoc Opus, hic Labor est.— *Virg.*



WHEN I first withdrew my self from the World, and retired into my *Cave of Knowledge*, I promised the Publick to appear again among them earlier than I have done; but my Subterranean Lodging pleased me so well, that I could not quit my Apartment to breath the upper Air so soon as they might have expected. I fancied my self, in this my Retirement,

tirement, in the condition of a *Dormouse* which grows fat by Sleeping; and that the Length of my Concealment would encrease my Stock of Entertainment, when I should revisit my Friends. You must therefore look upon me as you would on an old Acquaintance at his Return from a long Voyage, stare at me immoderately, find me much altered, and expect to hear a long List of Wonders.

You may remember then, that I told you at our Parting, that I intended, after the manner of *Pythagoras*, to hold a secret Communication with the World, and receive certain Intelligences from that Sphere where I before exercised the venerable Office of *Censor*. When I had thus settled my Correspondence, I took care to fit out my *Cell* with proper Receptacles for the different kinds of Packets I expected, with a Design upon my Re-appearance to examin them all strictly, and compare them with their Originals in the Scene where they were transacted. My Habitation being thus laid out, look'd not unlike, but a little more useful than, an *Apothecary's* Shop, every Drawer and Box being distinguished with the proper Titles of its Contents. I writ upon one *Box*, *Miscellane-*

neous

neous Poetry; on another of a pretty good Size, *Prophane Prose*; on a Third, *Good Sermons*, and *Plays*; on a Fourth, *Inventions in Dress and Philosophy*.

With these I made a Shift to fill up two Sides of my Room; a third Side I allotted wholly to two large *Chests*, entitled, *Scandal*; clapping in between a little *Patch-Box*, which I thought would easily hold all my Intelligence from the Quarter of *Truth*. The *Scandal-Chests* I left continually open, as well to save my self the Trouble of *Locking*, and *Unlocking*, as knowing the volatile Nature of that kind of Ware, and how apt it was to shift its Quarters. My Box of *Truth* I kept continually under Lock and Key, examining and weighing every minute Fragment of it with as great Exactness as a Miser does his Gold every Morning, for fear any false Pieces should have crept in unobserved. And I must confess, that for all my Diligence some lucky Counterfeits had got in, which upon a strict Examination I found came from the more *Grave* and *Religious* Hands; but upon the first Discovery, I always took care to change their Situation, and dispose of them in the *Scandal-Chests*.

The Furniture of the remaining Part of my Apartment consisted of five large *Portmanteaus*, with the plain Title of *Lyes*. I must own I chose to put these up in *Portmanteaus*, partly with a View to their general Use in the Carriage of this sort of Commodity, and partly because I fancied the *Cylindrical Figure* an *Emblem* of their quick and rolling Quality. But I must acquaint my Reader, that although I thought I had made a very handsome Provision for the receiving as many *Lyes* as one Country could furnish me with during the time of my Correspondence, I found my self vastly mistaken in my Calculation. My Packets, Daily, Weekly, Monthly, were stuffed with little beside, so that I was obliged to think of some new Allotment for their Quarters, and had once a Thought of removing them all at once, and banishing them my *Cave* for ever. Another great Inconvenience I met with in the disposal of these *Wares*, for very often I could not make two *Lyes* sleep quietly together; and sometimes in the midst of a Thread of peaceable ones of the same Complexion, one of an opposite Kind happened to be unluckily thrust in, which gave me great Disturbance. At last I be-

bethought my self of an Expedient, and opening the Box of *Poetry*, which I found almost empty, I bestow'd a good number of the best-condition'd *Lyes* in that quarter, where they kept together with their Poetical Brethren, with no small Comfort and Friendship.

When I had thus happily composed this Quarrel, I was in hopes of spending the rest of my Time in examining and adjusting the several parts of my Furniture. I had now begun to sort my *Papers*, and provided proper *Epithets* according to their respective Merits to be affixed to each of them. I had pitched upon such Words, as *Bad*, *very Bad*, *Intolerable*, *Whimsical*, *Pious*, *Idle*, *Canting*. I then looked into my Box of good *Plays*, hoping to make use of those noble Adjectives of Honour, *Excellent*, *Admirable*, *Incomparable*; but to my great Surprise, though I try'd the utmost Stretch of Good-nature, I could not without the forfeiture of my Judgment allow any of them that Appellation. Instead of these golden Promises which I had flattered my self with, I was forced to have Recourse to the mortifying Titles, of *Irregular*, *Insipid*, *Low*, *Mean*. It struck me indeed with a very deep

Concern to find that *Scene* where *Shakespeare*, and the Immortal *Ben*, had gained eternal Glory, dwindled into Entertainments of *Show* and *Farce* unbecoming the Genius of a Brave, Gallant, and Wise Nation. As I was feeding upon this melancholy Thought, and now and then flinging forth a Soliloquy full of Passion and Despair, I was interrupted by a fresh Courier from above, whose Packet I was in hopes would make me some Amends by Contents of a more joyful kind. But, alas! when I opened it, never was Man so baulked in his Expectations. You must know it was superscribed in a *Law-Hand*, *Perjuries with their Prices from a Shilling to an Hundred Pounds*. This turned my Thoughts from the consideration of Particulars, to bewail the degenerate Principles of a mighty People. I was touched with Anger, Shame, and a thousand other disquiet Passions, that I could not contain my self in my *Cell* any longer. In this Mood I gave Orders to pack up my *Boxes*, and immediately *started* into *Day-light*. It was some Weeks before I could so well recover my self, as not to break out upon my *Reader* in a Passion. But that Fit being over, I beg leave to assure him that

that it is for his Instruction and Diversion that I resume the Office of *Censor*, and so I shall from Time to Time acquaint him with my Observations in my subterraneous Apartment, as well as those I shall gather from my new *Acquaintance* the *World*.

N^o 32. *Thursday, January 3.*

*Ipsa Dies alios alio dedit ordine Luna
Felices Operum. Virg.*

BESIDE the fair and even Course of *Time*, and those Events which it naturally brings forth from Minute to Minute, from Hour to Hour, there are certain Parts or Portions of it which every Man makes of particular Importance to himself, by some Arbitrary Distinction of his own. This Custom of parcelling out our Space of Existence and Action, and setting our own private Marks of *Good* or *Evil* on some peculiar *Days* or *Months*, is of very great Antiquity, and is still observed by many with a critical Regard to all their Proceedings. Every

body knows that many a young *Miss* has lost the Opportunity of being a good Work-woman, because the beginning of her *Sampler* has been put off from Time to Time, on account of some Unluckiness that the *Mother* has observed to be in the *Day* when she was to have begun. Not only common Business, but, the most hasty Passion in the World, *Matrimony* it self has often stood still in Obedience to the Rule of unlucky *Days*. I know a great many *Virgins* my self, who would have been *sorrowful Mothers* long ago, had not a due Regard of this kind cut short all the Means towards Children and Grief. A happy Mark of this Nature, has saved many an Estate to a *Minute*; and a single Distinction thrust it self between inevitable Ruin and full Prosperity. Well was it for *Dick Ditto*, and I have often heard him thank his good Genius for it, that of all the *Days* in the Week he chose *Thursday* for his *Favourite*, otherwise he is morally assured that his Father would not have dy'd these twenty Years: Whereas now, by the Force of that Choice only, he is Master of a Noble Estate; and, to add to the Felicity of it, married a fine Woman of a large Portion

Portion on the same *Fortunate Thursday*. On the contrary, there is *Will. Cross-grain*, who is a Person, you must know, that has read *Hobbs* and the *Free-Thinkers*; and so scorning to be ty'd down to particular Rules in his way of Management, rather chusing to appear the Reverse of Mankind than ~~to~~ like the rest of his Species, has not succeeded in any one thing for twenty Years together. His manner was, as he confesses, to begin the *Week* at the *wrong End*, in Defiance of Omens and Presages, and so set about all matters of Importance on *Saturday Morning*. Ill Success and Disappointments, which are the best Counsellors in the World, have at last convinc'd him of his Error; and since he has altered his Course, he owns to the Comfort of his Heart, that he has as good Luck as his Neighbours. It was with this Thought in his Head, that the honest Fellow in *Ben. Johnson* desired the Astrologer to blot the *Unlucky Days* out of his *Almanack*. A Calendar thus reformed, for the use of the good People of *Great-Britain*, would be of infinite more Advantage, than the trifling Prognostics of the Weather.

But these are but small Instances of the *Fatality* and *Felicity* of particular *Days*. The gravest Hiltorians inform us, that Events of the greatest Consequence, and the Fate of whole Nations themselves, have turned upon this Hinge; and therefore among the wisest People there have been such *Days* as we may term *Good*, or *Bad*, upon *Record*; and they have been treated with Respect, or Disgrace, accordingly. It was impossible to have got a *Roman* Cobler to have mended a Pair of Shoes on the Day the Battel of *Cannæ* was fought; as on the contrary, the most covetous Man in *Greece* would not have refused to lend a Friend a *Talent* on the Return of the Day when the brave Defence was made at *Thermopylæ*. Every one who has read my Lord *Clarendon's* History, knows that *Friday* was *Cromwell's* Fortunate Day; and the Enemies of *England*, as well as the *Grand Seignior*, would have had a fine Time of it, if they could have kept *Sunday* out of their *Almanacks*. It would have been worth more Mony to the late *King of France*, than the *Chamber of Justice* will bring in to the Present, to have had that particular *Day* expunged out of his Accounts: As on the contrary, we have

have all the Reason in the World to have it in particular Veneration. I will not carry the Matter so far as to propose a Set of Privy-Counsellors in every Nation, to make Choice of proper *Days* for the beginning of all important Actions; though I am of Opinion, that it is much more useful than an *Academy* for settling of Words and Phrases.

For my own Part, as I have long looked upon the Observation of particular Seasons as a thing of Moment, so I can safely say, that I have had the Happiness to *single* out my Days much to my Satisfaction. I have put many of my Friends upon the same Thought, and as they have either seconded, or raised these Impulses, so has been the Issue Prosperous or Unfortunate. I know a poor Gentleman who has been miserable a long time, only because in Transgression of this Rule, he would run in the Teeth of Ill Luck, and *marry* the Day the *high Wind* happened.

But of all People, the Fraternity of Authors ought to have a sacred Regard to the critical Days of Writing; and always endeavour to catch and improve the lucky Minutes. A famous Poet of the last Age was so much convinced of
this

this Maxim, that I have seen, under his own Hand, Notes upon his own Writings, with these remarkable Distinctions; on all his Eminent Productions, *Begun of a Tuesday, finished of a Thursday*; on those of less Value, *Writ this of a Wednesday, was so unlucky as to publish these Verses on a Friday*. Now as this Winter is likely to be very fruitful of Authors, who will have little else to recommend them than the Choice of their *Lucky Days*; I have for their Benefit drawn together a few short Hints, which I desire they would punctually observe as they expect Success and Approbation. I call it a *Scale or Table of Time* for all *Poets, Prefacers, Play-Wrights, Translators*, as well Male as Female.

Monday, A good Day to begin Translations from the *French* only; Abstain carefully from *Greek* on this Day, several Authors have split upon this Rock, for that Language *will not be Translated on Monday*.

Tuesday, if Fair, is a very *Poetical Day*; a Friend of mine wrote an excellent Epilogue lately on that Day; and another succeeded very well in a Song to *Chloris*.
Wednesday,

Wednesday, a tolerable time for *Murthers*, *Fires*, and *Three-Half Penny Sheets*; it is good for nothing else.

Thursday, Both *Prose* and *Verse* succeed very well on this Day, and yet it is very bad for *Sermons*, and all kind of *Latin Compositions*.

Friday, Take *Physick*, play at *Picquet*, in short, do any thing but *Write* this Day.

Saturday, It has done very well for *Epic* and *Lyric Writers*, *Pamphlets*, *News*, and all sort of *Garlands*.

Sunday, Write nothing, especially take care of meddling with *Pen* and *Ink* soon after *Sermon*.

I hope my Brother Writers will take these Hints kindly, 'till I have an Opportunity of giving them fuller Instructions. I assure them that I ground the Prosperity of my own Works on this Foundation, and that was the reason that I published my first Paper on *New-Year's Day*.

Saturday,

N^o 33. Saturday, January 5.

*Ingeniis non Ille favet, plauditque sepultis,
 Nostra sed impugnat; Nos, Nostraq; Lividus odit.
 Quod si tam Græcis Novitas invisa fuisset
 Quam Nobis, quid nunc esset Vetus? --- Hor.*

ILL-NATURE, said a Wit of the last Age, is the *Bawd* to *Criticism*; a little Learning, and a great deal of ill Success are its *Pimps*; and with these Helps it preys upon the Bloom of Wit, spoils and sullies the Beauties of all that fall within its Compass. A Critic of this Complexion sets up in defiance of good Sense, and is a professed Foe to every Excellency which he cannot reach: He is the Reverse of a *Knight-Errant*, prowling about to *destroy*, as the Other to *defend*; as ill-manner'd to Beauty, as the Other courteous; and as the Rules of the *Knight's* Chivalry are all drawn from a false Notion of Honour, so are the *Critick's* from an over-weening Pride and Vanity. These unhappy Ingredients in his Temper make him the
 most

most subject to Mortification of any Creature under the Sun; for, as it is said of a proud Man, that you are sure to give him the Spleen by not pulling off your Hat in Respect to his Person, so you are certain of tormenting the Other by not complimenting his Judgment. For this Reason it is, that I have always looked upon the modern *Furius* to be more the Object of *Pity*, than that which he daily provokes, Laughter and Contempt. Did we really know how much this poor Man suffers by being Contradicted, or which is the same thing in effect, hearing another Praised; we should in Compassion sometimes attend to him with a silent Nod, and let him go away with the Triumphs of his Ill-Nature. Instead of this Charity, which indeed I have often exercised towards him, the Waggs who see him sitting in a *Coffee-House* brim-full of *Aristotle* and *Dacier*, and in Pain till he drops some of his Learning among them, soon ease him of that Burthen, in order to impose a heavier upon him by speaking well of his Contemporaries. No sooner have they done this, but poor *Furius*, quitting the Ground of the present Dispute, steps back above a thousand Years

to call in the Succour of the *Ancients*. Provided with these Auxiliaries, looking big and swelling with the Certainty of his Conquest, he runs into extravagant Lengths of Applause upon his Champions of *Greece* and *Rome*. It is not out of any real Veneration for these Authors, that he honours them with his *Encomiums*; he does not praise them because *they are Good*, but because *they are Ancient*. His very Panegyric is *spiteful*, and he uses it for the same Reason as some Ladies do their Commendations of a *dead Beauty*, who never would have had their good Word, but that a *living one* happened to be mentioned in their Company. His Applause is not the Tribute of his Heart, but the Sacrifice of his Revenge. For in reality, he could dispense with speaking favourably of a Modern, but it must not be one of his own Time or Country; or if it is, you are sure his Grave has been dug some Years. But I must dismiss *Furius*, to speak of another Species of *Critics* very common in our Days, and taken notice of by no Author that I know, except *Horace*.

This is the *Hypocrite* in *Criticism*; One who is the forwardest in laying in all
new

new Wit, and hugs himself with Pleasure at the reading of it in his Closet, and certainly damns it as soon as he goes Abroad. His *Admiration* and his *Envy* are both *Local*, and don't depend upon the Composition of the Writer, but upon the Place where he is spoke of. He shall be in Raptures in his *Chamber* with a new *Tragedy*, and within two Hours hiss the same thing upon the *Stage*. He dissembles his Opinion where it may be of any use to the Writer, and cheats him of the Tribute of a publick Applause, but is sincere in Private where he can do no Good to any but himself. This Hypocrisy is too frequent with the Moderns, and perhaps most of my Readers may pick out some of their Acquaintance of this perverse Humour. I am sure that I have caught Sir *William Close-witt*, who is known to have a fine Taste in Poetry, smiling over a favourite Piece in the Morning, and have heard him deny at Dinner that he ever read it, only because he would not give the Author that Praise which he knew was due to his Merit. This unfair Treatment, the Poet, with a great deal of Reason, calls both *Injustice* and *Ingratitude*. It is indeed monstrous that a Man should be a Niggard

Niggard in the Communication of a Pleasure, which will not be lessened to himself by its being diffused to others; not to speak of the Force he imposes upon his own Understanding, of continually contradicting Truth, and being Insincere without either Gain or Provocation.

In opposition to this Conduct, I promise the Publick to be as true an Attendant upon Virtue, as a Spy upon Vice; to be more forward in Praising, than Condemning the Works of my Contemporaries according to their intrinsic Merit. I cannot give them a better Specimen of my Inclination, than by telling them that I have read with Pleasure the new *Translation* of the first eight Books of *Homer*, and if I were to commend the Author, I should do it in these excellent Lines of a Modern to Mr. *Dryden*:

*The Copy casts a fairer Light on all,
And still out-shines the bright Original.*

The Spirit of *Homer* breaths all through this Translation, and I am in doubt whether I should most admire the Justness of the Original, or the Force and Beauty of the Language, or the sounding

ing Variety of the Numbers; but when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the Poet says of one of his Heroes, that he *alone* raised and flung with ease a weighty Stone that Two common Men could not lift from the Ground; just so one single Person has performed in this Translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force even of several masterly Hands. Let the Reader observe these two Similitudes of the Motion of the *Græcian* Army in the *Second* Book, and I am sure he will be of my Opinion.

*The Scepter'd Rulers lead; the following Host,
Pour'd forth in Millions, darkens all the
Coast;*

*As from some Rocky Cleft the Shepherd sees
Clustering in Heaps on Heaps the driving Bees,
Rolling, and blackning, Swarms succeeding
Swarms,*

*With deeper Murmurs, and more hoarse Alarms,
Dusky they spread, a close-embodied Croud,
And o'er the Vale descends the living Cloud.*

And soon after, —

*Murm'ring they move, as when old Ocean
roars,*

*And heaves huge Surges to the trembling
Shores;*

The

*The groaning Banks are burst with bellowing
Sound,
The Rocks remurmur, and the Deeps rebound.*

I could with a great deal of Pleasure point out the particular Beauties of these Verses, which are not perhaps obvious to every Eye; but I have already said enough to call the Critick *Furius* upon my Back, and therefore leave them to the private Judgment of every Reader.

N. B. The Box of new *Inventions* in *Dress* and *Philosophy* is now sorting for publick View.

N^o 34. *Tuesday, January 8.*

— *Regna Vini sortiére* — Hor.

FINDING my self yesterday rather indolent than industrious, and more inclin'd to Stroling than Study, I dress'd in the Afternoon, and made a Visit to Young *Will. Freeman*. He is a Youth for whose Ease Nature has provided as much in a Temper, as Fortune in his
Cir-

Circumstances: His Education has made him a Smatterer in *Letters*; and his Genius is much turn'd to the Ambition of a Library. Being led to his Chamber, he complimented Me with an Invitation from his Closet, where I found him in his Night-Gown, with a Face not a little sullied, a small Whisk in One hand, and a Piece of dirty Flannel in the Other: After some Apologies for his *Deshabillé*, he proceeded to tell me that he had been dusting his Books, and restoring them to their proper Station on the Shelves.

I confess I was mightily disappointed, when, upon Examination, I perceiv'd his Disposition of his Books meant nothing more than giving them an Air of Regularity, and having them marshall'd according to their Size: but was more surpriz'd to find that his best Acquaintance with his Authors was from the *Letters on their Backs*.

I could not be so ill-natur'd as to shock him with a direct Reproof, but chose to insinuate my Dislike of his Proceeding by an oblique Reproach: I can but commend, *said I*, your Conduct in laying out that Money to your Improvement, which others throw off at a Gaming

ming Table, or squander away in more unwarrantable Pleasures: I doubt not but you mean to grow so intimate with these Friends, as to think hereafter with Satisfaction on what easie Terms you purchas'd their Acquaintance: A Gentleman should value himself more from having *read* Books, than *paid for them*; there is a Pleasure in seeing a Young Student intent upon his Instruction, and I always thought *Ammonius's* Ass a good Satyr on Such as were negligent in this important Point: The Animal, 'tis said, had so wonderful a Taste for Poetry, that he rather forbore eating the Meat before him, than to interrupt his Attention at the reading of a Poem.

I perceiv'd a conscious Blush arose on *Will's* Face, which made me suspend my Lecture; and, after some little Discourse on indifferent Subjects, I offer'd to take my Leave. The good-natur'd Lad would not permit my Departure, but told me I must attend a Ceremony, which he almost made a Part of his Religion, of chusing a Corner of *Twelfth-Cake* with Him: but that first I must go thro' a Course of Cards, if I could dispense with his Sisters and the Company they had provided.

The

The Ladies were dress'd on this extraordinary Occasion, and entertaining a Gentleman who, as I perceiv'd, made his Address to Mrs. *Arabella*, the Eldest. Tho' I am a Batchelor, I have not fail'd making some Speculations on the Passion of Love, and the Symptoms in which it breaks out in different Persons. I observ'd while we were at Cards, our Gallant express'd the Zeal of his Affection in playing with Inveteracy against his Mistress, and always pushing his Fortune, when she had any Stake on the Board.

Will, who saw he was but sorrily befriended by the *Cards*, was eager for the *Cake* to come in to his Relief; It is not to be express'd what sudden Anxieties were perceptible in each Countenance on its first Appearance; and what Glances of Hope and Fear in particular were shot from the two Lovers Eyes. It put me in Mind of the Slaves in *Dryden's Don Sebastian*, who come up to the *Urn* as if they fear'd to trust Fortune with the Decision of their Fates. Tho' I was complimented, in respect to my *Character* and *Office*, with the first Choice of the *Cake*, I desired that Piece which the Company should leave might be my
Portion,

Portion, that I might shew no Levity in an Over-Niceness of fixing on my Share.

When we were determin'd in our Chances, the Apprehensions we before labour'd under were converted into Smiles; and my Friend *Will* rubb'd his Hands with much Alacrity, and broke out into an Open Grin. As his Impatience was greatest to know in what Class he must be rank'd, he fell on his Cake with a more than ordinary Appetite; and, in a short Space, I saw him draw out of his Mouth *Pam's* Head, a little disfigured with the Impressions of his Teeth. Miss *Jenny* could not keep her Countenance at this Accident, but laugh'd till she redden'd in the Face again; and seeing me look grave, as for an Explication of her Merriment, told me with an Air of Vivacity, that whatever Opinion I had of her Brother's *Honesty*, she could assure me he was *the Knave* of the Company.

We had not indulg'd long in our Raileries on poor *Will*, e're the Lover's Swallow was interrupted by Something, which, as we found, terminated in a piece of grey Rag; *Will*, who was glad to have a Companion in Tribulation, look'd

look'd arch on the Gallant, and told him, Now he had got the *dirty Clout*, he wanted but a *Brush* and a *Pot* of *Lamb-black* to equipp him for a *Japanner*.

The Lover past off the Young Squire's rough Jest with Abundance of good Humour, and only replied, He should not be asham'd even of that Post, provided he might have the Honour of wiping *Her Majesty's* Shoes. I observ'd, at those Words, he cast a Look of Languishment on Mrs. *Arabella*; as who should say, he hop'd *that Dignity* would fall to her Lot: when to his great Disappointment his Wish was frustrated by my producing a *Bean*, which was lodg'd in the Centre of my Cake. *Will*, who was now, by the Influence of the Glass going round, spirited up to Loquacity and a Vein of Jocoseness, rose up gravely and said, He ought in Duty to congratulate *my Majesty*, but that he fear'd a Rebuke from my *Masculine Austerity*: and that if he might declare his Opinion, without Offence to Modesty and good Manners, he doubted *the Queen* was little better than an *Hermaphrodite*. I advis'd him however to spare my Quality, and in Allusion to the thing which denoted my Royalty, gave him the *Pythago-*

rean Maxim for his Caution, *Abstinere à Fabis*.

Miss Jenny soon after fix'd her Teeth in a *Bit of Stick*, which, as she said, should have belong'd to *the Sloven* her Brother; when *Will* was so transported to think that Mrs. *Arabella* of necessity must be *King*, that, forgetting the Consequence of my *Censorial* Resentment, *By Heaven*, says he, *Sister Bell pays for the Cake*.

I grew weary at length of my Spark's Mood of Pleasantry, (for all Mirth has a Period, after which it becomes insipid to Us;) pleaded a Necessity of keeping good Hours, and obtain'd Leave to retire: When I got to my Lodgings, I sat down by the Fire, and was much puzzled to imagine whence this Ludicrous Custom of *chusing King and Queen* should arise; and what Incident at first pinn'd it down to a certain Day in the Year.

I confess I could not be satisfied with my Reflections on this Matter: nor could call to Mind any Authority from whence *this Custom* took place. I know well, the *Greeks*, and the *Romans* after them, cast Dice in their Revells for the Election of a *King*, who was to prescribe the *Method*

rhod and *Proportion* of *Drinking*. If this were the Original of it, I can easily allow the Introduction of the Other *jocose Characters* to the Gaiety of succeeding Ages; and cannot condemn my Countrymen for preferring a Piece of *Plumb-Cake* to the Determination of the *Dice* in this Affair.

I was interrupted in my Meditations by my Landlady's knocking at my Door, and bringing me up the following Letter, which she told me came from my Bookseller.

To the Censor of Great Britain.

Venerable Sir,

AS I am a great Admirer of polite Diversions, I am a constant Customer to the *Play* and *Opera*; I was twice at *Camilla* last Week, where I was so transported with Mrs. *Barbier's* Performance, that in the Heat of my Pleasure I struck out some Lines, which if you think worthy of any Regard in your next Paper, I shall conclude you no sworn Enemy to such Entertainments.

Yours unknown,

A. B.

C 2

Eccho,

*Eccho, dull Nymph, frequent the Rock no
 more, (Shore;
 The winding Fabrick, and the wave-beat
 No more to hoarse and hollow Tones reply,
 But haunt the Scene, and warble Harmony.*

*From Barbier's Notes thy tuneful Lays pro-
 long,
 For pleas'd Attention hovers o'er her Song;
 So full her Compass, and her Voice so clear,
 She joys, yet pains the wonder-wounded
 Ear.*

N. B. On this Recommendation I will
 be at *Camilla* next *Wednesday* incognito,
 and if I like it as well as my Correspon-
 dent, may take a *Box* at a proper Op-
 portunity, and appear in publick for En-
 couragement of the *Opera*.

N^o 35. *Thursday, January 10.*

*O quantum Eruditorum aut Modestia ip-
 sorum, aut Quies operit, & subtrahit,
 Famæ! Expertus scribo quod scribo. Plin.*

IT is and has been a frequent Com-
 plaint among Men of confined Views,
 that Learning is in a State of Decay, and
 that

that we every day lose Ground of the Ancients, and seem travelling backward into a Land of Ignorance and Darkness. But I must beg Pardon of these Gentlemen if I can't come into their Sentiments, it being my Opinion, upon a curious Survey of Particulars, that Knowledge shoots out at this very Day into more flourishing Branches than ever, and that the Number of the *Learned* rises yearly in our fruitful *Island*; tho' I have not yet calculated exactly in what Proportion to the Account of former Ages. He who is a diligent Spy upon Merit, shall find many a Philosopher hid in a *Cottage*, as well as in the studious Retirement of a *College*; and if only the *Birth-places* of the present Set of Wits in this Nation were distinguished in that ostentatious Manner, that *Malmsbury* was for one of the last Generation, the World would know that there is not a *Village* in our Native Country, without some great Genius buried in *Rest* or *Modesty*. Providence, perhaps, as Mr. *Dryden* says with an elegant Boldness of Expression, *has set their Cradles out of Fortune's Way*, left them, like the Sons of Lewdness and ill Luck, in a private Corner, without even the Distinction of a

Name. But yet we ought no more to doubt that there are such extraordinary Spirits among our Species, than we should of the Existence of different *Beings*; because they are not the Objects of our Senses, and don't fall within the Sphere of our Conversation. However, let Others believe, or disbelieve at their Pleasure; it is our Business, who are the Inquisitors of Truth, and the Messengers of Fame, to search into the distant Angles of the Earth, to haunt the Walks of Solitude, as well as the public Marts of Honour, and pull forth Merit into open View, and set it in the most conspicuous Point of Light we are able. We ought to make up the Defects both of Nature and Fortune, be impartial where they have been partial, and supply in Praise the Want of all other Circumstances. *Pliny*, and my self have both found by Experience, that the greatest Parts are often shaded in Obscurity; and as he owns he found a prodigious *Scholar* in the Disguise of a *Farmer*, so have I met with an excellent *Musician* in the Person of a *Small-cole Man*. How often have I heard an unexpected Flood of *Greek*, from a Mouth that I thought incapable of giving a
com-

common Answer in its Mother Tongue; and many a one besides my self has been robb'd on the Western Road in the most elegant *Latin*.

This may suffice to prepare my Reader for the opening my *Box of new Inventions* in *Dress* and *Philosophy*, otherwise it might have been too great a Surprize to him to find some things of an uncommon Nature discovered by Persons, whose Studies seem to have lain another way. I must tell him then, that upon the Perusal of a Bundle of Papers in the first Drawer, I observ'd that the *Longitude* had been discover'd by four several Persons, without any Communication of each other's Thoughts, *viz.* a *Wit*, a *Cobler*, a *Mathematician*, and a *Watchman*. It may not be amiss to take notice of some particular Circumstances in this great Discovery, which, like other new and surprizing Inventions, seem not to have proceeded from a long Chain of Thought, but a sudden Start or Stretch of the united Faculties of the Mind.

The *Watchman* ingenuously owns his Notion leap'd into his Head upon a Gentleman's giving him half a *Crown* for lighting him home; and tho' he was stark mad all the Night afterwards, yet

he remembers very well that the precise Time of his making the Discovery was between the Hours of *Twelve and One*. This it seems is reckon'd a Circumstance of singular Importance, and as fit to be made public, as that the *perpetual Motion* was found out in the *turning of a Pancake*, and the *Duplicature of the Cube* was made by Mr. *Hobbs* on a Day that he took *Physic*.

The *Wit* had been talking of the Possibility of its Discovery at a Tavern all Night; and, ruminating over the Sweetness of the Reward, went to Bed in the Morning, and *found it in his Dream*. That this Incident may be no Obstacle to the Learned in the Reception of his Notion, he intends to preface his Discovery with a large Account of *Visions*, and will not forget to tell us that in a desperate Fit of Sicknes, when all other Means were ineffectual, *Philip* consulted his Pillow, and *dreamt of an Herb* that cured his Master *Alexander the Great*.

The *Mathematician*, a Person of known Integrity and Soberness of Aspect, says, That he had troubled himself so long with fruitless Tryals, that he had resolv'd to lay aside the Thoughts of it for ever. But one *Rejoycing Night*, as he

he lay in his Bed with his Wife, he was *startled* into the Discovery by the Discharge of a Great Gun, which gave Occasion to a Modern *Punster* to say, It was *shot into his Head*.

But lastly, The *Cobler* being a modest Man, and of no Acquaintance in Letters, confesses his Discovery came by *Inspiration*.

When I had now done with the *Longitude*, I look'd into the *Dress-Drawer*, where I was surpriz'd to find so many vain Attempts to fix the Standard, and measure the *Diameter* of the *Hoop'd-Petticoat*. Upon Reflection, I fancy'd that this might proceed from the Disproportion of the *Reward*, there being a vast Philosophical Difference between a *Hundred Thousand Pounds* to be paid by the *Public*, and a Favour in *private*. The *Science of Dress* in general seem'd to me to run very low, there being very few Promises among my Papers of anything *new* and elegant, so that I was afraid we should soon be reduced to the Simplicity of Garb used by our Fore-fathers. There were indeed some Proposals which I rather look upon as the Whims of some Poetical Head, than the Polite Thoughts of a *French Taylor*; such as a

Method of reducing all Ladies Feet to the Chinese Model, and an irregular Scheme of letting loose the Hair interspersed with Flowers, after the Indian Fashion. After a long Search I met with but one Man of Spirit, and he could stretch no higher than a new Edition of the old *Brass-Button Coat* for the Men, which I find this *Winter* has produc'd. But as for the Improvements in the *Female Ornaments*, which I expected to encrease in proportion to the superior Quickness of *Fancy* observable in their Sex, I met with little or nothing remarkable. Upon Enquiry I found the Reason of this Defect to be the Death of that celebrated Mistress in this Art, the late Mrs. *Selby*; and, I am told, the whole *Mundus Muliebris* is likely to suffer considerably, unless the ingenious Mrs. *Salmon* should turn her Thoughts from *Wax-work* and *Babies* to the Cultivating of *Flesh* and *Blood*, and the adorning her own Sex.

Saturday,

N^o 36. *Saturday, January 12.*

— *Sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra, citràq; nequit consistere rectum.*
Hor.

WE meet with, in Conversation, Men of so *mix'd* a Character, that we know not whether to determine them *Good* or *Bad*; their Virtues and Imperfections are so confus'd and blended, that we cannot absolutely rob them of all Merit, nor yet allow them an Approbation which is not extenuated by the Allay of their Faults.

The *Philosophers* and *Sages* of the old World seem to have settled a sort of *Cartel* betwixt the *Virtues* and *Vices*, and assign'd each their proper Limits and Distinctions; beyond which, if they, on either hand, transgress'd, they were sure to forfeit their first Denomination, and assume a Quality directly opposite: Hence arose certain *Secondary* and *Inter-mediate* Names; Virtues that were stil'd
fo

so only for starting some Degrees from Vice, and Vices that have ow'd their Beings to as minute Digressions from Virtue.

Aristotle has taken no small Pains to examine these *Medium's* of Qualities; and I would advise all Authors, who should understand how Nature works in *Habits* and *Passions*, to mark carefully the Rise and Progression of these *Secondary* Virtues and Vices. The most Sublime and Common Actions of our Lives are influenc'd by the Operation of *inferior* and *subservient* Qualifications; There are Incidents in which often our Frailties are active, without involving us in any flagrant Guilt; and there are Others, where our meanest Accomplishments carry us up to Exploits, in which our Virtue is very little concern'd. The Praise and Censure then of Things must be establish'd not from the Consequences, but the Springs and Motives from which such Consequences were deriv'd. An Historian cannot comment judiciously upon *Facts*, without viewing them in this Light; and a *Dramatic* Writer will be very defective in his *Poetical* Justice, if he has not the strictest Regard to these intermediate Qualities.

I cannot miss this Opportunity of criticising on the Faults which some *Poets* have slipt into, merely from not observing this Mixture of Character; The Story of *Oedipus* has been accounted as fine a Foundation for *Tragedy* as ever was touch'd; and *Sophocles*, who was so great a Judge of Nature and the Force of Passion, has convinc'd us of this Opinion by the Excellence of his Play built on that Fable: The *Greek* Poet meant not to propose his Hero an Object of Horror for the Commission of Parricide and Incest; neither does he involve him in Calamities merely as Judgments for those Crimes, which in him were involuntary, and rather the Guilt of his Fate than Nature. *Corneille*, who among the *French* has wrote on the same Story, and our Countrymen, who work'd after both *Corneille* and *Sophocles*, have entirely mistaken the Character of *Oedipus*, and the Conduct of the *Grecian* Poet.

The famous old Critick who dictated to the Poets proper Subjects for *Tragedy*, advises them to chuse the Fable of some Illustrious Person who is become miserable by some involuntary Fault, as *Oedipus*; which Doctrine of the Philosopher was not rightly taken by the
French

French Poet. I don't understand, says he, what Aristotle means in this Place, Oedipus does not seem to me to be guilty of any Fault, altho' he kill'd his Father, because he did not know him; and no Man of Spirit and Courage but will dispute the Way against a Stranger who attacks him very furiously: And therefore I don't see what Passion it can refine in us, or which of them it would have us correct by his Example.

This Quotation goes pretty far towards a Proof of what I have asserted, that *Corneille* mistook the Character of his Heroe; *Oedipus's* Fault was being too rashly transported to Anger, and shedding Blood, but two Days after the Oracle had told him he should kill his own Father. This Action, as *Mr. Dacier* has justly observ'd, sufficiently denotes his Character, and all his Manners are conformable to it; he appears in every Respect a Man, who is neither good nor bad, but made up of a Mixture of Virtue and Vice; his Vices are Pride, Anger, Violence, Temerity, and Imprudence; neither his Parricide nor Incest would have made him unhappy; but he fell into those terrible Calamities by his Curiosity, Rashness and impetuous Temper. *Plutarch*, as well as *Dacier*, knew this

to be the Character of *Oedipus*; and has express'd it in a Passage, of which I think fit to transcribe some Part, because it moralizes on a Vice, which too frequently occurs in common Life.

“ Curiosity cast *Oedipus* into the
“ greatest of all Evils; for being desirous to know who he was, because
“ he was reproach'd with being an Alien, he set forward to consult the
“ Oracle; met with his Father, and
“ kill'd him without knowing who he
“ was; afterwards married his own Mother, and became King of *Thebes*;
“ and when he seem'd to be most happy, he had still a Desire to know
“ more concerning himself, tho' his
“ Wife used all possible Endeavours to
“ prevent him; but the more she strove
“ to do it, the more he solicited a certain old Man, who knew all the Affair, and threatned, and urg'd him,
“ by all the Ways imaginable, to the
“ Discovery. So great, so tickling is
“ the Pleasure of Curiosity, and so difficult to controul, that, like an Ulcer, the more 'tis scratch'd, the more
“ 'tis inflamed. But he that is free
“ from this Malady, and of an easie
“ Temper, when he has neglected to
“ hear

“ hear some bad News, ought to say,
“ O divine Forgetfulness of past Evils,
“ how full of Wisdom art thou!

I could wish heartily the Poets of our Times would follow the Model of *Sophocles*, and rather lay their *Distress* on Incidents produc'd by some such *uncontrollable Impulses*, than to let the *Dagger* and *poison'd Cup* be at the Discretion of a Villain; and multiply Mischiefs only to shock an Audience, or comply with some unwarranted Lust or Ambition: These Subjects cannot indeed properly *purge our Passions*; we view the Offender with Detestation, and may have some Pleasure to see him punish'd for his Crimes, but his Misery will never stir us up to Compassion, because he has only what he deserv'd.

I have frequently perus'd with Satisfaction the *Othello* of *Shakespeare*, a Play most faulty and irregular in many Points, but Excellent in one Particular. For the Crimes and Misfortunes of the *Moor* are owing to an impetuous Desire of having his Doubts clear'd, and a Jealousie and Rage, native to him, which he cannot controul, and which push him on to Revenge. He is otherwise in his Character brave and open; generous
and

and full of Love for *Desdemona*; but stung with the subtle Suggestions of *Ja-go*, and impatient of a Wrong done to his Love and Honour, Passion at once o'erbears his Reason, and gives him up to Thoughts of bloody Reparation: Yet after he has determin'd to murder his Wife, his Sentiments of her suppos'd Injury, and his Misfortune are so pathetick, that we cannot but forget his barbarous Resolution, and pity the Agonies which he so strongly seems to feel.

Oth.—*Had it pleas'd Heav'n
To try me with Affliction, had it rain'd
All kind of Sores and Shames on my bare
Head,
Steep'd me in Poverty to the very Lips,
Giv'n to Captivity me, and my utmost Hopes;
I should have found in some Place of my Soul
A Drop of Patience. — But, alas! to make
me
The fixed Figure for the Time of Scorn
To Point his slow and moving Finger at:
Yet could I bear that too——well;——
very well;
But there, where I have treasur'd up my
Heart,
Where either I must live or bear no Life,
The Fountain from the which my Current runs,
Or*

Or else dries up;—to be discarded thence;
 Or keep it as a Cistern for foul Toads
 To knit, and gender in: Turn thy Comple-
 ction there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd Cherubin;
 I here look grim as Hell——

N° 37. Tuesday, January 15.

Ω πόποι, οἶόν δ' ἡ νῦ Θεὸς βροτοὶ ἀβιόωνται.
 Εξ ἡμῶν γὰρ φασὶ καὶ ἑμάρθαι. οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
 Σφῆσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ἑσθ' ἔμελλον ἄλγε' ἔχουσιν.
 Hom.

Nos Te,

[Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam. caeloque locamus. Juv.

I Find that my *Table of Time*, and Ob-
 servations upon *lucky Days*, have car-
 ried some People such Lengths of *Super-*
stition, as I little expected, neither did
 intend to insinuate from that Doctrine:
 I have received several Letters on this
 Subject, and some from the Friends of
Judicial Astrology: The Latter request
 that I will oblige the Publick with a
 Dissertation on the *Motions* and *Aspects*
 of the *Planets*, and their certain Influ-
 ences over the Actions of Mortals.
 These do not fail to remind me, in fa-
 your

vour of their own Opinion, that it was asserted by the great *Albumazar*, that the Prayers which are put up to Heaven, when the *Moon* is in *Conjunction* with *Jupiter* in the *Dragon's Head*, are infallibly heard.

Another of my Correspondents, who professes himself an Admirer of the *Science*, desires he may have the Honour of *casting my Nativity*: I must confess, I am so little an *Observer* of *Times* in that Way, that if by the Means of an *Horoscope* I could know before-hand the future Incidents of my Life, I should account it more warrantable [to remain in Ignorance; and rather trust my Fate in the Hands of Providence, than endeavour to controul it by so doubtful a Prescience.

What can such a Knowledge avail us further, than to fling the Misfortunes or Miscarriages of our Lives upon the *Direction* of the *Stars*, when perhaps our own *Obstinacy* and *Imprudence* have much more potently influenc'd our Actions?

These Avoidances of Blame, by transferring our Mis-conduct to *Stars* and *Destiny*, are as silly and unreasonable, as being excessive in our Murmurs against *Fortune*: Yet it has been the Levity of the most

most distant Ages often to impute to *her*, what Men in Reality should have charg'd on their own Follies. It puts me in Mind of the Fable of the *old Woman* in the *Apple-Tree*, who, getting a desperate Fall, laid her Misfortune to the *Devil's* Score. *Homer*, whose Knowledge was as universal as his Poetry is excellent, was not ignorant of this Fault of the World; and, wisely to correct it by an Authority of more Force than his own, he introduces his *Gods* complaining of the Injustice of Men, who charg'd their Miseries on the *Celestial Powers*, when their own Crimes and Follies render'd them unhappy.

This Impression of such wrong Notions, amongst the Ancients, erected so many Temples, as we read of, to *Fortune*. There indeed seems a sort of Confusion, or at least an Intricacy which wants explaining, in the old *Theology*. That divine Poet, whom I have already quoted, has plac'd the two *Vessels* of Good and Evil, which were to be dealt out among Mankind, near the Throne of *Jupiter*; whilst the Philosophers who acknowledged the Power and Unity of the Deity, call'd that divine Being *Fortune*, when they consider'd it only as the Distributer of Good and Evil Things.

It

It is a large Field for Argument, as well as Speculation, *whether the Success of our Designs is owing to Fortune, or that our Good or Ill Fortune depends on our Conduct.* We have Maxims and Proverbs that seem to stand as Guards on the Frontiers of these two controverted Positions; we have had Declamations *pro* and *con* on the Subject; and Poets and Philosophers have interested themselves, on either Side, in the Dispute.

If we will range our selves under the Discipline of the first Position, *Industry* and *Prudence* must have much less Share in Humane Events, than *Good* or *Ill Fortune*: We must become a kind of *Predestinarians* in our Notions; and form a Belief that neither Reason nor our Endeavours can alter the Course of Actions, or correct our Misfortunes. An unforeseen Disposition of Circumstances, independant on Us, must regulate our Success; and *personal Merit*, entirely subject to the moulding of Fortune, be of no other Worth than from the favourable Working of this great *Arbitress*. 'Tis a vain Enterprize in Us, says the witty *Montaigne*, to presume to grasp both the Causes and Consequences, and carry the Progress of Actions in our Hands. It cannot

cannot be denied, that Fortune, or Chance, or whatever else we shall stile it, in many Stations of Life has a Sway above Merit, Prudence, or our Endeavours. The strange Acquisitions in Merchandize and Gaming, the frequent Advances both at Court and in the Camp, are so many incontestable Proofs of this Truth. We often see such Turns of Advantage wait on the Simple and Undeserving, as may reasonably make Men of Merit and Wisdom sick of the Disposition. “ It is ordinarily observable in
“ Humane Actions, as the same ingenious *Frenchman* has express’d it, that
“ Fortune, in order to convince us of
“ her powerful Influence over all Things,
“ takes Pleasure in abating our Presumption: And not being able to make
“ Fools wise, she makes them Happy
“ in spite of Virtue.

If we will espouse the opposite Part of the Controversy, we must believe that we may be Authors of our own Fortunes, and become happy or miserable in such Degree, as we act with more or less Wisdom or Imprudence. *Nepos* has more than once observ’d on the Conduct of *Pomponius Atticus*, that it seem’d to convince him, a Man’s Manners

ners made his Fortune, or reconcil'd Fortune to him.

As *Christians* I think we must range our selves between these Two Extremes; let us place *Providence* where Ignorance has substituted *Fortune*, and that will moderate and abate our too high Opinion of our Prudence. The Consequence of this will be, that, where we are favour'd, we may look up with Gratitude to the Divine Dispensation; and where the *Dice of Happiness* run low upon us, we may reflect that we have been defective in our Duties, when we see the Unworthy bless'd with a *better Chance*.

To presume on a Foreknowledge of Accidents in Life, is stretching our Capacities beyond their Reach, and arrogating to Ourselves a Liberty of aping the Divinity. Exalted Wisdom, and deep Searches into Nature have taught us to guess at a Number of Events from Second Causes; but to assert from *Matter*, and *leading* Consequence, that these Things *shall* or *shall not* be, is an Impudence of Humane Reason. I speak not as to experimental Operations, but the Issues of Futurity. We are assur'd from *Scripture* that not even the Angels of Heaven know the End of our Days, and
why

why shall we be for anticipating a Knowledge which even to Them has its Restrictions? Besides, were our Disquisitions answer'd with the Knowledge we contend for, what would be the Fruits of it but tedious Expectations of the Felicities promis'd, and Fears and Anxieties of the Misfortunes threaten'd? In short, it is an excellent Lesson of *Epicætetus*, to abridge our vain Curiosity in these Points, not to trouble ourselves that Things *are not* as we would have them, but to be content they *should be* as they *are*, and we shall live easie.

N^o 38. Thursday, January 17.

*Unde sit infamis, quare malè fortibus Undis
Salmacis enervet, tactosque remolliat Artus,
Discite. Causa latet: Vis est notissima Fontis.*
Ovid.

I Am so far of Opinion that our *Common Dreams* proceed from *Repletion* and *Indigestion*, that, to prevent this fantastick Disturbance of my Slumbers, I have for some Years accusom'd my self to go Supperless to Bed. *Fancy*, however,

ever, I am convinc'd, will sometimes operate on an *empty Stomach*, and strange *Images* be presented to us in our Sleep, even when we live most *physically*, and endeavour to keep the *noxious Humours* in Subjection. *Tertullian*, I remember, has from some certain Dreams attempted to prove the Excellence of our Souls: There are Others, I believe, which at best but evidence the Vigour of the *Animal Spirits*, and the strange Power of that *Mimick* Fancy, as *Dryden* stiles her, over sleeping Reason.

The *Réverie* into which I so lately slipt has given me Assurance of this Notion, by furnishing out a Vision of such Extravagance as no Trace of Thought or Reason can account for.

Methought, I was scituated in the Midst of a wide and pleasant Field, that look'd gay and delightful as the Poet's *Elizium*; the Deliciousness of the Clime, and the balmy Breezes that blew with such Fragrancy, perswaded me that I was transplanted to the *Asian* Continent; and the Buildings and Towers, that I beheld on the distant Skirts of the Plain, seem'd such as I was only acquainted with from a Knowledge of *Antiquity*. On my left Hand, I saw a Grove of Myrtles,
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whose Walks were chequer'd with frequent Arbours blooming with Jessamine and Woodbine. On the Right, I beheld a *Fountain* which diffus'd its Waters in great Plenty from a rising Ground, and which were receiv'd in a spacious Vale beneath. The Steams that arose from it were of so *faint* and *sickly* a Scent, that I thought they check'd the *Austerity* of my Nature, and tainted me with Thoughts of unusual Softness and Effeminacy.

My Curiosity was not a little prompted to discover the Mystery of this sudden Alteration, when approaching the Vale I saw a Concourse of People, some naked, others dressing, and who had all been bathing in the Fountain. Their Countenances were, for the most part, *wan* and *consumptive*; and those, who look'd with most *Bloom* and *Colour*, had their Features temper'd with a *maidenly* Blush, and Lines which seem'd peculiar to the *softer* Sex. On the remote Bank, I beheld Swarms of Creatures of a more rugged Disposition: Their Arms and Habits confess'd them Natives of old *Greece* and *Rome*, nor were there a few with painted Skins, such as we are told the Sons of *Britaine* formerly were. These
all

all look'd down with Contempt on the Generation of Bathers, and some with such Glances of Indignation as shew'd 'em resolv'd to launce down their Spears, and transfix them on the Spot.

Whilst I stood gazing with some Wonder, and longing to be inform'd what this odd Mixture should intend, I was accosted by an old Fellow, whom I should easily have mistaken for *Diogenes*, had he communicated his Sentiments from a Tub. Friend, *says he*, I perceive by the Earnestness of your Looks, you are a Stranger to this Place. Know then that those Waters, in which such Numbers continually bath, flow from the celebrated Fountain of *Salmacis*. They still retain a Quality, for which they have been in all Ages noted, of *enervating* the Souls of those who wash in them; The most Martial Spirits are not secured from their Infection; and the Heroes, who have ventur'd their Limbs in that Stream, have afterwards exchang'd the Javelin for the Distaffe. If you want further Proofs of their *emasculating* Property, than from the Mein and Complexions of those Animals you have seen, follow me to yon Grove, and I'll shew you in what Employments the Frequenters of this Spring spend their lazy Hours.

My old Guide, without giving me leave to reply, led the Way to the Grove, and I follow'd him with Pleasure and Expectation of the Novelty. In the first Arbour we came to, I saw a spruce ruddy-looking Youth, who was chaffering with an old Hag about curious *Teeth-Powder*, and *Paste* for the Hands: We proceeded not much further e'er we started a Second, who was mighty busie in *pickling* of *Cucumbers*. Where we made the third Stand, we found the Passage embarras'd with *French* Taylors and *Peruke-makers*, and perceiv'd they were attending on a *Man of Mode*, and waiting for *Improvements* in *Dress* and *Fashions*.

As we struck into another Walk, we were alarm'd with the Sound of affected Harmony; and, approaching, surpris'd a *Beau* playing with a *Fan*, and practising *Airs* out of an *Opera*: The next Remove presented us with a pale-fac'd Animal, receiving Visits in a *Damask* Bed, and diverting himself with a *Favourite Cat*, with a *red Ribbon* about its Neck.

The next Object was a Creature of Gallantry and Intrigue, adjusting his Cravat and Peruke in the Glass; and on his Table lay several *Billets* in gilt Paper inscrib'd

scrib'd to *Clelia* and *Amarillis*; and by them a Catalogue of *Appointments* made, and *Visits* in Arrear. From another Arbour, at no great Distance, we heard a mighty tittering as from some Females; and discover'd a tall young Fellow in Scarlet, at *Blind-man's-Buff* with his Mother's Chamber-Maids.

At several Stations we could perceive them dressing out for the *Masquerade*; at others, practising *Borees* and *Minuets*; nor fail'd we of Some who were diverting themselves with the *Needle*, and exercising their Fancies with the Disposition of *Colours* in *Patch-work*. The Variety of Objects could not but furnish out a Diversity of Amusement; and I was not a little pleas'd at a Spark and his Ladies, who in an *Indian* Nightgown and *Brocaded* Waistcoat, was frothing up the *Chocolate*.

What most surpriz'd me in this Antick Dream, was, that many of the Faces I met with in the Grove were such as I remember to have seen at the Theatres, Drawing-rooms, and Coffee-houses.

Soon as I wak'd, I began to recall the Circumstances and Particulars of my Vision; and to descant on the Moral of so Chimerical a Medley. How often,

thought I, have Affluence of Fortune, and a Vice of Education, made our Sons as effeminate, as the Waters of *Salmacis* are reported to have done! How many have been sunk in Luxury to a degree of Woman-hood, who owed the Service of their Sword or Brain to their Country!

I cannot reflect on the Degeneracies of the Age without a Retrospection to the Manners, and Masculine Virtues of the old *Spartans*: The very Sports of whose Youth were Feats of Activity, and a continual Course of Exercise, to inure them to Toil, and preserve them from the Lethargy of Laziness and Indolence: Thus were their Nerves strung with double Strength, and their Souls spirited up to Exploits of Bravery and Honour. Then could Friendship be cultivated without the Aid of Flattery; and Virtue recommend to Trust without a servile Dependence. Then was Sincerity practis'd without Suspicion; and the Features taught no Language but what the Heart and Tongue dictated. On the contrary, Effeminacy, which enervates the Body, debauches the Principles. Our Friendships are little better than Strains of affected Civility; Grimace and Compliment supply the Place of Truth and Honesty;

Honesty; and our Services are grounded either on a View of Interest, or end in idle and ineffectual Professions. I must notwithstanding conclude of my Countrymen, as *Ælian* did of the *Athenians* whom he had been accusing of Luxury and Softness: *Dissolute as they are, yet these are they who won the Battel of Marathon.*

N^o 39. *Saturday, January 19.*

*Fuit intactis quoque cura,
Conditione super communi: quin etiam Lex,
Pœnaq; lata, mala quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Describi: vertère Modum, formidine fustis,
Ad benè dicendum, delectandumque redacti.*

Hor.

I Shall make it a Rule for the future, unless some important Reasons to the contrary divert me from the Subject, to take the Affairs of the *Stage* under Cognizance every *Saturday*. In my *Dissertations* on this Head I shall be careful to comprize every Branch of the *Theatre*; and lay down my Opinion with like Freedom, in Regard to the *Poets*, *Actors*,

and *Audience*. That Part of the Argument which will relate to the *Poets*, shall not only take in a View of their *Performances*, but be employ'd on the *Nature* of the Poem they engage in, the *Vices* which each *Species* of Poetry has labour'd under, and wherein reform'd either by the *Genius* of the *Authors*, or *Wisdom* of the *Common-wealth*.

Without entering into any Dispute with *Chronologers*, or those *Criticks* in *Literature*, who write but to a Dozen Readers, I shall take the Liberty to begin with the *Old Comedy*. This sort of Poesy, when it first started, was like Man, unciviliz'd by Notions of Humanity, rude and barbarous. It wanted not its *Graces* of *Thought* or *Diction*, but its *Satire* was so harsh and unpolite, that, like playing at rough Game with a Gyant, you were sure to be knock'd down whenever the Blow reach'd you. It was a *Glass* indeed that set *Vice* and *Folly* to View, but it had a pernicious Property of shewing *particular Faces*. Characters of Men and Manners drawn from Nature, and a just *Decorum* of the Stage were Improvements of *later Ages*; *Old Comedy* contented it self with *Ridicule*, and a bare-fac'd Exposing of Persons in Being.

This

This Licence of the Scene soon alarmed the Magistracy, who found their own Names and Actions were not spar'd; but the private Blemishes of their Lives made publick, and censured with Virulence. This soon drew down the Artillery of *Law* on the *Comick* Poets, and *personal Defamation* was made *Capital* by the *Statutes*.

I shall not be so critical as to pursue an History of the Degrees by which the Stage reformed, but rather observe upon the Justness of inflicting Penalties, and the Use it has been of to the Design of *Comedy* by disarming it of *private Scandal*. Had the Liberty of this Custom of traducing gone on unpunish'd, the most Virtuous, and Inoffensive would have suffer'd in the Libel. There are Hours in which Envy and malignant Wit attack without Distinction; and no Considerations can secure the Innocent from the Lashes of an inveterate Pen: Besides that Detracters, like Caterpillers, chuse to prey on the fairest Fruit.

'Tis certain were there no Restrictions of Severity, *some* Poets would be perfect *Atheists* in their Liberties, and bring the most sacred Things into Contempt. The Majesty of Kings would be as liable to

their Scurrility, as the most common *Topicks* of Raillery. No Regards of Authority would deterr them from Calumny, were it not secur'd by a *coercive Power*; and *Jove* himself would be the Object of their Derision, could they presume themselves safe from his Thunderbolts. *Aristophanes*, tho' acknowledg'd the Treasurer of all the *Attick* Graces, is one of these bold and flagrant Wits: 'Tis true, *Satire* in his Days was not ty'd up, and he has let it loose to worry all Degrees and Orders of Men. Had he liv'd in the more polite Age of *Menander*, when Regulations and Decency, the Caution of Senates, and a more refined Taste had corrected the Licence of the first Times, we might have expected the justest Models of Comedy from his Hands.

I have one particular Objection to this old and unreform'd Comedy, that, setting aside the Case of the Parties griev'd, *Invectives* levell'd at a *single* Person have not the due Influence on the *general*. The Business of Comedy is certainly, by shewing our venial Faults and Follies in the strongest Light of Ridicule, to shame us from the Practice, and amend our Manners. This Reformation must necessarily

cessarily be made from general Characters; for where a particular Man is sneer'd at, every one is for throwing the Ridicule off from himself, and can find nothing in his own Conduct to correct from the Lesson.

For this Reason, as well as to avoid the *Odium* of Ill-nature, I would advise all the *Moderns* who are conversant with the *Old Comedy*, to study the Beauties and discard the Virulence: A good Poet may with artful Satire be the Scourge of the Times, without knotting his Whip for one Delinquent. *Singling out* of Objects for *Reproach* and *Infamy*, is turning *Executioner* in Wit; whereas *Poetical* Corrections, like Fire-Arms in the Battel, should be discharg'd without too close a Direction. 'Tis a wise Provision in Equity, that, where a Plaintiff flies from the Merit of his Cause to trifle or defame, his Bill may be *referr'd* for *Scandal* and *Impertinence*. So Poets, who, rather than not bespatter some *Individual*, will lose Sight of the Moral, and rob their Audience of Instruction, ought to be amerced for running Riot in Wit.

I shall be in Hopes that Apprehension of *personal* Inflictions will in time extirpate the Generation of *Libelling* Wits.
Terror,

Terror, and the Flesh's Weakness have in many Cases prevail'd, where Reason and Good-nature have lost the Argument. I have now by me a Manuscript Treatise, which perhaps might be of some Use to stop the Growth of *Defamation*, giving a *short Account* of the *Malevolent* Wits that have *suffer'd* for the *Freedom*s of their Pen. I cannot say whether it be a genuine History of Facts, or only a *Legend* of fictitious Punishments compil'd *in Terrorem*. I suppose it may have had some View to the *Law* mention'd by *Horace*; for I find a *Club* frequently asserted to be the Weapon of Correction. I have another small Tract, perhaps wrote on the same Foundation, call'd, *The Regulation of Wit* by an *Oaken Plant*.

Tho' I have no Design of making these Treatises publick now, I'll take care they shall not be lost to Posterity upon Occasion, should the Sons of *Defamation* spring up in another Age.

I must confess, I have a particular Veneration for *Candour* in all Compositions; it is a Quality which recommends our other Virtues to the World, and extenuates our Failings. I have often been pleas'd with this Mitigation, when I have heard

a Man tax'd of some Faults, that yet
— *He's a very good-natur'd Man; I never knew him give any body a bad Word.*

On the contrary, I have been provok'd to meet with People of so perverse a Disposition, that they would never allow any one Merit, or the least Pretence to a good Character. Spleen, or a Mistaken Emulation, which centres in Envy, has over-rul'd their Opinions, and implanted Prejudices which the best Testimonies are not able to evict. These are a Tribe of Wretches, who, if I may be allow'd the Expression, tho' you convince them, will not be convinc'd.

I might have been much more Critical upon Old Comedy, if its main Vice of *personal* Reflection had not carried me unawares into this Digression: But thus it happens in many other Cases, that a Number of *Beauties* are often lost in one gross *Deformity*.

Tuesday,

N^o 40. Tuesday, January 22.

*Ηδη κ' γλυκύπικρον ἐδέξατο κέντρον Ἑρώτων,
Θρυσίο θ' κραδίῳ γλυκερῷ πνεῖ παρθένου ---

Musæus.

Ut vidi! ut perii! ut me malus abstulit Error!

Virg.

I Hope my Readers will not think me too fond of talking of my self, when I acquaint them that I have of late receiv'd many Packets of *Compliment* and *Reproach*. The Contents of the former my Modesty will not permit me to reveal: The latter complain, That I am not so bright as I have appear'd to them under a *former Character*; and some, that I seem a little too much confin'd to Criticism and Morality. *Sappho* has sollicitd me to touch on the *Influence of Love*, and bids me remember the celebrated Story of *Eginhart* and *Imma*; but *Emilia*, whom I suspect a Dissembler of Inclination desires me to recommend the Satisfactions of a *Female Friendship* above the *Intimacies* which are grounded on *Contrariety of Sexes*.

I may oblige the first by combating the Opinion of the *Prude*; and convince the Other that her Soul may be touch'd with a stronger Passion, than that which an Affection for her own Sex can inspire.

A Friendship or Dearness, contracted from Sympathies in Habit and Temper, can be no Exclusion to the Power of Love; and tho' two Friends may so far be engag'd with each other's Attractions, as to seclude themselves a while from other Conversation, there are Hours of Life in which *Venus* will put in her Claim, and make us more remiss to our *Platonick* Acquaintance. The Production of our Kind is the Eldest Law of Nature; and there are no Seeds implanted in us to encourage an Aversion for that Sex we are not of. To deal freely upon this Head, I have always thought *Women* pretend to be *Man-baters*, as *Fools* make a Bravado of being *Atheists*: The Principles of both are founded upon false Notions, and a Want of knowing themselves fully. *Emilia* declaims publicly against Marriage, and cannot bear the Thoughts of a Man: Declarations of this sort may proceed from Three Causes; a too rigid Affectation of Modesty, a favourable

vourable Match not being in the Way, or an Expectation of a Settlement by the By.

It is the Remark of a Writer, very well acquainted with Nature, that *the Woman who is insensible, is one who has not yet seen the Person she is to love.* I would desire my fair *Wards* to contemplate on this Lesson, and not give themselves the Trouble of a Reserve, which will certainly draw their Sincerity into Suspicion. To declare no *Antipathies*, will never subject them to the Imputation of *Fondness*: And the strictest *Modesty* may keep its Ground without the Aid of such *precise* Insinuations. Besides that there is this Danger in protesting for Virginity, that it has hinder'd many a Lover from beginning his Address, and reduc'd many a Woman to the Abstinence of a *Nun*, without her ever designing to put on the Habit.

Chloris has as nice Sentiments of Honour as *Melissa*, yet scruples not to confess, she lives in Hopes of seeing the Man on whom will depend an Increase of her Happiness: *Melissa* hears her with a disdainful Smile, will not suffer her self to be handed out of the Play-house to her Coach, yet watches the Glances of every Fop that ogles her, and loses the whole
Enter-

Entertainment of the Comedy: What are these *Airs of Reserve* but *Diffimulation*? Whence arises her *Desire* of being admir'd and gaz'd at? And to what Intent would she draw the *Eyes* of the *Spectators*, if not to captivate their *Hearts* with her *Beauty*?

I have known many a *Citadel*, fortified by *Art* and *Nature*, that has been surrendered to the *Enemy* by some *Traitor* within the *Walls*: So *Constitutions*, seemingly all *Frost* and *Indifference*, have often been betray'd by a lurking *Inclination*. In vain are the *Defences* of *Professions* and *Resolves*: *Love* seizes on us suddenly without permitting us to reflect: Our *Disposition* or our *Weakness* favours the *Surprize*, and a single *Look* fixes and determines us of his *Party*.

How unhappy must that young *Lady* prove, who has worn such a *Mask* of *Aversion* before the *World*, and at last is overtaken with a *Flame*, which she fears to confess to her most intimate *Companions*? I cannot hope by any *Description* to set this in so clear a *Light*, as by an *Example*: I shall therefore conclude this *Paper* with part of a remarkable *Story*, which I have met with in *Bruyere*.

In

In *Smyrna*, there liv'd a young Lady of extraordinary Beauty, whose Name was *Emira*; yet not more famous for her Beauty, than the Severity of her Manners: Above all, she profess'd a strange Indifference for Men, whom, as she said, she beheld without Danger, or any other Concern, than what she felt for her female Friends, or her Brothers. She could not believe the thousandth Part of the Follies, which, she was told, Love in all Times had been the Cause of; and those she saw herself, she could not comprehend. Friendship was the only thing she had any Notion of, and That she made the first Experiment of in a young and beautiful Person of her own Sex. She found in her Friendship something so very soft and pleasing, that her only Study was how to preserve it: Never imagining any other Inclination could arise, which should make her less to cherish that Esteem she had conceiv'd for her favourite Friend. Her Discourse was only of the charming *Euphrosina*, (for so was her admir'd Companion call'd,) and their Friendship was talk'd of even to a Proverb in *Smyrna*.

Emira had two Brothers, both so young and handsome, that all the Women in
the

the City were in Love with them; and whom she loved herself as became a Sister. One of the Priests of *Jupiter* had Access to her Father's House, who, ravish'd with her Beauty, ventur'd to declare his Passion to her, but came off only with Scorn and Contempt. An old Man who, relying on his Birth and Estate, had the same Assurance, met with the same Success. She was surrounded by her Brothers, a Priest and an old Man, and could boast herself insensible: But these were not the greatest Tryals Heaven had reserv'd for her: Yet they too had no other Effect than to render her still more vain, and to confirm her in the Reputation of being a Person not to be touch'd with Love.

Of three Lovers, whom her Charms had gain'd her one after another, whose Passions she was not afraid to slight, the first in an amorous Transport stab'd himself at her Feet: The second, in Despair of ever succeeding, went to seek his Death in the Wars of *Crete*: And the third ended his Days in a miserable Languishment and Distraction.

The old Spark, so unfortunate in his Amours, was cur'd at length by reflecting on his Age, and the Character of
the

the Person to whom he made his Addresses. However he was desirous to visit her sometimes, and had her Permission. One Day he carried along with him his Son; a Youth of a most agreeable Aspect, and a noble Mein. She beheld him with a more than ordinary Concern; She saw him afterwards without his Father, and heard him discourse with Wit and Pleasantry: But when he talk'd less of her and her Beauty than she expected, she was surpriz'd and angry that a Man so well made, and of so much Wit, should be so little gallant.

Her Friend had express'd a Desire to see him, and was in Company when *Emira* entertain'd him. 'Twas for *Euphrosina* alone he had Eyes, and her Beauty alone he commended. *Emira*, from being indifferent, became jealous: perceiv'd the Youth was not only capable of Gallantry, but of Tenderness. From that time she grows reserv'd to her Friend; no longer discerns that Merit which charm'd her before; loses all Relish of her Conversation, and no longer loves her.

The Youth and *Euphrosina* saw one another every Day, lov'd mutually, agreed to marry, and soon after were married.

ried. *Emira* hears of it, and is all enrared; she feels to what height her Passion is grown, and seeks out *Euphrosina* only for the Pleasure of one Sight of the Bridegroom. But the young Husband is still the Passionate Lover, finds in his new Wife all the Charms of a Mistress, and looks on *Emira* but as the Friend of her that's dear to him. This compleats the poor Lady's Misfortune, robs her of her Rest and Sustenance, and brings a Decay upon her Body, and a Distraction on her Mind. She has her Intervals of Reason, but 'tis of Reason she most complains: In this Condition she lies so sad and miserable, that the Youth of *Smyrna*, who had seen her before so *arrogant* and *miserable*, think Heaven has punish'd her but too severely.

N^o 41. *Thursday, January 24.*

Interdum Vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat.
Hor.

MR. Dryden in his Preface to the *Aeneid* has distinguish'd the Readers of Poetry into Three Classes, the lowest

lowest of which he terms *Mobb-Readers*, which including far the greater Number, he very humourously adds, that, *If Virgil and Martial stood for Parliament-Men, he knew already who would carry it.* This Passage worked so strongly upon my Imagination the other Evening, that some Traces of it recurring in my Dream formed themselves into the following *Vision*, which I shall present my Readers with for this Day's Entertainment.

I fancied my self in a very spacious *Hall*, not unlike those where Publick Elections are made, furnish'd with Seats and Benches in the same manner, only, instead of the *King's Picture*, there were beautiful Portraitsures of *Apollo*, the *Nine Muses*, and that other Friend and Inspirer of the Poets, *Bacchus*. I thought it was a Day appointed for the Election of a *Poet Laureat*, and the Candidates were Mr. *Dryden* and Mr. *Quarles*. There never sure was beheld such a Medley Scene of Company, such Differences of Face, Habit, Complexion, and Postures. The greatest Number were of a meagre Aspect, indifferently clad in ragged Suits, and dirty with *Snuff* and *Ink*. These were a very strong Party, I observed, and, as I found afterwards, most of them

them engag'd in *Quarles's* Interest. Some walk'd with their Heads hanging on one side, others stared upwards *like mad Astrologers*, some mused along with a downward Look, like melancholy *Bedlamites*, and among most of that Crew there was much fumbling in Pockets, scratching of Heads, and biting of Nails. In another Quarter of the Hall, there was a Group of Figures crowded together in an attentive Posture, and listening to one of the Fraternity, who was repeating a Copy of Verses in Compliment to the Person who carried the Election, with a blank Space left to insert either of the Names of the Candidates. There was a great Dispute among those of a better Figure, about settling some Preliminary Rules to be observed at the Election; upon which I hasten'd thither, and found the Contention was, Whether the *Criticks* should be allow'd to Vote; The Friends of *Quarles* railed against it with great Vehemence, and said all the contemptuous things their Wit could supply them with in Opposition to the whole Race of *Criticks*. Mr. *Dryden's* Party, on the contrary, urged the Reasonableness of the Proposal with great Humanity and Candour.

And

And thus, while the Matter was depending, one of *Quarles's* Friends stept out of the Hall, and brought in a ragged Regiment, who deafen'd the whole Court with loud Cries of, *No Critics, No Critics.*

This Point being now yielded, they were proceeding to poll, when a saucy Fellow who seem'd to act in the Quality of a sort of *Under-Sheriff*, spying some Noblemen on the *Bench*, protested against the Presence of *Peers*, who might influence the Election. Upon which all the Persons of Quality rose up, and bowing to Mr. *Dryden* departed the Hall. My L——d R———r look'd back twice or thrice, and said some smart Sentences upon this Occasion, which I am sorry, for my Reader's Sake, that I have forgot. My L——d D——t all the way he went dropp'd his Guinea's very plentifully among the Crowd, not at all regarding who took them up, making what haste he could from the Impertinence of Thanks, and the Trouble of nauseous Civilities. And now Sir *W—— D——t*, being *Cryer of the Court*, ask'd Leave of the Assembly to act by a *Deputy*, which every one who heard him speak very willingly granted.

The

rush'd in and poll'd above Fifty running for Mr. *Quarles*. This Turn of the Balance put *Nat. Lee* into such a Passion, that he ran swearing, kicking and cuffing about the *Hall*: He pull'd off *Wizber's* precise Band, and tore a Spiritual Poet's Gown of the *Church of England*, the only one in that Habit against Mr. *Dryden*, into a Thousand Pieces. His Fury being somewhat abated by meeting his Friend *Otway*, they went up together and voted for Mr. *Dryden*.

After them came a Crowd of *Mob-Bards*, who offering to poll, it was objected, that they were not qualified; and a great Scuffle arising, they took their Oaths that they were worth *Forty Shillings a-year* on *Parnassus*; but the contrary being proved against them, they were turn'd out of the *Hall* with much Scorn and Laughter. However the Run still continu'd for *Quarles*, he having brib'd the Court to accept of *Fleckno's*, and a Number of bad Votes, on his Side.

The Friends of Mr. *Dryden* began now to look somewhat dispirited, and in despair of carrying their Cause, when Sir *Philip Sidney* appear'd, pulling along with him poor *Spencer*, who had been
beat

beat back twenty times by the Insolence of the Mob; and they voted for Mr. *Dryden*. They were follow'd by Sir *John Suckling*, who, with a gallant Air and gay sparkish Dress, went humming over a favourite Song, which he broke off in the middle when he had got to the Bar, and not knowing before who were the Competitors for the Laurel, he made a short Speech upon the Impudence of *Quarles*, in presuming to stand Candidate, said he always voted for Gentlemen, and bidding the Clerk put him down for Mr. *Dryden*, resum'd his Song, and left the Company. *Milton*, *Cowley*, *Denham*, and *Waller*, all follow'd his Example; but it avail'd nothing, for upon casting up the Books *Quarles* was declar'd *Laureat*, at which the Mob gave a loud Shout, crying out, *A Quarles, A Quarles!* Mr. *Dryden* having so many valuable Votes on his Side seem'd not at all discontented at the Loss of the Election, but rather went away more satisfied than the Conqueror. *Ogilby* brought in the Laurel, and bound it round the Temples of *Quarles*; but, as soon as the sacred Leaves touch'd the Seat of Dullness, they faded and wither'd

away, which was taken as an Omen that *Apollo* did not approve the Choice of the Multitude.

N^o 42. *Saturday, January 26.*

Fama novi Fontis nostras pervenit ad aures.
Ovid.

HAVING received a great Number of Letters from several Persons, and not given Place to any of them as yet in my Papers, that they should not think their *Ink* and *Wit* wholly thrown away, I now lay before the Publick an Epistle of very uncommon Contents, which lately came to my Hands. As the Subject of it is very Nice and Delicate, I was obliged to retrench some Parts of it, (a Liberty which I shall always take) for fear the Gravity of my Character should suffer from the Levity of my Correspondents. The Writer of this Letter addresses himself to me in the following Manner.

Venerable

Venerable SIR,

“ I Have lately read a Paper of yours,
“ which gives a *dreaming* Account of
“ an *Emaſculating FOUNTAIN*; and
“ could not but wonder that a Perſon
“ of your Judgment had not found a
“ proper Antidote for ſo dangerous a Poy-
“ ſon. Could you unbrace our Nerves,
“ depreſs our Spirits, whiten our Com-
“ plexions, and give a feminine Softneſs
“ to our Eyes, without telling us which
“ way to redeem this Degeneracy? All
“ that you have to ſay for your ſelf, is,
“ that it was a *Viſion*. But I, Sir, who
“ ſleep not for the Benefit of Mankind,
“ but juſt enough for my own Health,
“ have, in my Hours of Watchfulneſs,
“ found out a more conſiderable Secret
“ than ever yet was communicated to
“ the Publick. Don't think this a *Quack*
“ *Advertiſement*, that promiſes much, and
“ performs nothing, but a real and
“ ſubſtantial Truth. Neither would I
“ have the late Inventor of the *Virginity*
“ *Drops* ſo vain as to imagine I ſtole his
“ Thought; mine being of a different
“ Nature, and the Subject of many long
“ *Lucubrations*.

“ You may have heard, Sir, of a *Fountain* in *Italy*, mentioned by some ancient Author, whose Name I wave for fear of the Imputation of Pedantry, in which *Juno*, that *notorious handsome Scold*, us’d to bath every Year to recover her *Virginity*, and so reconcile her self to her Husband *Jupiter*, at least once a Year, after *Matrimonial Quarrels*. Now the Virtue of this Fountain is entirely lost, I can assure you; having travell’d into *Italy* with a *Widow* in my Company, who long’d for a Tryal of the Experiment. Since that, it has been my whole Study to find out a Water of the same Quality, which at last after a long Search I have met with. You can’t imagine me so lost to my own Profit as to tell you where the *Place is*, but yet I am so generous as to communicate to you the Experiments I have made on my Fountain; as well as a List of Those that, by *Juno’s* Favour, made use of that in *Italy*, which I took from a Manuscript that I found there of undoubted Authority.

“ The first Tryal I made of my *Fountain* was upon a *Chambermaid* at my Neighbour *Squire Josselin’s*; who having

“ ving been very free with her was go-
“ ing to marry her to a Farrier, a Te-
“ nant of his: The Girl was about five
“ and thirty, and considering that *Far-*
“ *riers* were a kind of *Doctors*, she thought
“ fit to apply to me for a Method to
“ disguise her Loss, and deceive her
“ Husband: I order'd her to *immerge*
“ two Mornings together in my Foun-
“ tain, and accordingly, to use the
“ Phrase of *Hippocrates*, so she recover'd.
“ My Success with my first Patient,
“ according to the Nature of Females,
“ was soon whisper'd about the Village;
“ and at Twelve a-Clock, five Nights
“ afterwards, I was knock'd out of my
“ Bed by a Lady of Distinction, who
“ was so unhappy as to have had an In-
“ trigue with her Father's Coachman,
“ and so happy as to be going to be
“ Married to a Nobleman: She talk'd
“ to me in her *Masque*, very patheti-
“ cally, concerning the Breach of her
“ Honour; and, at the same time clap-
“ ping a *Hundred Guineas* into my Hand,
“ desir'd my Advice. After having ta-
“ ken her Oath of Secrecy I sent her
“ to my *Fountain*, and, to disguise the
“ Virtues of it, gave her a few insigni-
“ ficant Pills, to prepare her for the

“ Bed of her Husband. My Design was
“ well answer’d, and she afterwards told
“ me, that, to her great Comfort, she
“ did not sleep a Wink the Night she
“ was a Bride.

“ This *Lady* soon afterwards went up to
“ *London*, where she had not been a Week
“ before she was so kind as to send me
“ Six Coaches full of Patients: Their
“ Cases, as they told me, being as com-
“ mon in that great Town, though
“ not so fatal, as the *Fever*, *Small-Pox*,
“ or any other *Epidemical Distemper*.
“ These *Ladies* I boarded in proper A-
“ partments, and knowing their Mode-
“ sty, sent them one after another at due
“ Seasons for an Immersion in my *Foun-
“ tain*. They all recover’d, and reward-
“ ed me very plentifully; and their *Li-
“ censes* being beforehand taken out, they
“ were married in a Fortnight after their
“ Departure. One of them, as she was
“ going away, with an Additional Fee,
“ beg’d of me by all means, for my own
“ Interest, to come up to Town and
“ practise in the *City*; assuring me at
“ the same time, that she would recom-
“ mend all her Acquaintance to me, who
“ were very numerous.

“ I don’t

“ I don’t know how it came about
 “ that a private Discovery should spread
 “ so far ; but I soon after receiv’d a
 “ Letter from my travelling *Widow*,
 “ who was at near a Hundred Miles di-
 “ stance from my House, wherein, tel-
 “ ling me of my Success with others,
 “ she said, *She had a mind to be a Maid*
 “ *again* ; accordingly wou’d be with me
 “ in a short time. She was as good as
 “ her Word, and came ; and, having
 “ an advantageous Offer of marrying a
 “ *Priest*, took my Receipt ; bath’d Four
 “ times, (which was more by Twice than
 “ I ever order’d any other Woman ;)
 “ and went into the *Parson’s Hands* a
 “ True and Good *Virgin*. In this Ex-
 “ periment, I must own, I found it ve-
 “ ry difficult to fit her for the *Church* ;
 “ and, for the future, will never under-
 “ take any Woman that has had Two
 “ Husbands.

“ Soon after this, a Couple of Coun-
 “ try Wenches, who, as they said, had
 “ lost their *Maidenheads* out of a Fro-
 “ lick, after a *May-pole Dance*, came to
 “ me with Half-a-crown apiece in their
 “ Hands ; telling me they had been ask’d
 “ Twice in the *Church*, and that if I did
 “ not make them Virgins against next

“ day, they were undone. I, upon hear-
“ ing their Story, return'd 'em their
“ Money, gave them Directions to re-
“ pair to the Fountain, and all would
“ be right. The young Jades titter'd
“ in my Face, said they had dabbled
“ there Twenty times, before they were
“ under these Circumstances, and got
“ nothing but a Cold or an Ague by it.
“ However, upon my grave Admoniti-
“ ons, they consented to get up before
“ Day, and try the Experiment toge-
“ ther. When they came to put Mat-
“ ters to the Tryal, they unluckily met
“ with Sir *William Whistlewell's* Lady,
“ whose Husband died but the Night
“ before, naked, and going to immerge.
“ At which, knowing her Quality, they
“ ran away in a Fright, and deferr'd
“ their Cure 'till Mid-night; when they
“ both came, and were recover'd, to the
“ full Satisfaction of *Thomas L——* and
“ *Roger B——*.

“ These, Sir, are but a few of the
“ Experiments that I have made; and
“ fearing lest I should take up too much
“ of your Time, I defer the rest till a
“ further Opportunity; and will then
“ communicate them to you, with the
“ List of those that made use of *Juno's*
“ Foun-

“ *Fountain*, which I promis’d you in
 “ the Beginning of my Letter. In the
 “ mean time

I am Yours,

PHILO-PARTHENUS.

I don’t know very well what to make of my Correspondent’s Letter; but must needs own, I wish it had been my good Fortune to purchase the Estate where this wonderful *Fountain* flows. I am sure that the Proprietor needs no other Ways or Means to raise a Fortune as large as he pleases. *Montpelier, Tunbridge, Bath*, are nothing to this; and therefore I desire him in his next to acquaint me, what Accommodation he has provided for those prodigious Numbers that will flock to him betwixt this and *May*.

N^o 43. *Tuesday, January 29.*

Nuper me cujusdam amici Languor admonuit, optimos esse nos dum infirmis sumus.
 Plin.

IT is not either in the Power of Reading or Reflection to work those Effects

fects in Moral Life, which Nature very often does by kind Admonitions from the Infirmities of the Body. *Health* inspires us with Ten thousand Gaieties of Thought, gives a lively Turn to our Animal Spirits, and dances us about in a Circle of Folly or Pleasure, without reflecting where we began, or how we shall conclude. But an uneasie Bed, a painful Night, a nearer Prospect of Change, alters the whole Model of our Minds, reduces our Extravagancies to plain Sense, our Wit to a Soberness of Thinking, our Reason to the Regulation of Religion. We see it every Day in the most uninform'd as well as most refin'd Understanding, that these little Turns in our Constitution make great Improvements in our Superior Faculties. It is not that the Persons affected had not a general or habitual Notion of those things which they then begin to look at with a more piercing Eye, but that the Objects were either remov'd at too great a Distance, or blinded by the Interposition of some others which were more taking to the Sight.

I my self have known a pretended *Atheist* walk over a *Church-yard* trembling under a Stick, who before used to make
it

it his Diversion to drink his *Moon-light Bottle*, upon a *Tombstone*. A drunken Clown, who has been debauch'd by a neighbouring *Freethinking* Landlord, has spoke as fine and just Things in the Day of his Adversity, as *Cardinal Woolsey* did, when he said, *Had I serv'd my God as faithfully as I have done my King, he would not have left me thus in my Old Age.* Such Reflections as these are not extorted by the Subtilty of a Priest, but the Dictates of honest Nature, which, when she is once left to her self, disencumbred from Form, Vanity, and Imposition, finds her Way to Truth in a plain and easie Road. Information is little and mean at this time, acquir'd Arguments neither touch nor affect, the Conviction arises from within, and thus a sick Man is a more pathetical Orator than *Tully* or *Demosthenes*. Let any Man that seems unconvinc'd at this, only observe in those Authors that copy Nature the nearest, how much more extraordinarily he is mov'd by the Expressions of *afflicted* and *dying* Persons, than by any the brightest Sentiments arising from other Incidents.

The Occasion of this cannot proceed from what Criticks call a *Sympathy of Distress*, because miserable Objects, from

an

an Impropriety of Sentiments adapted to their Condition, may as well produce Laughter as Pity, Admiration, or any other Passion. Whenever you see any thing of that sort, as you may do in many Authors, it requires but little Judgment to know where to lay the Blame: It is the Writer, not the Person represented, who diverts you with Folly at the Hour of Death, and places Wit where Nature ought only to reign.

This is the Reason why after a seeming Preparation for Grief and Sorrow, we often sit with *dry Eyes* in the Theatre at some *Tragedies*, the Poet either going contrary or beyond *Nature*; for a Transgression on either hand must certainly offend. Whereas, if People would draw from Circumstances as they happen, without Regard to Paint, or superficial Beauties; if they did not please us by their Expressions, yet their Thoughts, as being Copies of what we have felt in our own Bosoms, must necessarily affect us.

I perceive that I have run into a Digression from the Subject propos'd, but these Reflections seem so nearly to relate to it, that I could not help falling into them. Instances are the most apt to make Impressions, and if mine are not
very

very exact, they may perhaps serve to raise Idea's in the Reader's Minds, which they will easily apply to the first Notions of this Essay, which was, *That a Course of Sickneſs, is a Course of Philoſophy*, and teaches us more than many Years of ſevere Study, or mirthful Gallantry. The younger *Pliny*, whom I have choſe to ſtand at the Head of this Paper, has wrote a very excellent Epistle to a Friend of his on this Occaſion, which I cannot forbear giving the World in a free *Engliſh* Tranſlation.

Pliny to Maximus.

“ **T**HE Sickneſs of a Friend of mine
“ has convinc'd *me*, that we are
“ the *beſt Men*, when we are out of Or-
“ der. For what Sick Man is troubled
“ either with the Carkings of Avarice,
“ or the Sollicitations or lewd Appe-
“ tites? That Man is no Slave to the
“ Paſſion of *Love*, none to the Allure-
“ ments of *Ambition*; he deſpiſes Wealth,
“ and how much or little ſoever he is
“ poſſeſs'd of, is the ſame contented Man
“ with that ſingle Thought of leaving
“ it behind him: Then it is he remem-
“ bers that there are *Gods*, then it is he
“ remembers he is but a *Man*. He envies
“ no

“ no One, admires no One, despises no
 “ One; and is so lost to humane Pas-
 “ sions, that he neither attends to *Flat-*
 “ *tery*, or regards *Scandal*. All his
 “ Thoughts are turn’d on salutary Baths,
 “ and cooling Fountains. This is the
 “ height of his Wishes, the utmost of
 “ his Ambition. Then it is, that he
 “ lays Schemes, if he happens to reco-
 “ ver, of a future regular Conduct; to
 “ have his Pleasures and Studies well
 “ corrected, his Body kept in due Tem-
 “ perance, that is, to lead an innocent
 “ and a happy Life. In this View I
 “ can lay You and My self down a short
 “ Maxim, which the Philosophers en-
 “ deavour to teach in many Words and
 “ many Volumes, *That we ought to live*
 “ *and continue to be such sort of Men in the*
 “ *fullness of Health, as we promise our*
 “ *selves to become in the Weakness of*
 “ *Sickness*.

I have used some Liberty in the Trans-
 lation of this Elegant Epistle, which the
Learned will easily discover upon a Com-
 parison, and so to put the *English* Reader
 upon an Equality with them, I shall give
 him a Thought from One of our own
 Countrymen, who carries the Matter
 further,

further, from the point of Sickness to the point of Death. It is an *Apostrophe* of the celebrated Sir *Walter Rawleigh* to Death it self, and a finer perhaps than in any Ancient or Modern Author.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, Thou hast persuaded; what none have dar'd, Thou hast done; and whom all the World hath flatter'd, Thou only hast cast out of the World and despis'd: Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretch'd Greatness, all the Pride, Cruelty, and Ambition of Man, and cover'd it all over with these Two narrow Words, *Hic Jacet.*

N^o 44. *Thursday, January 31.*

Ut varias Usus Meditando extunderet Artes.
Virgil.

CURIOSITY is the Mother of all Arts and Sciences; it is That which first starts new Hints of Improvement, and engages the Mind in the Pursuit: sometimes quickning it with the Prospects of Fame, at other times tempting the Passions

sions with the more alluring Bait of Reward. Were it not for one or other of these Spurs to the Intellects of Man, Invention would languish, Arts decay, and the Thoughts, being satisfied with a superficial View of Things, extend themselves no farther than a Survey of the present Objects. But the Soul being stirred and awakened by the Motives I have mentioned, is ever busying it self in Tryals of its Strength and Powers, and stretching forward upon the Scent of new Discoveries. The Men of this Turn of Mind meet with very different Fates: Thus an obstinate and barren Genius shall drudge on half a Century, and at last bring forth nothing but the Fruits of a long-studied Folly, to expose it self to Laughter and Contempt. Another of a quick but desultory Thought rests contented with an imperfect Birth, which he leaves to the Cultivation of more painful Hands; and a third, still more happy, shall both discover, and compleatly finish some new and wonderful Scheme of Science.

It is now Time for to give some Instances, after this grave Introduction, which my *Box of new Inventions in Philosophy* supplies me with on this Occasion.

The

The First the *Ladies* and the *Beaus* ought to thank me for, if from my Hints they ever venture upon the Experiment: They are to understand then that a *Grecian old Woman*, who was more in Reputation at *Constantinople*, than any of our *Nurses* and *Doctors* are in *London*, has found out a Method of *engrafting* or *transplanting* the *Small-Pox*. I fancy now that I see my lovely Female Readers startled at the very naming that *Enemy to Beauty*; and yet, if they will but have a *Woman's Patience*, I hope to make them easy before I have done. If this Promise will not do, let them fling aside my Paper, 'till a Fit of *Curiosity* (which I am sure will not be long) returns upon them, and then see if I am not as good as my Word.

Suppose then a *Lady* had a mind to have that troublesome Distemper (which as the Learned Dr. *L———r* observes, is sometimes the Cause of the worst of all Curses, *Barrenness*;) well over with her, without being at all sick, or disorder'd, or what is more to the purpose with those who can better bear *Pain* than *Deformity*, without any Diminution of her Charms: In this Case, the *skillful Transplanter* has nothing else to do but to travel about the Town to find out a
Kind

Kind and Safe sort of Small-Pox, which he with great Facility inoculates upon his Patient: where they shall sprout forth, flourish, and decay, as naturally as a well-ingrafted Branch, without the least Symptom of Pain or Danger. This Course, says my Learned Correspondent, is so Certain and Safe, that an Eminent Physician, who has undertaken the Practice of it, has drawn up a Table of Fees in Proportion to the Quality of the Patients he is concern'd with, and which with his Leave I communicate to the Public.

For a Nobleman married two } 500 l.
Years, or his Heir, }

N. B. *His Lady, if he pleases, at half that Price.*

A Toast of One Year's standing only, 200 l.

A Beau just arriv'd at his Estate, with his Coachman or his Mistress into the Bargain, } 500 l.

The only Son of an Alderman, } 200 l. per
Dog-cheap, at an Annuity of } Annum.

A Knight, 'Squire, middle }
Citizen, or their Children, } 40 l.
per Head,

A Widow designing a second }
Marriage, if well-join- } 100 l.
tur'd, not a Farthing un- }
der,

Dignitaries of the Church, (if }
of my Party) at } 5 l.

N. B. I undertake no others in Black.

Officers of the Army, if the } At Three
Small-Pox only, accor- } Weeks
ding to their Stations, } Pay.

Lawyers, Judges, and Serjeants, at 50 l.

Attorneys and Sollicitors, &c. }
from Thirty to } 3 l.

N. B. Trust not one of the last Class.

This is the rough Scheme of the Doctor's Table of Fees, the rest he complains cannot be reduc'd to any regular Standard, and he must therefore proportion them according to their present Fortune, or future Expectations. As for Example, He makes a very considerable Difference between a Woman with a Single Lover, and another with Half-a-dozen; and knows

knows not what Price to set upon one whom *half the Town admires*. The like Distinction is to be observ'd in Families, in the Case of a *Mother's Favourite*, and an ordinary Child. The same Difficulties made him omit *Courtiers* in his Catalogue, who are not to be dealt with like other Men, or tied down to a certain Rule of *Payment*; some, as he observes, being able to *pay* him by raising his Reputation, and others to quit the Score by preferring his Friends and Relations. Old *Women* and *Prudes* are designedly left out, because, as he says, the Juices of their Bodies are so vitiated and sower'd, the first with Age, the second with Envy, that their Blood will not bear any kind of *Inoculation*. It is for much the same Reason that *Fifth-Widows*, *Bona Roba's*, and *Play-house Beauties*, are to despair of the *transplanting* Virtue's taking any notable Effect in their Constitutions; some of them from too great an Humidity, others from an irre-cruitable Diminution of the Animal Spirits.

This, I think, is a fair and candid Warning of the *Doctor's*, whom I should now take Leave of, to introduce another late Discovery, equally extraordinary, in the
Ve-

Vegetable World; but I find my Time and Paper oblige me to defer it. And I have but just Room to acquaint the World, That this *Physician* has taken a large House with convenient Accommodations for his Patients, which he designs to entitle (for a House without a *Motto* is not worth a Farthing;) *The Insurance-Office* for the *Small-Pox*.

N^o 45. *Saturday, February 2.*

—*Procul à nostris rebus, semotaque longè.*
Lucre.

The INCURIOUS.

THIS is a *Species* of Mortals common enough among us, and which differ as much from each other as they do from the rest of Mankind, and yet are not very well distinguish'd by those Writers who have made it their Business to draw *Characters*. The first that I shall mention is the *totally Incurious*, a supine indolent Animal, that looks upon the World as if he were no Part of it

it himself, obliged to no Duties of social Life, and passes through it, like a negligent Traveller, without being able to give you an Account of any one Particular he has observ'd in his Journey. If you endeavour to put him in Mind of any past Action, he shews by his Silence that he has forgot it: If you mention any thing new, his Unconcernedness seems to declare that it does not relate to him; and lastly, if you speak of future Probabilities, he either wholly disregards, or laughs at your Conjectures: Narratives of all kinds of Facts or Accidents, have the same Influence upon his Mind; the News of a dead *Relation*, and the *Quarrel of a Couple of Porters*, is receiv'd with the same Equality of Temper, and stupid Calmness of Passion. 'Tis nothing to him who rises, or who falls; whom Indigence pinches, or whom Prosperity fattens; who is miserable for Honesty, or who is great by Villany. All the Scenes of other Men's Lives skim before his Eyes like so many gliding Shadows; which if he could lay hold on he would not, and hardly condescends to give them a Look as they are passing, even for his own Amusement.

Such

Such is the Internal Frame of his Mind, and his External Actions are agreeable to it, equally indifferent to any thing that offers, and done without any End or Design. It is the same thing to him whether he goes to a *Play*, or a *Funeral*; to a *Ball*, or a *Puppet-Show*; to a *Church*, or a *Tavern*. He is indeed generally averse to publick *Spectacles* of all kinds; and in some Fits of Indolence would not stir from his Chair to behold the *Entry of an Ambassador*, tho' he could see it with no more Pains than going to the Window. Whatever happens to be a Favourite to other People, is sure to be his Aversion. The Ladies *Lap-Dogs*, *Parrots*, and *Monkeys*, the Men's fine *Horses*, *Furniture*, and *Equipage*, are Sight, that if it were possible to get the Better of his unconquerable Inclination to Ease, would give him the Spleen: If his *Footman* ask him in a Morning what Cloaths he'll wear that Day? His Reply is, What you will, *John*; and thus goes out dress'd according to his Man's Humour, and not his own: And so, as it happens, is sometimes affronted for appearing in *Black* on a *Rejoycing Day*, or laugh'd at for being *Gay* at a Time of *Humiliation*. He

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never

never knows where he is to dine, or how he shall spend the Day; and chops upon Company, without any Consideration of their Quality or Humour; where he sits with the same compos'd Serenity, in the midst of the gayest Wit, or the heaviest Dullness; and rises when the Company rise, never making any Exception either to *them* or the *Reckoning*. He thinks himself the happiest Man in the World, when he meets with a Sett of *Silent Smoakers*, and if ever he speaks much, it is in the Praise of *Tobacco*.

And yet this *INCURIOUS* has very often accidental Hours of Uneasiness, as he cannot help hearing Noise, when 'tis impossible to avoid it; or sweating under the Tediousness of a good-natur'd Story-teller, who is continually pulling him by the Sleeve for his Attention, and drawing him from his belov'd Tranquility. A Woman, who has the Natural Loquacity of her Sex, may ruffle the Smoothness of his Temper, with Abundance of good impertinent Sense: Tho' without being able to raise it to that Height which produces Passion in Men of other Complexions. Fearful of these common Civilities, which arise

rise from the Intercourse of Mankind one with the other, he shuns the Stage of Business, the Notices of Eyes that may claim a troublesome Acquaintance, and often hides himself in an unthinking Solitude. This kind of independant unsocial Animal is the totally *INCURI-
OUS*.

You will find, upon a strict Survey, that there are Characters in the World subordinate to this, who have as much Aversion to some Particulars, as this Man has to the general Negotiations of Life. The very Name of *Learning* frightens some Persons out of Company; and others turn a deaf Ear to all *News*, and *Politicks*. And yet these very Persons shall be as unequally curious in other things, of which they are as little Judges. Some are ever getting *Money*, and neglecting *their Dress*; others always critical in their *Dress*, and running into *Debt*: So that there is not in all the Mixtures, you will meet with in Conversation, one Man in whom you will not find something of the *Incurious*. The slovenly *Learned*, the odd-dress'd *Beauty*, the witty *Stock-jobber*, and the *Greek States-man* are Characters which might deserve here a particular Consideration:

But I wave These, with many Others, to make some Reflections upon the first Class of indolent Persons, whom I so largely describ'd at the Beginning of this Paper.

If we view the totally *Incurious* in a true Light, as he answers no Offices of Life, nor the End of his Existence, he ought to be reckon'd as an insignificant *Cypher*, without any Relation to a preceding Number. He eats, drinks, and sleeps indeed, as the rest of his *Species* do; but he neither eats to give Strength to his Constitution to defend his Country; nor drinks for the Improvement, or Diversion of his Friend; nor recruits his Spirits by Sleep to rise for the Benefit of any one besides himself; therefore ought to be look'd upon in the Eyes of his Fellow-Creatures as a *moving Machine*, or a *walking Vegetable*. It is a reasonable Excuse for great Parts and Talents hid in Obscurity, that there are Impediments in their Way which obstruct their being exerted to Advantage, since tho' they cannot shine in a great Sphere, they have Influence in a little one; but for a Creature of the same Figure by Nature, the same Dignity by Reason, to appear as if he did not belong to us, and stand

as a Supernumerary in the Creation, is the highest Affront both to *God* and to *Man*. Constitution and Accident sometimes make *Fools* and *Ideots*, but he that has neither to blame, and is of as little Consequence as the one or the other, is both that *Fool* and *Ideot* without provoking our Pity, or our Laughter. I wish this Admonition may awaken that sleepy Part of Mankind, who live like *Epicurus's* Gods, with a Carelessness of all that is about, above, or beneath them; and give them a Sense that they owe much to their Being as Men, something as Relatives to particular Parcels of Mankind, and much more to the general Good of their Country, which last shews too great a Tenderness in suffering them to slumber on in a base Inactivity of Body and Spirit: If any thing could startle this sort of Cattle, I should propose something less than a *Law* which was once in Agitation among a Mighty and Virtuous People, that, As *Every Person, who is useful in a Common-wealth, is paid either by a publick Salary, or his own Diligence for the Discharge of his Duty, the Soldier for his Watchfulness, the Civil Officer for his Attendance, the Dispensers of Humane and Divine Laws for*

their Usefulness in their Callings; so every Idle, Lazy, Incurious Person should be fin'd in Proportion to those unemploy'd Hours, which the rest of their Countrymen make Use of to support the Dignity of their Religion, the Observance of their Laws, the Preservation of their Country.

N. B. The Letter concerning forced and unequal Marriages is receiv'd, and the CENSOR promises an *Essay* on that Subject very soon.

N° 46. *Tuesday, February 5.*

*Tres mihi Conviva propè dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato;
Quid dem? Quid non dem? renuis Tu, quod jubet Alter;
Quod petis, id sanè est irrisum acidumque Duobus.*

Hor.

OF all the Difficulties, under which Authors must certainly labour, there is no One so great as the Impossibility of pleasing all Tastes: Innumerable Objections arise from the Subject, Method, or Style; besides the too common Cause for Dislike, either a private Prejudice to the Writer, or a general Dislike to his Undertaking: Nature likewise sometimes works to the Detriment of an Author, by an uncertain Fluctuation

tion of Humour which influences his Reader to disapprove That, which would infallibly give him Satisfaction at another Time.

Tho' I have no Occasion, for my own Part, to complain of the Indulgence of the Publick, I can but take Notice that those contracted Essays, like Mine, which can take in but one Subject at a time, are the most liable to this Disadvantage: There may run thro' 'em a Vein of *Humour*, *Spirit*, and *Learning*, and yet these necessary Qualifications united fail of pleasing, from a particular Caprice or Expectation of meeting with That, which possibly requires a Turn of Thought peculiar to some Circumstances of the Person who requires it. I could exemplify this Matter by a Croud of Instances, which would affront those who love to owe them to their own Penetration; but shall subjoin a few in Compliment to such as want this Vehicle to assist their Intelligence. *Amarillis*, whose 'Thoughts and Inclinations run on *purling Streams*, *cool Grotto's*, and *shady Vallies*, can never relish my *Lucubrations*, except I step out of the Road of publick Life, to accompany her into her admir'd *Recesses*, and the *Romantick*

Description of a *Sylvan* Scene. *Flavia*, whose whole Time is employ'd in one continued Circle of Visits and Foppery, is impatient for me to handle the Diversions of the *Mall*, the *Ring* and the *Drawing-room*; is in Raptures at the mentioning of *Silver Lamps*, *Wax-lights*, and *Mattadors*; and is more concern'd at the Disappointment of an *Assembly*, than if her most intimate Friend were taken ill of a Fever. *Chloris*, who is a Prude, is only fond of *Scandal*, the blowing up of *Gallantries*, and the Secrets of the *Hoop-Petticoat*: While *Mirtilla*, whose Sentiments are more refin'd and tender, languishes with Pleasure o'er a *Lover's Sighs*, and sinks into an agreeable Sympathy of *Chagrin* upon reading the Distresses of an *enamour'd Swain*. I have the same Variety of Taste among the Male Part of my Readers, whose Sentiments and Passions are so abstracted as to relish nothing but what strikes in with them. *Lucius*, who is of a Rakeish and Rattling Disposition, dives into my Papers for wanton Images and double *Entendre's*; and supplies his Conversation with the Discovery of the *Fountain* which could restore lost *Virginity*. The sedate *Varro*, who cannot so well bear a Mixture of

light

light Humour, is pleas'd when my Disquisitions are *Grave* and *Moral*, and tend either to the Promotion of Virtue or Discountenance of Vice. *Clodius*, whose Views are all to the Tragedy he is at this Time attempting, is peculiarly solicitous for Essays in *Critic*, and the Establishment of Rules which he may construe to the Advantage of his own Performance. *Metellus*, whose Head is turn'd neither for Libertinism, Morality, nor Critic, but wholly engag'd in *Politics*, skims over my Paper with a superficial Eagerness, to find if it be diversify'd with *Church*, *State*, *Liberty*, *Patriot*, or *Treason*.

I have nothing to object to these abstracted Readers, whom but one particular Subject can divert, in Comparison to those others whom no Variety can oblige, nor no single Topick engage with Satisfaction. This general Dislike is not owing to a Vice of Taste, or Judgment, but a Depravity of Nature, which can be pleas'd with nothing in Another, and a Partiality of Conceit which is indulgent only to its self. Monsieur *Bruyere* has with much Justness describ'd this Species of Malecontents. "Men, says he, have much ado to like one another."

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“ ther; have but a weak Inclination to
“ approve reciprocally of the Actions,
“ Conduct, Thoughts, and Expressions
“ of others; nothing pleases, nothing
“ contents; they substitute in the place of
“ what others either recite, speak or
“ write, what they should have done in
“ such a Conjunction, what they think or
“ have written on such a Subject; and are
“ so full of their own Idea’s, that they
“ have no Room for Another’s

It would be very happy for us, whose Business it is to beget an Understanding, if we could fix a *Taste* upon our Readers, as *Physicians* can procure a *Stomach*; or, at least, that we could bring them to a proper *Digestion*: But we are all at a loss, what Provision to make; and then how to dispose the Banquet provided.

I have heard of a Gentleman, who, inviting a large Company, furnish’d out his Table with all the Rarities in Season; and, lest the Nicety of his Guests should not be able to satisfy it self from the Variety of his Provision, had an *Oglio* compos’d of every Dish of Meat which found a place at his Board: Authors, ’tis to be consider’d, have not the same Fund, nor the same Liberty for
their

their Entertainments: Some Subjects are not in their Power to cook up, and others too laborious and expensive to think of. A prudent Writer must then consult the Strength of his *Genius*, as a prudent House-keeper should the Strength of his *Purse* and *Income*; and, where he is distrustful of pleasing every Palate, contrive how to satisfy the greater Part of his Guests, or those whose Tastes and Stomachs are the least debauch'd. A candid Reader, on the contrary, where every Subject is not season'd to his Appetite, may hand down the Dish to another that calls for it, and reserve his Stomach for something he likes better.

I have had it in my Thoughts more than once, in Compliance to the Squeamishness of the Age, to divide my Dissertations under the Three Heads of *Butcher's-Meat*, *Wild Fowl*, and *Whipt-Cream*. The first Class should have compriz'd those Subjects of *Solidity*, which are too gross and substantial for the *Delicately* of *Beaus*, or *Depravity* of *Libertines*. I am afraid Morality as well as Religion, must have been rang'd under this Part of the Entertainment, as too *hard of Digestion* either for their *weak* or *sickly Stomachs*. The *Wild-Fowl* should have

have taken in every Extravagance either of Character or Invention; the Flights of *Virtuoso's*, and Dissertations on the *Longitude*, would have put in their Claim under this Head. And the *Whipt-Cream* should have comprehended all Letters and Topicks of that light Nature, as should only tickle the Palate, without contributing to Sustenance or Nourishment: Quotations from *Modern Poetry* would have furnish'd out no small Part of this *Desert*.

By this Method my Readers would have had their *Bill of Fare* at a single View, and known beforehand whether the Diet were suitable to their Appetite: But I consider'd it would have been a Means of encouraging Luxury, and forcing several on the Refusal of my Provision, by a Distrust of their Stomachs, or Mistake of their Constitutions. There was this Danger likewise in the Project, of making them angry, if ever, like *Montaigne*, I had taken the Liberty of prefixing a Title to my Essays, and made every Sentence foreign to the Theme propos'd.

Thursday,

N^o 47. *Thursday, February 7.*

Sed Tamen————

Horace.

I Have chosen two as mischievous *Words* to discourse upon as ever were put together; either of them being sufficient to destroy the honestest Man in the World, blemish the most spotless Character, and bring a Charge of *Herefy* upon a stanch *Believer*, or a whole Family of *Children* upon an innocent *Virgin*. After any Relation in Favour of the *Absent*, let a single *But* be started, and fairly let loose among the Company, good Humour immediately languishes, Scandal takes Place, Mirth turns into Spleen, and a Train of *Buts* make the whole Company stare upon one another with Fear and Wonder. What was before spritely Conversation, and an agreeable Entertainment for Men of Reason, is then dwindled into such insipid ill Sentences, as only serve to link one Piece of Defamation to another, and compleat the Chain of which the first *But* began. It

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is then that People hear such id'e Stuff, as, *Ay! say you so? why truly* Ned. Tatle was saying as much the other Night at the ROSE; the next *Wiseacre* replies *he could not have believ'd it, BUT my Lord Vainlove confirmed it to him;* and then a *Third* strikes kindly in with an *HOWEVER a Man who could be guilty of such a thing, (which is a new Calumny) might well do so and so.*

Now is not this an elegant Discourse for a parcel of fine Gentlemen, all introduced by that malignant Particle *But*? How ridiculous does this Conversation look in Print, which is attended to with the deepest Attention, in half the Clubs and Societies that meet every Day in the Week? Or how comes it to pass, that we have *Sense* enough to abhor such barbarous Incivilities when alone, and *Folly* enough to suck them in with Greediness in Company? Is our Candor and good Breeding only *Local*, and do we leave them at Home every time we go Abroad, as an unfashionable Wear in Conversation? Or is *But* as infectious as the *Plague*, and as soon conveyed from one Mouth to another, to the Corruption of our Speech and our Honour? For my part, I can't find why an *However* should as
con-

constantly follow a *But*, as one Horse does another in a Team: neither do I see any Reason, why that impudent *Particle* should always get the Start of its impertinent Attendant, and be the Leader in all wicked Scandal. It puts me in mind of that whimsical Thought in *Shakespeare*, where *Cassius* is making a Comparison between the Names of *Cæsar* and *Brutus*; weigh them, *However* is as weighty as *But*; print them, it is as foul; conjure with them, and one will raise the Devil as surely as the other. I forbear being too critical in this Case, reserving to the latter End of my Paper, the Regulation of these *Words*, and must now consider their terrible Impertinence in Conversation.

The *Ladies* must pardon me, if I take the *But's* out of their Mouths, to shew them with what ridiculous Frequency they apply them. If some Women were restrained from the Use of them for that space of Time, they would be meer *Mutes* for a Month together. The Assemblies of the *Belles*, and the *Visiting Days* engross whole Strings of them; and those *Buts* that have not the Liberty of flying about among the whole Company, are conveyed in a Whisper from *Ear* to *Ear*,

Ear, which is plainly seen in the malicious pleasing Sneer, that hangs upon the Face of the pretty *Listeners*. There is the charming Lady *Modish*, who is the greatest Admirer of this exceptive Particle, has as certainly a *But* ready to clap in upon every Story of *Praise*, as *Ralpho* in *Hudibras* had a *why* for a *wherefore*. Lady *Constant* was commending the Shape of *Belinda* the other Day, *Ay! that is true*, replies Madam, *BUT* that will soon be spoil'd, for between Friends, my Lord *Easy* is *very well with Her*; *HOWEVER* this Spring will discover all, and open that *Affair*.

It happens sometimes with your *Religious Females* that *BUT* is forced to keep behind for a sanctifying Preface to introduce it, and make the Scandal more weighty and impressive. As thus I lately overheard a grave Matron preingaging Attention——“ *A Body must have very*
 “ *little Sense to believe every Story that*
 “ *is told, and so, for my part, I always*
 “ *stand upon my Guard in Cases of that*
 “ *kind, and abhor the idle Prattle of the*
 “ *Town:—But this I can assure you,*
 “ *the Person you spoke of has had two*
 “ *Children by Sir William Dolt.* This is much the same Management as *Horace*
 com-

complains was made use of in his time:
 “ Such a one and I have been intimate
 “ from our Childhood, and he is really
 “ a worthy honest Gentleman; *But* I
 “ wonder how he got off that ugly Bu-
 “ siness;—You know my Meaning.”
 These *But-Men*, the Satyrist tells us, are
 the most dangerous of all Animals, the
 very Pest of Conversation, and ought to
 be hunted out from the Society of Man-
 kind, or avoided, as a Man would Ruin
 or Death. These Creatures dress out a
 fair Character only for the malicious Plea-
 sure of pulling it to pieces again, and con-
 vey their Poison immediately after a Cor-
 dial.

The Regulation of Manners I take to
 be a considerable Part of my *Office*, and,
 since I have opened this Wound, I am
 obliged to apply a proper Remedy. Give
 me leave then to lay down a few Rules,
 which, if well observed, will quickly
 put an End to this vicious Practice, that
 tends so much to the Corruption of our
 own Morals, and the Abuse of our
 Neighbour.

Whenever a Defamatory *But* is men-
 tion'd, by a Gentleman to a Lady, she is
 to turn her Head aside, frown, bite her
 Lips,

Lips, tear her *Fan*, and rustle out of the Room in the middle of the Story.

If a *But* and an *However* come together, it is to be look'd upon as a *Chain'd-Shot* that does *double Execution*, and is therefore to be run away from with the first *Pop*; and the Person to be look'd upon, for the future, as a profess'd Foe to good Breeding.

When a *Lady* uses these Words to another, the Second is to stop the Tale, and threaten her, if she proceeds, that she will send word of it to the CENSOR. And here I desire the Sex to take notice, That I shall have a *Spy* in Company in all their *Assemblies*; and neither Fear, nor Affection shall sway me from publishing all Accounts transmitted to me on this Article.

A *But*, when spoken of an absent Man, is to be resented by any Friend or Acquaintance of the Person, and is a sufficient Foundation, if not recanted, for a *Challenge*.

The full Use and Liberty of both these Particles is to be allow'd to all *Writers of News*, as being the only Method of restraining them from telling positive *Lyes*, which they are too apt to do, notwithstanding this *Indulgence*. All *Courtiers*

tiers likewise ought to be connived at in this Practice, as being absolutely necessary Helps in their *Promises*, as well as in the Variety of Relations which impertinent Friends commonly extort from them.

And, in the last Place, I desire every Body to set a Mark of Distinction on this Set of People, and call them, by Virtue of my Authority, *But-Men*.

N^o 48. *Saturday, February 9.*

Philosophi sciunt absque pecuniâ vivere non posse: Itaque petunt eos, qui quod opus est dare possunt. Quod si divites æquè intelligerent se egere Sapientiâ, multò magis tererent Philosophorum Limina. Miserior enim est Egestas Animi quam Corporis, atque hâc miserius egeni sunt Divites, quod non intelligant, quàm pretiosâ, quâmq̃ue Necessariâ, Re careant.

Erasm.

I Last Night receiv'd Two Packets from several Hands, whose Contents I judg'd worthy of the Publick Regard, and therefore I shall give them a Place in this Paper, with my Remarks subjoin'd,

as my Correspondents have desir'd me. The first is from a very prudent Female, whose Care for her Children has interested her in an Affair which ought to concern all who either *are*, or *may be* Fathers.

To the CENSOR.

Worthy Sir,

“Fate and my Birth plac'd me in a
 “Middle Station of Life; the
 “Thrift and good Fortune of a Husband
 “have rais'd me above that Quality. His Wealth and Kindness both
 “contribute to make me happy; but
 “his own Want of Letters, and his
 “Neglect of them in the Education of
 “his Children, have drawn some secret
 “Tears from my Eyes. Your Papers
 “are always produc'd to us with the
 “*Tea Table* in a Morning; pray, take
 “this Subject into your Consideration:
 “Let him know from you, that there
 “are other Improvements he owes to
 “his Sons, besides teaching them to behave
 “well in Company; or training
 “them up to the Knowledge of gentile
 “Expences. From such a Lesson, you
 “will

“ will have the Prayers of many indulgent Mothers, and particularly of

Your Admirer,

MIRANDA LOVE-WIT.

I doubt not but this Lady has often expostulated the Case with her *indolent* Spouse, and made the *Education* of her *Children* the Subject of those Lectures, which more unprofitable Wives make on the *Want* of a *Silk Manteau* for their *Eldest Daughter*, or a *Sword* and *long Wig* for the *Heir* of the *Family*. I could wish my Country were supplied with a Number of such wise She-Monitors, and should then hope to see a Posterity in the Land truly deserving to inherit.

Acquisitions of *Knowledge* are much more estimable than those of *Fortune*; Riches indeed are generally the Keys which open the Door of Temporal Advantages, and set wide the Avenues to Respect and Preferment: But with how much more Grandeur do *Men of Parts* fill up the Offices of Dignity, with how much more Veneration are they gaz'd at, than those *empty Figures* who owe their Rise to the *Spaciousness* of their *Acres*; and have no other Merit to recom-

commend them to the World, than the Treasures which their Ancestors have amassed to make them considerable! I always view these gay 'Things as *Rattles* in the Hand of *Fortune*, which she throws by with Contempt whenever she grows fond of a better *Play-thing*. Without the Addition of Litterature and Intellectual Improvements, we are like the Fellows, whom *Horace* speaks of, who seem *born only to consume the Fruits of the Earth*. Can we think we are scituated in a plentiful Universe, endow'd with Understanding and Rational Faculties, and that the Creator meant these Powers of the Soul only to refine on Sense, and abett the sordid Views of Appetite? Are we bless'd with Ease of Circumstance to provide alone for our Pleasures, and are Capacities given us along with this Affluence only to furnish us more compleatly for Folly? I have look'd with Pleasure on the noble and beneficial Discoveries, that have been made by Persons who have added the Reputation of *Letters* to the Lustre of an *ample Fortune*; and have mourn'd the Advantages which have been lost to my Country, by Estates *lying dead* in the Possession of *Blockheads*.

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The little Artifices of Flattery, and that Adoration which Self-Interest has made us pay to the *lac'd Coat*, and *gilt Chariot*, work us up to an Emulation rather of growing *great*, than *greatly useful*. The cold Reception which a poor Scholar meets with, and the Contempt which *patient Merit from the Unworthy takes*, as *Shakespear* finely observes, has made Learning an Object of our Fears. Apprehension sets Poverty in our way as a Disswative to this Embellishment; and we guard against Improvements in Knowledge, as if they were the Forerunners of Want and growing despicable. This Deference which has still been paid to Circumstances, puts me in Mind of *Diogenes's* Reply to the Pert Fellow that ask'd him, *why the Philosophers visited the Rich, and that the Rich seldom or never visited the Philosophers*; 'Tis because, said He, *the Philosophers know what they want, but rich People do not know it*. If they did, to use a Sentence which I have prefix'd to my Paper, they would be much more assiduous to make their Court to Philosophers.

The Recommendations to Posterity, as well as to our Contemporaries that have true Notions, which Learning and
the

the Cultivation of the Mind give us, naturally lead me to take a View of my other Correspondent's Sentiments.

To the CENSOR of GREAT BRITAIN.

Venerable S I R,

“TAKING a Survey of the Monuments
“ in *Westminster-Abby*, (with
“ Concern I speak it;) they were so
“ clouded with Dust, and bespatter'd
“ with Dirt. that several of the Inscript-
“ tions are scarce legible: These *Monu-*
“ *ments* were erected to perpetuate the
“ Memory of celebrated Men, who
“ have signaliz'd themselves by Learn-
“ ing, or Heroick Actions: And 'tis
“ great Pity any one should deface the
“ Characters of such to whom this Na-
“ tion still stands indebted, either for
“ *valuable Books*, or *eminent Services*.
“ Who can forbear exhibiting a Com-
“ plaint to you, when he sees those *Re-*
“ *gisters* of *Existence* abus'd, or lye bu-
“ ried under Dust and Cobwebs? Those
“ just and polite Encomium's, engrav'd
“ on the Marbles, are very proper Mo-
“ tives to incite us to tread those Steps
“ which

“ which have gain'd them such Immortal Honour. I am

Your very humble Servant,

JAMES REDIVIVUS.

I entirely agree with this ingenious Person, that such *Monuments* are strong and proper Incentives to Virtue; and could wish that they were oftner *Rewards* of the *Common-wealth*, than erected either thro' the *Ambition* or *Tenderness* of a *surviving Relation*. 'Tis Pity, those who tend our consecrated Domes should not have a Salary for keeping the Inscriptions clean and legible; which wilfully to deface, or abuse, is a Degree of Sacrilege. The Emulation of copying great and virtuous Actions is not the only Price of these *Marble* or *Brazen* Records: They are *Manuscripts* which the Impertinence of no busy Hand can interpolate: and which give the Sanction of Authority, unquestionable, to the Truth of what they contain.

We know we have ow'd many Points in *History*, and the *Dates* of Occurrences to these lasting and unerring Pages; they are like *Medals* which retrieve memorable Actions from Oblivion, and carry us back

to the Knowledge of Times and Circumstances. Those *Chronological Marbles*, which we still boast at *Oxford*, and the Restoration of whose Flaws have employ'd such able Pens, have settled the Periods of Persons and Ages, which never could have been fix'd, from the Confusion and Contradictions so common in a Variety of Authors. We should look then on these Monuments like Abstracts of History, refer to them for determining the Fates of Families, and sometimes of Kingdoms; and cherish them as our Courts do those aged Evidences, who can speak faithfully to Custom within their own Knowledge, which has been lost to Memory and Practice, and is alone recoverable by the Benefit of their Years.

N^o 49. *Tuesday, February 12.*

Ονειράτων
Ἀλίγνιστοι μορφάισι.

Æschyl.

AS my last Paper was partly compos'd of two Letters, I should have declin'd inserting One in This, had I not re-

received it by a pleasant Mistake. When I came home to my Lodgings, I found it on the Table, directed to the CENSOR, in a Hand which I knew; and, breaking it open, found the Substance of it as follows.

Madam,

“ MY ill Fortune at *Ombre* cannot give
 “ Me the ten Thousandth part of
 “ that Uneasiness, which your lovely
 “ Image, impress’d on my Soul, has done
 “ ever since. Think Me under the
 “ Languishment of a hopeless Lover,
 “ who wishes, yet dreads a second In-
 “ terview; and unless your Pity rescues
 “ me from Despair, you will soon hear
 “ that your Unkindness has been the
 “ Death of

Your Passionate Admirer,

CHARLES HEEDLESS.

I had this Epistle on *Sunday* Night, and was visited by *Charles* Yesterday Morning about Ten; who was appriz’d of his Error, by having receiv’d back from his Mistress a Letter, which he had directed to *her*, but wrote to *Me*: Compliments over, and the Gentleman

settled in a Chair; *Old Friend*, (says he) *I had been with Thee two Hours sooner, but for unluckily mistaking the Name of your Street, and giving my Coachman a false Direction. I find my Inadvertence has laid me open to your Censure, by sending that Billet to you, which should have begun my Addresses to my Mistress: However, I expect a Return of that same Letter, which I must transcribe for Celia, with an Apology for the Blunder I have made.*

I comply'd in the giving him back his Note, which he accepted from me with much Complaisance. *Charles* is as perfect an *absent* Man, as the most strain'd Description can represent him: We had a great deal of Talk on indifferent things; and I observ'd him with much Indolence twirling about the Letter on the Table, all the while we discours'd. When he had pretty well spun out the Thread of his Argument, he started up, clap'd my *Sand-box* in his Pocket instead of his *Snuff-box*, and was marching off with my *Poker*, which he had mistook for his *Cane*. These Errors rectified, and our Laugh over on both Sides, he prevented my Ceremony, by shutting me into my Chamber: As I was returning to my Seat, I thought I heard him going up Stairs;
and,

and, opening my Door, perceiv'd him coming down again; for he had mounted to the *Garret*, and concluded he was making his Way towards the *Street-Door*.

This *Species* of Mortals, who have very little or no Share of Recollection, are as numerous in the World as those whom I call'd the *Incurious*; and have, perhaps, as much Variety, and as many Degrees and Symptoms of Distemperature. Their Indiscretion, as it exposes themselves to Ridicule, so it does their Friends to frequent Involuntary Mischiefs. I have seen Some of so total a Negligence or Forgetfulness, that they were like the *Lady in Bruyere*, who look'd all about the Room for her Mask, when she had it upon her Face at the same time. I have known Others who have seem'd very sedate and deliberate, yet in the Depth of their Gravity have thought on nothing: And there is a Third Sort, some of whom almost every Man has in his Acquaintance, who, to outward Appearance, act with a Justness of Behaviour and *Decorum*; yet have not Collection enough to pursue those Affairs which should be more immediately their Concern, or to think of the Promises and Appointments

which they make with the strictest Solemnity.

There is another Defect most common in Conversation, and which must certainly be interpreted a sort of *Absence*, which is, that a Man of much Discourse and Fluency of Expression shall stop short of a sudden, and not in the least remember what he was talking of. I have heard of one, who was so far gone in this Infirmary of Forgetfulness, that he could not for his Soul recollect his own Name: He goes to a Coffee-house, and asks at the Bar for his Letters; the Boy enquires to whom they should be directed, he stands confounded at the Question, runs homeward to inform himself; meets a Friend who salutes him by his Name, never stays to return his Friend an Answer, but posts back to the Coffee-house, tells his Name, and demands his Letters.

Lest a Character of this kind should seem too extravagant for my Reader's Belief, I will subjoin the humourous Description which *Bruyere* has given of the *Absent* Man; and since part of it has found a Place in the *Lucubrations* of my Predecessor, the SPECTATOR, I will insert only that part which he has left untouched.

Menal-

Menalcas, says the witty *Frenchman*, if he walks into the Street, feels something strike him on the Face or Stomach, can't imagine what 'tis, till looking about him, he sees himself by a Cart-wheel, or under a Joiner's Pent-house with the Coffins about his Ears. He was once seen to run against a blind Man, push him backwards, and tumble over him. If he goes into the City, before he has gone far, he believes himself out of his Way; stands still, and asks such as pass by, where he is, who name to him the very Street he lives in; he bolts into his own House, and runs out in haste, fancying himself mistaken. He marries in the Morning, forgets it at Night, and lies abroad; some Years after, his Wife dies in his Arms, he assists at her Funeral; and the next Day, when his Servants acquaint him Dinner is on the Table, he asks whether his Wife be ready, and they have given her Notice of it? He goes to Church, takes out of his Pocket a Prayer-book, as he thinks, but luggs out a Slipper instead of it; and if the Parson chances to sneeze, he cries out aloud, *God bless you*. He writes a Letter at Night, and after he has made it up and seal'd it, puts out the Candle;

is surpriz'd to find himself in the Dark, and can hardly remember how it happen'd. He meets a Person at Court, cries, *You are the Man I look'd for*, hauls him along with him thro' several Apartments, then looks more strictly on the Man he drew after him, wonders how it should be, has nothing to say to him, lets him go, and turns another way. When he is in Company, he begins a Story which he forgets to end; laughs to himself at something he was thinking of, and makes Answer to his own Thoughts; sings thro' his Teeth, whistles, rolls up and down in his Chair, gapes, and believes he's alone. He forgets to drink at Dinner; or if he remembers it, thinks there's too much Wine fill'd for him; flings half on't in the Man's Face who sits next to him, drinks the rest with a great deal of Composure, and can't comprehend why People should laugh at him for throwing to the Ground the Wine he was not willing to drink. He is in Passion with his Domesticks for being out of the way, when he himself has dispatch'd them on Errands. He talks of Statutes of Bankrupt, in a Family that has had the Misfortune to break; of Executions and Scaffolds, before a Person,

son whose Father was beheaded: And of mean Extraction, before rich Farmers who would pass for Gentlemen. In short, he neither is present, nor hears what the Company discourse of, when he himself is the Subject of their Conversation. He never is among those whom he appears to be with; calls his Footman, very seriously, *Sir*; and his Friend, *Robin*: Says, *Your Reverence*, to a Prince of the Blood; and, *Your Highness*, to a Jesuit. He is in Company with a Judge, grave by his Character, and venerable by his Age and Dignity, who asks of him, Whether such a Thing is so? and he replies, *Yes, Madam.*

N^o 50. *Thursday, February 14.*

— *nunquam ædepol Iejunium*
Iejunum est æquè. Plaut.

PERSONS who are remarkable for any particular Qualities in which they either *excel* or *exceed* the rest of their Fellow-Creatures, have been thought worthy to be registred by Historians,

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and

and have their Names distinguish'd and transmitted to Posterity. The Book-keepers of Fame have promiscuously blended the Atchievements of Honour and Infamy, the Superior Endowments of the Mind, and the extraordinary Strength of the Body in their Records: And it is very common in the Account of some great Men, to find in a particular Year, that a *Pigmy* of *Two* Foot, or a *Giant* of *Eight*, were produc'd to the Wonder of the Age.

Thus those, who remark upon memorable Actions, take as much Pleasure to dilate upon *Milo* the *Carrier* of the *Oxe*, as on the military Exploits of *Alexander* the *Conqueror* of the *World*: And, when they relate the successful, peaceable, and learned *Æra* of *Augustus's* Reign, never forget to immortalize the *Cobler* who taught his *Parrot* to salute him by the Name of *Cæsar*. A very grave Author seems not a little delighted in his Relation of the Reign of *Lewis* the *Thirteenth*, in telling us that there then appear'd a *Prodigy* of *her Sex*, a *Learned Harlot*, who bestow'd her Favours *gratis* upon her Contemporaries who were *Men of Letters*, and was never so well pleas'd as when in Bed with *Greek* and *Latin*.

If

If the *English* Reader has a Mind to see a strange Mixture of Incidents of this Nature, he may be fully satisfied by consulting that indefatigable Collector, our Countryman, Sir *Richard Baker*; who, with an impartial Regard, as far as it lay in his painful Powers, has given Immortality to *Princes* and *Tallow-Chandlers*, *Heroes* and *Citizens Wives*, *Children* that cry'd before they were born, and *Men* that laugh'd all their Life-time; *Fools* that prophesied in their *Cradles*, and *Old Men* that did Penance for getting *Children* at *One Hundred and Twenty*.

In this curious Preserver of Antiquities, of great and little Consequence, was I reading the other Evening, when I happen'd upon the Story of the great *Wood* of voracious Memory. The strange and unaccountable Relation of which put me upon applying my self to a Descendant, by a Collateral Branch, of the famous Mr. *M——t*, who dy'd about Forty Years since, in Order to gather up what Fragments I could from so great an Eater; and give the present Age a Taste of his Remains. My Friend told me very frankly, that his Appetite was extraordinary from his first Entrance into Life, and that in his first Year he
not

not only suck'd his Mother, but half a Dozen Nurses more, dry; when, if for no other Reason, they thought it high Time to wean him. What was very remarkable, is, that none of the other Children, of which he was the youngest, had any Taint of his *Voracity*: The prudent Mother took care that this young *Benjamin* had ten Times as much as the rest of his Brethren at his ordinary Meals: And yet it was observ'd that for all that, he practis'd the Rule laid down by Physicians as necessary for Health, and constantly rose *from Table with an Appetite*. As he increas'd in Years, so did he in Strength of Stomach; so that, at Fifteen, he was able to master a *Turkey* and a *fat Capon* at a Meal; with a proportionable Quantity of Bread to fill up Chinks. Now it was that the good Parents, having settled the Fortunes of their other Children, began to look with a Compassionate Eye on poor *Ben*, and to determine to what Profession they should breed this hopeful Son of their Bowels. A Matter of this Difficulty was not proper to be decided, without consulting their Friends, Relations, and Neighbours; accordingly a Feast being provided for that Purpose, and a *Brace* of
of

of *Hares* extraordinary for *Ben*, this important Point was to be settled.

After Supper, the Opinions of the Company were severally ask'd, and an honest *Farmer*, who was to give his first, propos'd making a Show of him, as the only Way to get Victuals sufficient for the Returns of his Stomach. To this there were many Objections; the Boy himself was asham'd of the Proposal, the Parents fearful lest the Child should starve from the Incuriosity of the Publick: Besides, that in a short Time the *Show* would grow stale, but the Calls of Nature would still continue the same; and *Ben* must be fed whether Company came to see him eat, or not.

The next that spoke was reckon'd a wicked *Wagg* for those Times, and he, having told them that the *Clergy* liv'd upon the Fat of the Land, advis'd them to breed him a *Parson*; but here equal Difficulties arose, for neither *Boarding-School Allowance*, nor *Colledge Commons* were of a Size with his Stomach; and he was sure to meet with both perpetual Hunger, and perpetual Laughter among the Companions of those Societies. Why then, says the *Wagg*, let him be one of the *King's Beef-Eaters*; the
very

very mention of which delightful Dish brought Tears of Joy into the Eyes of young *Benjamin*; with which his Mother sympathiz'd, and the whole Company now thought the Matter determin'd: When the *Parson* of the Parish, who had the good Luck to have been acquainted with a Squire that had been at Court, inform'd them of the Mistake in the Nature of that Preferment, and told them that their Son would only have the Meal of a common Man, beside the stated Salary.

Never was poor *Wretch* so dejected as our fair *Feeder* was upon this Occasion; he turn'd pale, sigh'd, and trembled; and, in the Anguish of his Grief, suffer'd an *Apple-pye* to be taken from the Table, unthought of, untasted. In the midst of this Scene the *Parson* arose, and, telling them he would advise as much for the best as if he were his own Son, said, that altho' his own *Cloth* was a promising Profession for a Supply of wholsom Nourishment, yet that he must be forc'd to take his Dues in Kind, and that tho' there were much Comfort in *Tytbe-Pigs*, &c. yet there was a Profession that had all these Advantages, by way of Presents, besides Fees into the Bargain:

Bargain: A Profession that garbled Estates as well as Dinners, and swallow'd Lands and Tenements, as well as Soup and roast Beef; and, in a Word, to which, according to the Old Song,

*Houses and Churches
Were Geese and Turkeys;*

and This was the Study of the Law. These Emphatical Words determin'd the Controversy, and *Ben* apply'd himself to Eating and Reading, as heartily as our Modern Students do to Wenching and Drinking.

My Friend added, that when Mr. *M*—— became a Practitioner, it was his usual Custom to compound for a *Dinner* instead of a *Fee*, and that he bit many ignorant Clients that way; ten Shillings being but a poor *Ordinary* to his Stomach. He had the good Fortune, at his first setting out in Business, to be made Steward to several *Mannor-Courts*, the Revenue of all which he took out in *Venison*: And well was it for him he had a good Tongue in his Head, otherwise his Mouth had often gone empty. If, as in the polite Fable of *Menenius Agrippa*, this honest Man's *Tongue* had happen'd
to

to have quarrel'd with the rest of his Members, and sworn it self to two Days Silence, the whole Machine must have dropt, and the poor Wretch inevitably starv'd: But Nature, which, the Philosophers say, supplies the Defect of one Part by an Excellency in some Other, gave such an extraordinary Agility to this little Member, that it prov'd a most excellent *Caterer* for its Master. It was a sort of a *Jack-call* to his *Lyon-Appetite*, which brought him in *Breakfasts*, *Dinners*, and *Suppers* in due Season.

Thus he liv'd, said my Friend, and without *eating himself out of house and home*, left a moderate Competency behind him. I have somewhere in my Study, *two or three of his Bills of Fare*, which I'll present you with for the Publick's Entertainment, hoping you will make some Reflections on this curious Subject.

Saturday,

N^o 51. *Saturday, February 16.*

*Hinc Solem & Stellas & decedentia certis
Tempora Momentis —
— Locupletem Frugibus Annum.*

Horace.

IT is a very obvious Remark, that those *Blessings* which are the most common to Mankind are the least regarded, either survey'd with a careless Inattention by those who have a Competency of Understanding to weigh and consider them well, or gaz'd upon with an unedifying Stupidity by the Ignorant : so that between both, the marvellous Works of the *Creation* pass by either unheeded, or are look'd upon as ordinary Spectacles, unworthy the Reflection of a Rational Being. If *Man* grown up to the full Dignity of his Nature could but lock up his Senses for a time, and then suppose himself in the State of our *first Parent*, who beholding a *New-born SUN* travelling from the *East* to the *West*, a beginning, increasing, and diminishing
MOON,

MOON, an harmonious Order of *Heavenly Bodies* performing their Courses, a beautiful *FIRMAMENT* studded with fix'd *STARS*; his Rapture and Astonishment in all Probability would be so great, (unless moderated by the Intervention of a Superior Being) as to deprive him of that Reason, by which he should examin this wonderful Frame, and adore the Hand that made It. If he could still farther continue this View, and observe the Chearfulness that the Glories of the *SUN* spreads over the Face of *Nature*, the Variety of Colours, the Differences of Reflection, and the amazing Operations of *one* and the *same Body*, upon the *same Globe of Earth*, at due and distant *Seasons*; what a Maze of irregular Thought must he, who stands now as an idle Spectator, be lost in, and confounded! Any one Instance singled out from among the rest of the miraculous Works of Providence, is Subject enough for the Contemplation of the wisest of the Sons of Men. And yet so it is that they pass by the Sight of the Generality like fleeting Shadows, the Eye little regarding either from whence they came, or whither they go.

The

The Reason of this, after long Consideration why it should be so, I think may proceed from two Causes; the one, the *General Pride and Vanity of Mankind*; the other, the *Innate and almost Unconquerable Solicitations of his Passions and Appetites*.

To prove the first, we may only observe in those Persons who are reckon'd to have the most refin'd Tastes, that they shall be taken and struck with the *Works of Art* to a degree even of Admiration and Fondness, which are at best but poor Bunglings and imperfect Representations of Nature; But the *Pride* is, that they were made by his *Fellow-Creature Man*. How often shall we see a rational Soul hung as it were by the Eyes, and fix'd by Admiration upon a *fine Piece of Painting*? With what a Nicety shall he observe the delicate Touches, the masterly Strokes, the beautiful turn of Posture, the ten thousand Graces in a single Picture, which perhaps the *Master* had no Eye to, or if he had, they ought no farther to be admired, than as they are *Copies* of those *Originals* which he every Day disregards, or despises in Common Life.

Sculpture

Sculpture and *Architecture*, which are Sciences still nearer to what we behold in Nature, have the same Effect upon different Minds, without any Reference to the *Great Model* from whence they were drawn. A *Statue* exquisitely work'd with all the Harmony and Proportion of Parts, with its bold Risings, or its soft Declinations, shall transport a Lover of *Antiquity*, who would not extend a Charity to a half *Naked Beggar*, who is the *Reality* of that which *Art* but faintly represents. In the same Manner another grows Giddy in looking up to an *arch'd Roof*, or a *fretted Ceiling*, without once reflecting that the Structure was translated from the *Bow of the Heavens*, or the *Knots of Stars in the Firmament*. Hence it comes to pass, that we in our great Wisdom have given the *Masters* in these *Arts* the Extravagant Appellatives of *Divine*, *Immortal*, and *Eternal*; Titles which our own Vanity first invented, and Custom, the successive Heir to every thing that is Improper, has continu'd in Use among us.

I have been the longer upon this Instance, because I think I have gone to the bottom of one Source of our Negligence, in respect to the *Works of the Creation*,

Creation, and shall therefore be much shorter in the other.

This Part relates to the Ignorant, and the vicious Moiety of Mankind: The one, unhappy by Fortune and Education, the other by Ungovernable Passions and Evil Society, are equally negligent of those superior common Objects which ought to draw their Attention. But the *Magnet* is below: The *Rustick* regarding the *Seasons* no farther than as some fancy'd *Prognosticks* determine him in the Culture of his Ground, and the *Voluptuous* only as they minister to his *Appetites* and *Luxury*: The one has the Importunities of Gain, to work him up to his Industry; the other, the unrefined Instincts of Nature, to sollicit him to his Pleasures; and so, tho' both have different Pursuits, they agree in the same End, of being unthankful Receivers of the Benefits of Providence.

How unlike to this do we find the Conduct of the *Holy Men of Old* to have been; whose Raptures were never greater than when they were taken up with a View of the *System* of the World, the Operations of Nature, and the Divine Superintendency over all its Works. Upon this Occasion I have very often
admired

admired the Difference between the Heathen, and the truly *Divine Poetry*; How faint and languid are the Descriptions of the One in Comparison to the Other! and, How vastly bold, rising, and figurative, the Expressions of the inspir'd Writers are upon these Occasions! *Homer, Virgil, Pindar, and Horace,* are meer Dirt, to *Job, David,* and the *Prophets*, upon these Subjects; the Reason of which I shall enquire into at another time. When *David* speaks of the *Sun*, he makes him *Rejoice like a Bridegroom*, or, *Set forth like a Gyant to run his Course*. If he speaks of the *Moon*, it not only giveth *Light in the Night-Season*, but *knoweth its going down*. When the *Stars* are mention'd, *One telleth another*, and the whole Firmament reports the Glory of the Creator: By the Omnipotence of the God of *Israel*, the *Waters of the Sea* are gather'd together as on a *Heap*, and he layeth up the *Deeps in Store-houses*. When the *Meteors* of the *Air* exert their Operations, he covers the *Heaven with Clouds*, prepares *Rain for the Earth*, the *Clouds pour out Water*, the *Skies send out a Sound*. And again, At due Seasons he giveth *Snow like Wool*, he scattereth the hoar *Frost like Ashes*, casts
forth

forth his Ice like Morsels; the most Natural, as well as the most Poetical Description of a beginning Frost: and when it pleaseth him, he sendeth out his Word and melteth them, he causeth the Wind to blow, and the Waters flow. And when he describes the more benign Effects of his Operations, how beautiful is it to hear, to read, How he watereth the Hills from his Chambers, How he girdeth fast the Mountains; and sendeth the Springs into the Vallies; How he causeth Grass to grow for the Cattle, and Herb for the Service of Man; And Wine that maketh glad the Heart of Man, and Oyl to make his Face shine, and Bread which strengtheneth Man's Heart.

I could dilate with infinite Pleasure upon all the Particulars I have here recited from the *Psalmist*; but my Reader, if he has any Judgment, will easily find the Difference between *Human* and *Inspired Writings*. I will only beg Leave, as the *Spring* now approaches, to put him in mind to look up to Providence as the great Conductor of the Seasons, the Producer and Bleffer of the *Seeds* and *Fruits* of the Earth, and bid him remember Him whose *Clouds drop Fatness*. And that he may not want a due Form to apply upon this Occasion to
the

the Giver of all Goodness, I shall subjoin a most excellent one from Bishop *Andrews*, which in all Deference to proper Judges may merit a Place in our *LITURGY*. It is as follows:

“ Remember, O Lord, to renew the
“ Year with thy Goodness, and the
“ Season with a promising Temper:
“ For the Eyes of all wait upon thee,
“ O Lord: Thou givest them Meat:
“ Thou openest thy Hand, and fillest
“ all Things living with thy Bounty.
“ Vouchsafe, therefore, O Lord, the
“ Blessings of the Heavens, and the
“ Dews from Above: The Blessings of
“ the Springs, and the Deep from Beneath:
“ The Returns of the Sun, the
“ Conjunctions of the Moon: The Benefit of the rising Mountains, and
“ the lasting Hills: The Fullness of
“ the Earth, and all that breed therein.
“ A Fruitful Season.
“ Temperate Air.
“ Plenty of Corn.
“ Abundance of Fruits.
“ Health of Body, and Peaceable
“ Times.
“ Good and wise Government.
“ Prudent Counsels.
“ Just Laws.

“ Righteous

- “ Righteous Judgment.
“ Loyal Obedience.
“ Due Execution of Justice.
“ Sufficient Store for Life.
“ Happy Births.
“ Good and fair Plenty.
“ Breeding and Institution of Children.
“ That our Sons may grow up as the
“ young Plants, and our Daughters may
“ be as the polish’d Corners of the Temple: That our Garners may be full
“ and plenteous with all manner of Store:
“ That our Sheep may bring forth
“ Thousands: That our Oxen may be
“ strong to labour: That there be no
“ Decay, no leading into Captivity,
“ no Complaining in our Streets: But
“ that every Man may sit under his own
“ Vine, and his own Fig-tree, in Thank-
“ fulness to Thee, Sobriety and Cha-
“ rity to his Neighbour, and in whatso-
“ ever other Estate thou wilt have him
“ therewith to be contented. And this
“ for *Jesus Christ* his Sake, to whom be
“ Glory for ever. *A M E N.*

N^o 52. Tuesday, February 19.

Ἄνδρες, ἢ τ' ἀνδρας μέγα σίβηται—

IT is a very great Symptom of the Degeneracy of Mankind, and the Depravity of their Manners, that an *Impudence*, which used to shock the Old World, is now become a Character of Recommendation, and a Passport to carry a Man through every Stage of Life. It is a Qualification, which to render the more Epidemical, we have soften'd by the Appellative of *Assurance*; and so plac'd it in a Light of Advantage, by supporting it with Colours that seem to imply a Necessity. Hence it comes that the *bold, pushing* Man leaps at once to the Summit of Fortune's Wheel, whilst the *Shy* and *Modest* gaze at distance on Promotion; and, confounded with the Difficulties of succeeding, know not how to make their Approaches. These Men of a more than competent Assurance are like a Torrent, which bears down the strongest Oppositions before it; and those of too diffident a *Modesty*, like a
 slow

slow and gentle Stream, suffer every Bulrush to impede their Course: Or, to make Use of another Metaphor, they look through the wrong End of the Perspective, and scarce can discern the Object by reason of its Remoteness.

But as it is certain that a Degree of Assurance is absolutely necessary to our Conduct, and gives a Grace both to our Utterance and Actions; we must allow it a Distinction from *Impudence*, and know that *Modesty* in some Circumstances may as much expose us to *Ridicule*, as the most *undaunted Assurance* does to *Aversion*. To be proper Judges how far we may be faulty in either Extream, we ought to define the Nature, and Principles, of these opposite Qualifications.

Impudence then is a Talent which makes us Trespassers on Morality and good Manners; it runs us on Actions which we cannot account for to Conscience, or Honesty; and gives a Turn to our Discourse and Conversation that scandalizes us to People of any Decorum or Severity in Conduct. The not being ashamed to do an ill Thing gives a sort of Sanction to the Proceedings of the Impudent, and makes them commit a Thousand Indecencies, which they

would avoid if they knew the Pain of Blushing. No Character, Sex, or Quality, is a Restriction on their Behaviour; they will accuse *Religion*, and banter *Piety*, before the Face of a *Bishop*; talk the grossest *Obscenities* before a *Maid of Honour*; and cock their Hats, and practise *Airs of Insolence* in the Presence of a *Prince*. It makes Men think all Merit and Privilege is on their Side, and therefore encourages in them a Disregard to the Superior Rank or Endowments of others.

Modesty, on the other hand, is a strict Regard to *Chastity* and *Honour* in the Female Sex, and a Distrust of *Merit* and *Understanding* in Ours. It inspires us with Sentiments of Virtue and Discretion, and arms us against Impurities which we see make so scandalous a Figure in Men of a licentious Converse and Deportment; it controuls our Notions of Pride and Arrogance, and never looks upon *that* to be *Wit*, which cannot be utter'd without a tacit Condemnation of the *Speaker*, and a Reprehension from those to whom it is *spoken*. It may be call'd the Guardian of *Divine* and *Humane* Institutions, as fearing to trample either on the Ordinances of God, or Decrees of the Republick:

publick: Further, it has a Regulation from it self, and makes a Law of Decency to direct its Conduct.

The old *Heathens*, who built Temples to Fortune and Fortitude, to Virtues and Qualities, never, as I remember, consecrated a Shrine to *Modesty*: Tho' *Sophocles* has somewhere given her a Seat near the Throne of *Jupiter*, and plac'd her at his Elbow on all Emergencies: A Piece of Machinery which handsomely recommends her to the World, and counsels us to reverence her whom *Jove* himself has not disdain'd for a Companion.

Great however, and commendable as this Virtue is, it oft, by making wrong Impressions, seems a Vice and Defect in Nature; This happens, when we wear a *false* or *vicious* Modesty: A *Bashfulness* either of Temper or Education, which gives us an Air of *awkward Simplicity*; and will not suffer Us to exert our Virtues, or Qualifications. This is a Modesty which we should never study to cultivate, which is an unreasonable Check on our best Parts, and a disadvantageous Controuler of our Deportment.

Lelius. is very unhappy in such a Disposition ; he sets out in the World, well furnish'd with Sense and Fortune, yet looks as if he fear'd plunging out of his Depth at every Instant. He is very cautious of mixing himself in Company; seldom speaks, and when he does, takes Care that it be to answer a Question. He generally shuffles into the Corner of the Room, where he guards his Post with as much Care as a Centinel on Duty; and is as uneasy at crossing the Room, when the Coffee-house is full, as the Soldier would be to run the Gantlet. He has often rose up hungry from the Table, because asham'd to shew his Want of Art in Carving; and has undergone the Pain of being dry, rather than put himself to the Confusion of drinking to some of the Company. He blushes, if any whisper; and suspects something amiss in his Dress or Shape. If he sets down to Cards, he mistakes the Game, merely thro' a fear of playing wrong: And if he reads an Author aloud, lays a false Emphasis, for Want of giving a proper Tone to his Voice, and thro' some Hesitations which proceed from the Fault of Bashfulness.

This

This *Sheepish* Modesty, as it is commonly term'd, springs generally from a particular Mildness of Temper; and grows of a Piece with Us from being encourag'd in our Education, and from our late and unfrequent Introduction into Company. With this Imperfection about us we look like *Abel* in the *Committee*, as if we fear'd the Person we spoke to *had a Knife in his Pocket*. Had I a Son, I confess I would not train him to the Discipline of these Shy *Pythagoreans*, who enjoin themselves more than a *five Years Silence*: He should learn to make his Address with Freedom, not Impudence; and practise Discourse enough to teach him his own Force of Reasoning, not to impose Arguments, or, by sawcily playing the Orator, oblige his Betters to be Silent.

Besides the Figure which this pernicious *Bashfulness* causes us to make, it carries along with it Consequences to our Disadvantage; A Man of this Modesty is often ill treated, and sets down with an Injury, because he cannot put a good Face on his Justification, and stand the Shock of redressing himself before Company. How often may we see a *diffident* young *Barister*, with

Equity on his side, and Law enough to back it; beat out of the Merits of his Cause by the noisy Harangue of another Pleader, that had Assurance to make *loud Eloquence* pass for *Reason*, and *Vehe-
mence of Phrase* for *Proof and Evidence*? In short, it is a Frailty which disarms a Man of his Faculties; locks up the Endowments of the Mind, and Powers of the Body; puts the Action and Utterance under an Arrest; and makes its Patient look like the Skeleton of himself. There is either no such thing as Modesty, says a witty Writer, or it is confounded with something in it self quite different. If we take it for an Internal Sentiment, which makes a Man seem mean in his own Eyes, this is a supernatural Virtue, and we call it Humility. Man naturally thinks proudly and haughtily of himself, and thinks thus of no body but himself: Modesty only tends to qualify this Disposition; it is an External Virtue, which governs our Eyes, Conduct, Words, Tone of Voice, and obliges a Man to act with others to outward Appearance, as if it was not true that he despis'd them.

From

From my own Apartment, Monday Feb. 18.

I was this Evening visited by a Gentleman who came to compliment me with some Tickets for his *Sixth Night* of the *Artful Husband*; he talk'd with much Freedom of the Taste of the Town, but — could not but own that they had now done him Justice: I was pleas'd with the Bluntness of his Address, and knowing him to be a very honest Man, as well as an *extravagant* Taker of *Snuff*, I accepted his Tickets; and telling him, *I had heard a good Character of his Play*, promis'd to interest my Friends in his Favour.

N^o 53. *Thursday, February 21.*

— *Sit non doctissima Conjux.* Mart.

THE following Letter being the first I have receiv'd from the Learned University of *CAMBRIDGE*, I have given it to the Publick entire; a Respect I seldom pay to the rest of my

H S Cor.

Correspondents, the Subject being very entertaining.

Cambridge, Feb. the 14th.

S I R,

‘ **A** S it is true, that a little Learning
‘ only can make a Man an Atheist,
‘ but a great deal makes it impossible
‘ for him to be so; so are it’s Influ-
‘ ences as manifestly different in com-
‘ mon Life: A smattering of Learning,
‘ when it lights upon a weak Mind, is
‘ apt to flush it with Conceit, and make
‘ it overflow with Impertinence; a Per-
‘ son so furnish’d naturally thinks, with
‘ the *Spanish Monarch*, the Sun of
‘ *Learning never sets out of his Dominions*,
‘ but that all Knowledge is contain’d
‘ within the Limits of his scanty Hori-
‘ zon. Whilst the Great Man, tho’
‘ arriv’d perhaps at the most exalted
‘ Pitch a great Genius could carry him,
‘ is sensible there are vast Regions of
‘ *Terræ Incognitæ* behind, which he must
‘ never be the *Columbus* of; and modest-
‘ ly confesses that he knows, compara-
‘ tively, Nothing.

‘ But this Misfortune will (I believe)
‘ be found to happen chiefly in the *Fe-*
‘ *male World*; for tho’ Nature has en-
‘ du’d

' du'd 'em with that ever-flowing Stream
 ' of Eloquence, which gliding amongst
 ' Pebbles, and confin'd within its own
 ' Banks, at once commands and charms
 ' the Attention with its agreeable Mur-
 ' murs, yet when it launches out into
 ' the Deep, tho' it be then conspicu-
 ' ous, yet is only so as the Froth of it;
 ' but not (I believe) of that Sort which
 ' gave Birth to *Venus*. For if it be true
 ' that every thing shines with the great-
 ' est Lustre in its own proper Sphere,
 ' 'tis certain the *Ladies*, whose Minds
 ' are too delicate, their Spirits too vola-
 ' tile, and their Mold too soft, to bear
 ' the Fatigue of a laborious Enquiry in-
 ' to the harsher Studies, are not to ex-
 ' pect any additional Beauties from
 ' thence; and (I think) 'tis no Won-
 ' der if such bold Invaders catch Straws
 ' instead of Pearl, and make the Blemi-
 ' shes of an Author the Objects of their
 ' Admiration, when they want Judg-
 ' ment to find out his real Perfections.

' But I must tell your *Fair Readers* far-
 ' ther, that Learning in them would
 ' take off from that Universal Sway,
 ' which they now bear over the Hearts
 ' of Mankind; they would soon find
 ' the *warm Ador.* chang'd into the *cold*
 Platonick

‘ Platonick *Admirer*; and the transport-
‘ ed *Lover* into the respectful *Friend*; for
‘ I believe it was never heard that *Mi-*
‘ *nerva* had any Humble Servants, tho’
‘ admir’d by all the World, except the
‘ old Philosophers may come under that
‘ Denomination. Whilst the Young, the
‘ Lively, the Sanguine, and the Gay,
‘ in the Story of *Paris*, prefer the firing
‘ Charms of a sprightly *Venus*, to the
‘ formal Sagacity of *Pallas*; and be-
‘ sides, all that pleasing Simplicity, a-
‘ greeable Extravagance, and enchant-
‘ ing Levity, which adorn their Con-
‘ versation, would dwindle into a dull
‘ affected Regularity. Then I hope your
‘ fair Readers won’t take it ill, if I
‘ mention that Insatiable Vanity in them
‘ of shewing themselves, and pushing
‘ on any distinguishing Character to
‘ the utmost, which must necessarily
‘ render the *She-Pedant* the most trou-
‘ blefome impertinent Creature living.
‘ Besides that Exemption from Contra-
‘ diction, a Privilege which the Polite
‘ World have in a great Measure given
‘ ’em, naturally puffs up their Vanity
‘ to the greatest Height of Extrava-
‘ gance; for tho’ a Man should be so
‘ hardy as to dissent from a fine Wo-
man,

‘ man, yet must he touch the Matter
 ‘ with so gentle and judicious a Hand,
 ‘ that his very Contradiction is frequent-
 ‘ ly turn’d into a Piece of Flattery, and,
 ‘ to use the Words of Mr. *Waller*, tho’
 ‘ spoken upon another Occasion, *He*
 ‘ *may wound with one Hand, but must heal*
 ‘ *with both.*

‘ I have thus far consider’d the Wo-
 ‘ man in her General Character, but
 ‘ the Circumstance of Matrimony makes
 ‘ the Case infinitely worse; She is ru-
 ‘ maging the Ancients for Moral Pre-
 ‘ cepts, whilst she should be employing
 ‘ them to the Advantage of the Mo-
 ‘ derns; and correcting the Oeconomy
 ‘ of *Dido’s* Family, whilst she neglects
 ‘ the Conduct of her own. I have
 ‘ known one of these Learned Ladies
 ‘ summon all the Propositions in *Euclid* to
 ‘ the making of an *Hoop-Petticoat*, and
 ‘ another deduce a long Harangue of
 ‘ the Harmony of the Elements, from
 ‘ the mixing of a *Pudding*.

‘ A Friend of mine, who had the
 ‘ Misfortune to marry one of this Sort,
 ‘ told me he was forc’d to make his Ap-
 ‘ proaches regularly, entrench’d over
 ‘ Head and Ears in hard Words and
 ‘ upon.

‘ unintelligible Phrases, before he could
‘ make any Breach in her Affections; I
‘ drew the Lines of Circumvallation,
‘ said he, with a few heavy-heel’d Syl-
‘ logisms, which I supported with a
‘ File of Veteran Apothegms, then I
‘ pinn’d her up with a Party of Demon-
‘ strations, but was at last forc’d to
‘ storm the Centre of her main Body
‘ with half a Dozen Distichs out of
‘ *Ovid*. But he soon grew tir’d of his
‘ Consort; For she was not content
‘ to speak her Opinions only, but would
‘ obtrude them upon every Body else,
‘ insomuch that I’ve heard him say she
‘ has labour’d a whole Day in Defence
‘ of a Conjunction, and that they
‘ had like to have parted Beds once for
‘ an Interjection; she wou’d teach her
‘ Servants when to plow from *Virgil*,
‘ and her eldest Son how to write Love-
‘ letters from *Ovid*; and little Master
‘ must ask Blessing in *Latin*; she is so
‘ exact a Lover of Regularity, that she
‘ won’t so much as blow her Nose, or
‘ buckle her Shoes, without producing
‘ Authority for’t, and dines every Day
‘ at One precisely, according to *Flam-
‘ stead’s Equation-Tables*. One of her
‘ Prime Ministers had liken to have
‘ been

' been in Disgrace lately for an Impro-
 ' priety, and her Footman was actually
 ' under a Cloud a great while for a false
 ' Concord; and she once told me with
 ' a good deal of Concern, she had often
 ' lamented she cou'd not give her little
 ' Dog *Cue* a Taste of the Liberal Scien-
 ' ces. She imbibes the Oddities of all
 ' the Authors she reads, which makes
 ' her Conversation as whimsically vari-
 ' ous as a Taylor's Doublet. I have
 ' heard her raise a Storm in *Hyperbole*,
 ' and scold in a Shower of *Metaphors*,
 ' thunder in *Hyperbaton*, and weep in
 ' *Apostrophe*; she'll ridicule her Husband
 ' thro' all *Moods* and *Tenses*, but gene-
 ' rally chuses to talk to him in the *Im-*
 ' *perative*. She entertains the Ladies
 ' with a Piece of Criticism upon *Ho-*
 ' *mer*, and the Squires with a Comment
 ' upon the *Latin* Testament. I have
 ' prescrib'd some Rules, at my Friend's
 ' Request, which I hope may recover
 ' her from this dangerous Distemper.
 ' 1st, After a little Phlebotomy, and the
 ' Use of Catharticks, reduce her from
 ' the Amplification which she most de-
 ' lights in to the Laconick. 2^{dly}, De-
 ' fire her to read over the Character of
 ' the Woman ἐκ μελιωρης in *Simonides*.
 ' 3^{dly}, For-

‘ 3dly, Forbid her the use of the Words
 ‘ Delicacy, Sublime, &c. and teach her
 ‘ half a dozen plain Sentences every Day:
 ‘ 4thly, Because she has a great Vene-
 ‘ ration for Antiquity, tell her the *Ante-*
 ‘ *diluvian* Ladies were great Housewives,
 ‘ and that *Sappho* herself kept a Dairy.
 ‘ 5thly, Take away her *Aristotle*, and
 ‘ give her a Bible; and if all this won’t
 ‘ do, I must recommend her to a dark
 ‘ Room, and clean Straw.

N^o 54. *Saturday, February 23.*

Ἡ ἀρετὴ δὴ μάλα πάντες ἀμαρτίνοι πελόμεθα
 ἄνθρωποι φέρομεν ὃ θεῶν ἐτερόρροπα δῶρεα.
 Ἀρετᾶς κεχρῆται.

Rhianus.

SO full of Error and Frailty is humane
 Nature, that it makes us repay Hea-
 ven but ill for the Blessings bestow’d,
 and drives us on repining at the Allot-
 ments of Providence, when they either
cross our Schemes of *imaginary Happiness*,
 or *disappoint* our *Wishes*. The Course of
 our Joys cannot be restrain’d, or the A-
 varice of our Appetites check’d, without
 our

our Dissatisfaction, and Murmuring at Fate. The Insolence of our Complaints, when Expectations are frustrated, looks as we had a Right of *capitulating* with our *Maker*, or that an *Almighty Being* could rob the *Creatures of his Hands*.

The Causes of our Discontent are as numerous as they are unreasonable; but Nothing makes us worse Men, and worse Christians, than the Death of a Relation or intimate Friend. This is a Case in which we generally give a Loose to Impatience, and suffer neither Reason nor Religion to reduce us to a Temper. Our Passions are immediately alarm'd at the Severity of our Fate, and we call up a thousand Ideas of Dearness in the Person lost to aggravate our Misfortune. Memory seldom fails to give a Supply to our Sorrow, but holds the Glass to Imagination while we dwell on our Resentments. It would certainly correct the Intemperance of our Grief, if we would but consult the State of Nature, and leave common Sense to reflect on our Folly: And since all must dye, sooner, or later, why should we consider that our Friends are taken first, and not think at the same time that We Ourselves are repriev'd to a farther Day?

We

We have Lessons enough in our Divines, Philosophers, and Moralists, to teach us *Resignation*; but we are too stubborn to lend an Ear to *Wisdom*, or let the Knowledge of our *Duty* contradict our *Passion*. I never read that excellent Passage in *Shakespear*, where the *King* counsels *Hamlet* to forget his *dead Father*, but I admire the Poet for his Eloquence, and the Justness of his Instruction: You have lost a Father, says He in other Words, but 'tis no more than that Father lost before You; and the Survivor is bound, in filial Obligation, to pay for some Term obsequious Sorrow:

————— But to persevere,
In obstinate Condolent, is a Course
Of Impious Stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly
Grief;
It shews a Will most incorrect to Heav'n,
A Heart unfortified, a Mind impatient,
An Understanding simple, and unschool'd:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar Thing to Sense,
Why should we, in our peevish Opposition,
Take it to Heart? — Fye! 'tis a Fault to
Heav'n,
A Fault against the Dead, a Fault to Nature,
To Reason most absurd, whose common Theme
Is

*Is Death of Fathers; and who still bath cry'd,
From the first Coarse to His that dy'd to Day,
This must be so.*

I was put into this Tract of Thinking by a Visit that I receiv'd from the good old *Trebonius*; When he enter'd my Room, he pull'd out his Handkerchief, and wiping his Eyes, desir'd Me to forgive the Weakness of his Age, and allow some Tears to the Fondness of a Father. *Lucius*, says He, is no more; and yet I grieve not so much for the loss of a *Son*, as that poor *Marcia* will grow distracted for so dear a *Husband*: I have now left her in all the Agonies of Affliction, and came for You to go and join with Me in the necessary Office of Consolation; for I cannot urge an Argument of Comfort, e'er her Grief becomes contagious, and Nature disappoints the Force of my Counsel.

I needed not many Persuasions to prevail with me to attend him, in Prosecution of what became a Christian as well as Friend. When we came to his Door, the Servant that let us in had his Eyes full of the Misfortune in the Family; and the Nurse, that met us at the Stairs-head, only saluted us with a dumb Sorrow.

row. We found the disconsolate *Marcia* in her Chamber, sitting on the Bed, and grasping the cold Hand of One who now was insensible of her Tenderness. Betwixt every Pause of Tears, she fed her Grievs with the Perusal of his Face; and seem'd by her Motions, holding Discourse with Thought, and recounting the Happiness she had tasted in his Society.

So fully was she employ'd on the Object of her Grief, that our entring the Room was no Interruption to her; 'till *Trebonius* approaching her gently, cry'd, Daughter, you converse too much with that Scene of Death; turn your Eyes from the fruitless Watching of a Husband, whom you cannot aid, to a Father who lives to want your Care; and who expects from you that Tenderness which will make him forget that he has lost a Son. See, *continued he*, I have brought a Friend to second me in this Suit, to whose Advice you ever paid a peculiar Regard. He will teach you, how wrong these Transports of Passion are; and how much they offend Heaven, and call your Conduct in question. As he nam'd Me, she lifted up her languid Eyes, and bowing her Body, burst
into

into a fresh Flood of 'Tears. I stood dumb a while, as knowing, when the Passions are in their Height, how vain it is to resist 'em. I waited 'till the Storm was a little overblown, and then, Madam, *said I*, I am sorry to counsel you on this Occasion; and could wish you would permit your own Sense to prescribe, what all your Friends must press you to pursue. Can this Profusion of Tears avail you ought, or immoderate Grief recal the Spirit, that now is fled to its allotted Place, and must no more dwell with Earth and Corruption? Your own Health you may impair, his Life you never can restore. If you have been happy in the Possession of that Person, whose Body now is breathless and inanimate, be thankful to that indulgent Power who trusted you with so much Comfort, and be grateful in returning it on his Demand, without murmuring at the Shortness of the Blessing.

At the Conclusion of my Sentence, *Marcia* threw her self weeping on the Bed; and embracing the Limbs of her dead Husband, Yes, *says she*, I know I must part with these dear Remains; Earth, and Darkness are now their Portion;

tion; I know too that my Sorrows are useless, and unreasonable: But can I forget the Endearments of his Love? Must the Remembrance of our mutual Satisfaction all be buried with him in the Grave? Is it not Ingratitude at once to shake off the Images of Pleasures, and not shed some Tears in Tribute to their Memory?

The Tears and Arguments of this fair Mourner, in spite of my Philosophy, almost convinc'd me, that Wisdom and Resolution are but Names, and Passion will have its Force on our Souls: We must be form'd more perfect by Nature, or indulg'd in the Frailties she is compos'd of. However we may talk of Comfort and Resignation, when we lose our Friends, we have inward Sentiments which will make us say with *Macduff*,

*I cannot but remember such Things were,
That were most precious to Me.*

Tuesday,

N^o 55. *Tuesday, February 26.*

Qui didicit PATRIÆ quid Debeat—
Horace.

I Have often wonder'd for what Reason the Character of the *Roman Atticus* is so much celebrated by the Writers not only of his own Age, but made a sort of a Pattern to be copied by wise Men in future Generations. For my self, I own, that tho' in the reading of his History I have always admir'd his Personal Virtues, yet I could never have any good Opinion of his Conduct with regard to that Republic of which he was a Member. *Atticus* was considerable by his Birth, by his Learning, and his Fortune; so many concurring Circumstances hardly ever met in one *private* Person, to make him of Use and Importance to *Society*; and yet thus qualify'd, thus bless'd, in every Particular that could contribute to that great End, he still acted within a narrow Compass, was contented with doing some little Services

vices in peculiar Friendships, and a few ostentatious Actions of Popularity. Every one knows in what Scene of Affairs this Man appeared, in a Contest, between Ambition and Virtue, between Liberty and Tyranny, and in one Word between an Absolute and a Free Government. In such a Situation of Affairs, he who was personally lov'd and admir'd by every one, but most by the Friends to that Form of Government which the opposite Party were endeavouring to subvert, behaves himself with a calm Indifference to either, sometimes retiring from his Country in the midst of its Calamities, and sometimes sitting an idle untouch'd Spectator, without offering a helping Hand to the Cause in which his Heart was concern'd. The very Topic which the Ancients endeavour to recommend him upon, and build all his Praises upon that Foot, is his greatest Disgrace. They tell you what a Master he must needs have been of Human Nature, to manage it so dexterously as to be well with the *Chiefs* of the *contending* Parties, to be reverenc'd by both, and now and then, by a mix'd Interest, be able to do some Kindness to a Brave or Virtuous Man on either side. But this
was

was not acting up to the Duty of a *Roman*, it was at best but a cold, tame Virtue, a fearful Disposition of Mind, which would not forfeit its Tranquility, or hazard the least Part of a Philosopher, his Fortune, at a Time when he ought to have parted with Life it self for the Preservation of his Country. For let us only put the Question, that he had engaged on the Side of the *Republic*, what a Weight and Influence must a Man of his Character and Popularity have put in the Scale against the Power that was then usurping upon all *Law, Right, and Freedom*? If the Fate of Empires are not to be trac'd, yet Human Probability gives us to believe, that he might have gone a great way towards the preventing the Destruction of *Rome*, and at least (and if it were no more, that it self had been Glory enough) might have kept *Tyranny* at Bay for some time, if not hunted it quite down. Instead of which you have seen already what was his Conduct.

I must take the Liberty to draw a Consequence from hence that regards our selves, and in particular Us, who pretend to inform Others, that an **INDIFFERENCE** in a Day of common Danger to our *Country* is of all others the most

stupid and not-to-be-forgiven Crime. I confess that while the Debate among us seem'd more to consist in *Names* than any real *Things*. I thought a Man might sit easy under either of our *Political Distinctions*. While the Dispute seem'd to be, whose Principles tended but to promote the Interest of their *Country*, and do the justest Honours to the *Person* of their *Sovereign*, then indeed a wise Man might rather be pleas'd at the Emulation, than concern himself in the Strife. But when the Difference lyes between the Faithful Subject and the Actual REBEL, the firm *Patriot* and the profess'd *Foe* to his Country; in short, between a *Popish* and a *Protestant* Line, then to be Indifferent is to be justly suspected of being *Guilty*.

To carry this Matter a little farther: Perhaps, there has never been such a Scene open'd as has lately in our own Nation, which ought to awaken every Man of common Sense to stand up for the Defence of that Community, by which he enjoys the Rights of an *Englishman*. Some weak Pleas indeed, fit to satisfy a few Women, have been offered for the late *Rebellion*, but what can be said for a *Swedish Invasion*? Had some Measures

fures succeeded, which were once in Agitation, this Nation might have had a little Satisfaction, in being subdued at least by a *Polite People*; but to fling up our Liberties to a Race of *Slaves*, and be the *Servants of Servants*, is a Curse that never was presaged but to the most unhappy and abandoned Part of the *Creation*. And yet so it is, that in this Juncture of Affairs, when the most Authentick and Publick Evidence has been given of such a monstrous Design, Numbers among us either distrust the Truth, or seem contented to expect Conviction in a Scene of Death and Destruction. It is almost unaccountable that private Malice and Resentment should work People up to give away the dearest Things to them in the World into any Hands, but those which would keep them inviolable to themselves, and perpetuate them to their Posterity. If it were not attended with fatal Consequences, it would make a Scene of Humour to hear how differently these real Terrors affect the different Disaffections of our present Set of *Male-Contents*. The Grave *Politician*, upon the reading Count Gyllenborg's Letters, tells you it does not appear the *King of Sweden* was concern'd in the Project,

I 2
that

that he is at Liberty to own or disown it, without once reflecting what terrible Effects desperate Arms and *Enthusiasm* would have among a divided People. The angry Man, who is the Bully in *Politics*, only takes hold of that Occasion, to celebrate the Courage and Conduct of that *Prince*, and never forgets the Battel of *Nerva*, to inform you, as he thinks, how near you might have been to Chains and Servility. The Country *Squire* hath nothing to say but to damn the Future Taxes, not considering that he would lose All, if his own Hopes were accomplished. In short, the *Stock-Jobber* talks of the Fall of Credit, the *Merchant* of little Disadvantages in Trade, and not one of all these wise Men cast an Eye to the *Public*, or once imagine that a whole Kingdom is at Stake.

If it were possible that any thing I could say could give the true Idea of this Important Concern to my Countrymen, I would lay before 'em the short, but terrible Scheme, projected for our Ruin, as it appears from the printed Letters.

First then let 'em reflect upon a *Foreign Army*, and an *Intestine Rebellion*, both actu-

actuated by a Spirit of Revenge and Despair, destroying and ravaging in a Fair and Plentiful Country. And that this was what we were to expect, is apparent from the Intercourse of the Scheme-Layers, where we find the Sweetness of Revenge more than once mention'd as a Motive on their Side for the Undertaking; and the Fatness of the Land, as a most powerful Inducement for their making a Prey and Spoil of it. Their very Language is in the Stile of the Old *Northern* Swarm of *Robbers*, that were longing to change their Barrenness for Fertility, and their Scarcity for an Abundance.

The next thing that was propos'd, was the reducing us to the Condition of Slaves, and making us fall into the way of the *Nations* round about us. Their Work was not to be done by halves; when they had eaten up and devour'd the best of the Land, they were to leave it in the Possession of a *Creature*, who would have made it ten times more the Seat of Sorrow and Desolation, than the most barbarous Invader could. I need but name that the Pretender is a *Papist*, and every Body knows what Havock a Bigot in that Religion would make in a Protestant Country.

Let 'em next reflect by what means this Project was to be brought to bear, and this we are obliged to one of our own Countrymen for, whose Advice *Count Gyllenborg* follow'd. There is one whole Letter which gives us a full Detale of this worthy Man's Instructions: I shall transcribe one Part of the Letter.

“ For what remains, added he, I entirely agree, that the maintaining of
“ the *Church of England* ought to be one
“ Topick in the King of *Sweden's* Ma-
“ nifesto. This is the more necessary,
“ because it would serve to settle the
“ Minds of such of our Party as are di-
“ sturb'd about the *Chevalier's* Religion.
“ His *Swedish Majesty* would likewise
“ act in his own known Character, which
“ is to be on all Occasions solicitous for
“ the Welfare of the Protestant Religion.

Such was the Scheme, the End, and the Means, that our Enemies propos'd for our Destruction. The Exchange was, a Foreign Invader for a Rightful Governour, an Abandon'd Outlaw for a Just Monarch, and utter Subversion of all Law, Right, and Liberty, for Justice, Freedom, and a *Legal Church and Constitution*.

Thursday,

N^o 56. *Thursday, February 28.*

Fecere si nequeunt Superos, Acheronta movebunt.
 Virgil.

I Forefaw the Storm that my Paper of *Tuesday* last would raise upon me; but wrapping my self up in my Integrity, I heard it whistle by me with more Noise, than Effect upon my Temper or my Person. Reproach from one Side is the common Consequence of declaring for the Other, and I knew the Nature of those whom I should make my Enemies, too well to expect any Favour at their Hands. They are a Set of People whose Inventions are quick and lively in the Birth of Scandal, and every Avenue of their Senses and Understandings barred up against Truth and Information. They do not only make a Lye, but, in the Language of the holy Scripture, *love it*; they are not only the Masters of the Mint in this debased Coinage, but the Propagators of it too, and deliver it from Hand to Hand with the Con-

fidence that only belongs to the Currency of true Sterling. The worst of it is, that in dealing with this kind of Cattle a Man of Reason cannot tell how to behave himself; for he who will dispute Principles that are Self-evident because they are against him, and oblige you to believe Contradictions because they seem to make for him, is no more to be argued with than a Madman or a Whirlwind. For the downright Calumny which has been honour'd with the Title of Secret History among these Men, it is nothing but a plain Declaration of an Inability to support themselves any other way. He who in common Discourse quits the Argument, to give ill Words, openly betrays the Badness of his Cause, and all his Business is to lead his Adversary into a Digression of the same kind, that he may forget to prosecute his Victory. The same Trap is laid, and with the same View, in Political Disputes with Men of this Completion: To Rail with an Air of Boldness is with them to Answer, and to be positive in Falshood is Demonstration. It is entertaining enough, to see a *Publisher* of this fashionable Ware among a Knot of his Friends in the Angle of

a Room, opening his Box of Scandals, and retailing his Commodities to his Audience, who take all upon trust as certain Truth, by being assured of the good Inclinations of the Vender. After the Conclusion of some notable Forgery fresh from the Mint, he pulls out a *Paper of dull Verses*, which pass with as much Applause as the Satires of a *Dorset* or a *Dryden* would among People of a refin'd Taste. But when the *Will* is once viciated, the *Understanding* always comes in for a Share of the Infection; and it has been my Observation, That Disaffection to the Government, and Stupidity, go Hand in Hand, and agree in the same Persons. It is from this Principle of Wishing ill, that Nonsense becomes sanctified, that the Wit of a *Fox-hunter* is repeated thro' a whole Village, and the *Sayings* of a *Nonjuror* quoted as *Gospel* thro' Twenty Clubbs in an Evening. I would not be thought to affirm, that all Sense and Wit is confin'd within the Latitude of one Side; but what scandalizes me, is, that those Performances which, abstracted from Party, every sensible Man would condemn, should be meritorious even in the lowest Dullness, for the Sake of their Treason

and their Impudence. We are come to a fine Pass indeed, when the Standards of Right and Wrong, of Sense and Nonsense, must be alter'd in Compliance to a false Political Principle. I wish them much Joy with their Authors — And am heartily glad that I am fall'n into their Disgrace, whose Praise an honest Man ought to be ashamed of. They have taken the surest Method to keep up a Sett of Scriblers whose Talents exactly are level to their Cause; for when a Blockhead hears himself commended for his Stupidity, it is a Confirmation to Nature, and he will drudge on in the heavy Tract where he first set out.

I told my Reader before, that I have had the good Luck to purchase their Hatred, and I am as proud of it as *Virgil* or *Horace* could be of the Ill-will of *Bavius* and *Mævius*. My Offence he knows already, and I shall take this Opportunity of presenting him with a few *Specimens* of their Relentment, as they are contain'd in the following *Letters*. The first comes from no less than Five Ladies, and the Hand-writing, as well as the Compliments, plainly testify their good Breeding.

S I R,

S I R,

“ **Y**OU a *Censer*, you a *Bloccead* !
 “ Pray now what have you to
 “ do with Count *Gully-berg*’s Letters ?
 “ You had better let ’em alone, for we
 “ will never read one more of your *Cen-*
 “ *sers*, tho’ we always dud before. If
 “ you had not been a Fool you might
 “ have commanded

ISABELLA,
CORINNA,
PHILLIS,
MARIA,
ANNA.

Heaven knows what Favours I have
 escap’d by disobliging these Ladies ; but
 I will recommend them to my next
 Correspondent, who is one I am sure in
 their good Graces, and by the Gravity
 of his Stile may be a *Preacher*——

Mr. CENSOR,

“ **I** Have read some of your Papers
 “ upon Subjects of Morality and Di-
 “ vinity, which not only pleased me,
 “ but several others, whose good Opi-
 “ nion you ought to value. We were
 “ in hopes, from so fair a Beginning,
 “ that

“ that instead of engaging in Politics,
 “ you would have turned your Thoughts
 “ to combat with Irreligion and Pro-
 “ phaneness, and in particular have drawn
 “ your Pen upon the Adversaries of our
 “ *Church*; You are sensible what Cre-
 “ dit other Writers of great Name
 “ have lost by the Method which you
 “ have fallen into; my Advice is that
 “ you would stop your Hand, and re-
 “ deem the good Opinion of many, as
 “ well as of

Your Friend,

ECCLESIASTICUS.

I must be very plain with my Friend
Ecclesiasticus, by telling him, that what
 I have advanced is much more to the
 real Service of the *Church*, than any
 Arguments I could draw in its Defence
 against my *Fellow-Protestants*. We are
 not to quarrel about Matters of lesser
 Importance, and waste our Time and
 Strength in Domestic Disputes, when
 our common Enemy has given us warn-
 ing that he is at the Door, against whom
 our united Powers are required by all
 the Laws both of Religion, and Soci-
 ety. What I have said is only a bare
 Re-

Repetition of Matter of Fact, as it appears from plain Evidence, that our common Enemy was resolved to make Use of any Means to compleat our Destruction; to blind us with the *Name of Church*, in order to over-turn it; to make use of the Arms of a desperate *Protestant*, to fix *Popery* in these Kingdoms. I there laid down the Scheme by which our Enemies proposed to Work, and I wonder what *Englishman* this could offend. But I must now go farther——

We have often heard of Countries conquer'd after a noble Opposition of its Inhabitants; we have heard too, of the fordid Treachery of Men selling their *Birth-rights*, and bartering of Freedom for Money: but we have now an extraordinary Instance of a more scandalous Baseness of Spirit. Our Nation, to its Disgrace, harbours a Generation that are so fond of their Ruin, that they would purchase it at any Rate, pay down *ready Mony* for Fetters, and care not who puts 'em on, so they have the Happiness of wearing them. To what strange Lengths will an Obstinacy in civil Principles carry an infatuated People, so as even to make them act the Reverse to
the

the plainest Dictates of Nature; and whereas a Manumission from Bondage was ever thought a glorious Purchase at any rate, they would bid as high to have the Yoke imposed upon them.

And now truly to set this in a plain Light, and give a just View of such abominable Practices, must be interpreted to be the Effect of *Party*, and not of Persuasion. They would have us lulled asleep in the midst of the Tempest, while they stood to enjoy a precarious Share in the Shipwrack. But if to love our Country, to defend its Liberties, and expose its Enemies, to have a due Veneration for a *Protestant Church*, and a *Protestant Race of Princes*, be to be of a *Party*, in such a *Party* every *Englishman* ought to live and die.



Saturday,

N^o 57. *Saturday, March 2.*

Qui cum Ingeniis conflictatur Ejusmodi.
Ter.

I Thought it but reasonable to suspend the Pleasure of entertaining my Reader, whilst the Defence of my *Country* and *Constitution* kept me in View of a Subject, which as an honest Man could not help treating of, so he ought to lament that ever any *Briton* should have given Occasion for it. As it often happens with a Man of much Business, that in the Multiplicity of his Affairs, some One thing happens upon which the Whole turns, which he attentively regards, and pursues without Relation to Particulars, that at the same time depend upon it: So has it been with Me, who, in the Hurry of opening Boxes, settling the Philosophical, Moral, and Polite Part of the World, have met with an Accident that turn'd my Style from the design'd Drift of my Paper, and made me find more Fools in Politics

ticks than I ever expected to shew the Town, in the Common Intercourses of Conversation and Humour.

If any one Man pleases to be particularly ridiculous, his Folly lays without the Compass of my Observation: The Town knows him as soon as I do; and in a short Time he grows a *Show* to no body but the Inhabitants of a Country Village. These Points of Singularity are so much out of the Sphere of a good Writer, that they ought not to be taken Notice of; their Follies only existing, like their whimsical Designs upon their Chariots, where a *Cupid* is blotted out to make Room for a *Diana*, a *Neptune* for a *Jupiter*, just as the present Turn of Humour or Passion reigns. But when a whole Herd of Coxcombs appear as ridiculous in asserting, as foolish in drawing Consequences from their ill-founded Maxims, then I must needs own that I look upon them as a *Sett* without *Philosophy*; who may be as dangerous to the Common-wealth of Learning, as if they understood some thing, and had really entertain'd the Precepts of a great Master.

In this View it was that I engag'd with a certain Sett of People, whom I
am

am at a Loss to give a Name to, since they themselves will not own any One, and seem to delight in a Number of *Alias's*. I will say no more of them than that they *believe* as they *wish*, and that both their *Belief*, and their *Wishes* alter them with every *Packet-boat*.

These Gentlemen I have made a short Truce with, in Imitation of an old *dead* Monarch, which I intend to break whenever I please; but I assure them I shall not act like Him, but shall chuse rather to meet them when they are best prepar'd, than when they are weak, and unfurnish'd with Offensive, or Defensive Arms. 'Tis their Part to answer for the Interruption of my *Lucubrations*, which, notwithstanding their *impolitick Impertinence*, I shall resume according to the Taste of my general Readers.

Peace then be to their publick Impudence, and their private Scandal! my Pleasure is to give the World a far different Entertainment; to endeavour to please them without writing Nonsense, and speak of my Contemporaries without being guilty of Treason.

The best of my Advice to these angry Men, is, to put themselves in a new Road of Thinking, to divest themselves of Prejudices, and look upon the Scene of Affairs

fairs in the same Manner that a Wise Man would on those of any Government, which he would rather wish to understand than subvert. I have a very great Temptation, here to introduce the beautiful Thought of a Traveller,—— but I will leave it to the Reflections of the Wise, and be so kind to the doubtful in Politicks, as not to explain it.

If this Method won't do, I would recommend to them the Practice of a *Correspondent* of mine, who, beginning the World with a good Share of Natural Reason, and no despicable Acquisitions from Reading, had thought in the way of a late Administration. This *Wit*, for I really think him such, had follow'd the Precepts of his Masters, and, with, Arts and Sciences, had imbib'd the unintelligible new-old Doctrine of *Passive Obedience*. At the Height of its Fermentation, (for *Religion* and *Politicks* have their Fits;) I propos'd my sober Considerations, which did not at all relate to the Subject in Dispute, but to something very foreign. While he was talking of *Monarchy*, I talk'd of *Poetry*; while he spoke against *Harry the Eighth*, I commended *Waller* and *Denham*: And whenever he mention'd the Words *Hereditary Right*, my Reply was, that *Jes-*
fery

fery Chaucer was fin'd *Two Shillings* for beating a *Fryer* in the Temple. This whimsical way of arguing produc'd an Effect, which I am proud of mentioning; for says the Gentleman to himself, it is to no Purpose to view how Things stand with Respect to the different Societies of Mankind; the true Knowledge must be gather'd by going backward, and by considering how Objects were either represented to our Eyes at their first Creation, or as now they appear to us. He promis'd me that he would begin his Searches into Humane Nature, describing exactly every thing as it appear'd till he came to Political Societies. He had a very good Vein in *Poetry*, and about the last Spring he took an Occasion to prove it, by sending me the following Description, which, I think, has all the *Turn*, *Elegancy*, and *Tenderness* which we *Criticks* say is requir'd in a *mix'd Pastoral*. It is call'd

The *S P R I N G*.

WHen now December's wintry Storms
were o'er,
And all the chilly Northwinds ceas'd to roar;
When gentle Breezes from the Ocean rose,
The Spring's returning Beauties to disclose;

*To see gay Nature in her flowry Pride
Fond Damon sat, and Phillis at his Side.*

*The Setting Sun began to gild the Skies,
When the fair Landscape lay before their Eyes;
Here Forests cloath'd with sprouting Leaves
were seen,*

*And the gay Meadows in a brighter Green.
The infant Buds here met the ravish'd Sight,
That burst their Rinds, and peep'd to see the
Light ;*

*In lovely Crimson here the Flow'rs display
An infant Blush, and open to the Day.*

*Mean-while a purer Ray adorns the Skies,
Hills, Streams, and Woods in shining
Prospects rise,*

*And Nature's youthful Face in gay Dis-
order lies.*

*When now the Shepherd and the Nymph
were warm'd*

*With the gay Prospect that so long had
charm'd,*

*The Shepherd that had often strove, in vain,
With studied Skill the Virgin's Heart to gain,
Half buoy'd with Hope, half sinking in De-
spair,*

In these bold Terms address'd the melting Fair.

*Bright Nymph, thou see'st the Glories of
the Year,*

An Emblem of thy lovely Self, appear ;

You

*You wear the Virgin Blushes of the Rose,
Which in your Cheek with deeper Crimson
glows:*

*Yet whilst the Spring thus revels in your Face,
Why still shou'd Winter in your Heart take
Place,*

*How can that undissolving Ice appear,
And yet the Sunshine of your Eyes so near?
Know, Nymph, the Colours of that Face will
fade,*

*As ev'n the vernal Sun will cast a Shade.
Then let not modest Coyness lose the Time,
But crop the lovely Blossom in its Prime,
For other Roses with the Year are born,
The Budding Flow'rs revolving Seasons bring;
But, Nymph, the Roses which thy Cheeks
adorn,*

Once faded, never know a second Spring.

N^o 58. *Tuesday, March 5.*

*Figuras, Fortunâsq; hominum in alias Ima-
gines conversas, & in se rursùm mutuo
nixu refectas, ut mireris, hic exordior.
Apuleius.*

THERE is no greater Instance of
the Age's Bent to Hypocrisy, or of
our Inclinations of appearing what we
are

are not, than that strong Affection with which People of all Degrees are carried to a *Masquerade*. One would reasonably think we met with *Pageantry* and *Disguise* enough in common Life, not to seek them out in these studied Representations. And yet, I must own, there are such Conveniences in the *Design* of this *Diversion*, that I am not surpriz'd at the Numbers that come into it. In such a Convention, a grave and cautious *Statesman* may play the *Scaramouch* without the Apprehension of being discover'd; and an amorous, and profligate, *Libertine* make his *sober* Address in the *Robes* and *Sanctity* of a *Fanatick* Teacher.

It would, perhaps, have puzzled *Ovid*, who has describ'd so many Changes in Form and Fortune, to recount the *Metamorphoses* made by this one Scene of *Mummery*. How many fanciful Beaus of *six Foot high* have condescended, on this Occasion, to return to a *Bib* and *Apron*, a *Rattle* and *Leading-strings*? How many *Noblemen* have set aside their Dignity, and open'd an Amour in the Habit of a *Coal-beaver*? How many *modest* Beauties have been transform'd to *Venetian Courtezans*, and *Ladies of Pleasure* conceal'd their

their Profession by appearing *Nymphs of Diana?*

It is unaccountable to think how many Appointments have been broke, and Visits denied, from a necessary Preparation for the late Masquerade: The Heads of young *Coquets* have been entirely taken up with the Invention of Dresses: And the *Filles de Chambre* to the *Play-houses*, no doubt, have been consulted, and the *Wardrobes* ransack'd to furnish out the Equipage. *Chloris* has actually quarrell'd with *Emilia*, once her Favourite, only for falling into the same Fancy of Ornaments: and *Myrtillo* had like to have challenged *Sabinus*, only for discovering the Intention of his Garb.

Were it possible one could know the Motives which carried every individual Person to this Recreation, they might be found as various as the Habits seen there. We should discover many who went only with Views of Pleasure, as Many to satisfy the Curiosity of their Minds, and not a Few purely for Fashion-sake, and an Opportunity of talking of it. *Cimber* is a Spy on the Levities of the Company; *Clodius* goes thither only to gratify his Vice, and whisper Obscenities to the Fair in a Disguise; *Flavia*,
who

who hopes to discover her Gallant by his Mien or Tone of Voice, comes resolv'd to watch what Addresses he makes, and reproach him with his Falshood; whilst *Gallus*, who knows his Wife to be pretty sanguinely inclin'd, follows her at a Distance to observe the Force of her Attractions, and her Reception of Civilities.

I fancy had these *Midnight Revels* been practis'd in the Times either of *Lucian* or *Petronius*, they would have expos'd them with the utmost Pleasantry; and should some Author of Spirit arise in a distant Age, (when the Memory of them shall only be kept up by Tradition) and think fit to take Notice of such a Custom, he must give an Account as odd, as entertaining, to his Contemporaries. If I may be allow'd without Vanity to prosecute this Hint, let my Readers suppose themselves in that distant *Æra*, and imagine their Historians would touch this Point in the following Manner.

“ About this Time a certain Diver-
 “ sion got footing in *England*, which
 “ was call'd a *Masquerade*; it was some-
 “ times introduc'd, and carry'd on at the
 “ Expence of a *Foreign Ambassador*:
 “ Sometimes undertaken by a private
 “ Person

“ Person of Interest, who us’d to sol-
 “ licite the Nobility, and gay Part of
 “ the Gentry, to support the Charge of
 “ it by *Subscription*. When another En-
 “ tertainment languish’d in that Country,
 “ which they call’d *Italian Opera’s*, (a
 “ sort of Drama, wherein Love was
 “ made in Tune, and repeated to the
 “ Sound of Harpsichords and Fiddles;)
 “ the *Theatre*, in which those *Opera’s*
 “ were perform’d, was occasionally turn’d
 “ into one large Room for the purpose of
 “ the *Masquerade*. Some have conceiv’d
 “ this Sport of a Kind with that *Aphro-*
 “ *disian* Festival in *Greece*, which was so
 “ solemnly celebrated in Honour of *Ve-*
 “ *nus*: But I do not care to decide too
 “ rashly on those polite Times. What,
 “ perhaps, might give Room to a Su-
 “ spicion of this Nature, was the Cu-
 “ stom of regaling the Company with
 “ *Jellies*, candid *Eringoes*, and other
 “ sweet Provocatives, together with the
 “ most generous *Wines*, which were
 “ drank by every one at Pleasure.

“ It must have been very diverting to
 “ have had a View of these *Masqueraders*,
 “ they seldom appearing with their own
 “ Faces, or in the Habit of their Coun-
 “ try. The most jocose or frightful

“ Disguises were look’d upon to be of
“ most Merit; and those the best equip-
“ ped, who could conceal their Sex and
“ Years. Degrees and Qualities were
“ promiscuously mix’d, without any
“ Cognizance or Distinction from Dress
“ and Finery. Persons of the highest
“ Birth and Stations used frequently to
“ be cloath’d in *Liveries*, with *Shoulder-*
“ *knots*: And those of middle Rank, as
“ their Vanity generally made them a-
“ spire, would resemble *Indian Kings*,
“ and *Roman Consuls*. It was not with-
“ out Precedent for a *Blue Garter* to be
“ lost in a *Chimney-Sweeper*; nor for a
“ *Lady of the Bed-Chamber* to sink into
“ a *Kitchen-Wench*. ’Tis unreasonable to
“ expect I should now be very precise
“ in summing up the Fancies of the Ha-
“ bits then in Vogue, every one’s Ima-
“ gination serving for his own Dress;
“ but ’tis certain there were several who
“ assum’d the Characters of *Harlequins*,
“ *Lawyers*, *Quakers*, *Flora’s*, *Hayma-*
“ *kers*, &c.

“ Tradition is likewise pretty dark in
“ the Account of their *Conduct*, and the
“ *Liberties* of their *Conversation*: Some
“ Records, of what Credit I have not ex-
“ amin’d, speak with much Freedom on
“ this

“ this Head: and mention an Accom-
 “ modation of *private Rooms*, and *Couches*
 “ plac’d behind the *Arras*. I have some-
 “ where met with a Summary of those
 “ Intrigues, consummated at these *Mas-*
 “ *querades*, which by some Carelessness
 “ of the Parties concern’d were blown
 “ to the World. As it only mentions
 “ a *Venus* retiring with a *Bishop*, and a
 “ *Wood Nymph* caught in the Embraces
 “ of a *Sow-gelder*; and such mysterious
 “ Descriptions as leave us at a Loss for
 “ *Names* and *Persons*, ’tis to be hop’d
 “ the Reputations of those imprudent
 “ Lovers were safe and unblemish’d.
 “ Whether these Amours were real, or
 “ concerted by the Malice and Censori-
 “ ousness of that Age, is not material
 “ to my Account; and however faulty
 “ they might have been, I have always
 “ held it an honest Maxim,—— *de Mor-*
 “ *tuis nil nisi bonum*.

“ I have but one Remark to make,
 “ which is, that this ludicrous Amuse-
 “ ment took place at a Juncture when
 “ that Nation was harass’d by Two
 “ opposite Factions; and when a Wri-
 “ ter, who assum’d the Title of a *CEN-*
 “ *SOR*, animadverted, as we must sup-
 “ pose,

“ pose, on all such publick Occur-
 “ rences.

Thus, I say, it is not impossible that Posterity may talk of this Diversion, at a Distance when they have only imperfect Notions of its Meaning and Humour: Tho’ I do not depend my own Name will survive to stand recorded with such an Entertainment.

N° 55. *Thursday, March 7.*

---*Quæres in se neque Consilium, neque Modum
 Habet ullum, eam Consiliò regere non potes.*

Ter.

OF all the Passions which take place in Humane Nature, we may allow that *Love* makes the strongest Impressions: And its Influences which are so sudden, are often lasting too, which seldom happens with the other Perturbations of the Mind. We can much better account for the Rise of our *Anger* or *Jealousie*, our *Hatred* or *Admiration*, than for that of this uneasy, pleasing Guest, that steals in at our Eyes, and
 takes

takes Possession of our Hearts. There are some certain Causes which must equally provoke every Man to Rage, allowing only for the Difference of Constitutions; as there are Circumstances which must as generally produce Suspicions. There are Tempers and Objects which are liable to common Antipathy, and Detestation; as there are Others which the whole World agrees to admire. But, this one *fantastick* Passion, Love, differs, as to its Causes and Effects, in every single Person who harbours it in his Bosom.

We have had some who have attempted to give Reasons for the Emotions proceeding from Contrariety of Sexes, and the Power of Harmony and Symmetry as they exert their different Powers on our Souls. It is not strange to Me, that a fine Complexion, a Gracefulness of Mein, and excellent Turn of Shape should produce Desire; or the Artillery of a brisk commanding Eye oblige Us to a Surrender; but it puzzles the Understanding, to see Men doating sometimes on *Deformity*; and surpriz'd into an Amour, where there seems an Impossibility of *Attraction*.

This Difficulty may, perhaps, be easily solved, from an Object assuming a Quality from the Texture of the Eye that views it; or a certain Sympathy in Humour, or Constitution: But shall we as readily answer for the violent *Effects* of this allow'd *Affection*? 'Tis absurd to Reason, that a single *Glance* from the Woman we admire should put a Restraint on our Conduct; that a *Frown* should have Power to alter the Course of our Resolutions; and that we should submit to Actions, below our Dignity and Character, for the Bribery of a *Smile*.

We are convinc'd however, from the *Wedlock* and *Gallantry* of our Friends, that such are the Influences of this *Imperious Passion*; and that our Obsequiousness to a *Wife*, or *Mistress*, too often controuls our Reason and Methods of Proceeding. We meet with too many lamentable Wretches in Conversation, who, as we say, *dare not call their Souls their Own*, because their Women are Mistresses in too literal a Sense. I have seen a good-natur'd easie Man, that thought no Hurt, put out of the Road of his Discourse by a Female *Monosyllable*, unluckily pronounc'd with an Air of Prohibition: and have known Others

thers retract their Story, and eat their own Words, from a Signal of Displeasure shewn at the beginning of it.

These Effects indeed, tho' the Consequences of an ungovern'd Love, are Arguments of an Imperfection in the Nature of the Man, and Ambition, or at least, Imprudence in that of the Woman. Thus when an humble contented Lover addresses one of these *Magisterial Heroines*, and has confessed his Flame, and Impossibility of surviving without her Pity; he is sure, if she condescends to let him be well with her, to be a *real Slave*, and be fetter'd by every *Caprice* she thinks proper to assume. Neither a Foundation of good Sense, nor a Knowledge of his Folly and Mismanagement can redeem his Conduct, or extricate him from the Power she has once gain'd. Mr. *Dryden* has spoke excellently for these submissive Lovers in his *State of Innocence*, and the following Lines must be acknowledged to contain their Sentiments.

*In Love what use of Prudence can there be?
More perfect I, and yet more pow'rful She!
One Look of hers my Resolution breaks;
Reason it self turns Folly when she speaks;*

*And aw'd by her, whom it was made to sway,
Flatters Her Pow'r, and does its Own betray.*

I cannot fear incurring the Resentments of my Fair Readers for handling a Subject, which seems to strike at the Retrenchment of their Privileges; since, I am sure, the generous Part of them will disdain a Triumph which must be owing to the Weakness of their Lovers. Those who can retain a Heart by the Force of their Charms, need no little Artifices of sounding the Shallows of a Man's Soul to assert their Conquest: And will be above taking Advantages from the Fondness of his Passion to use him ill, or give him a Moment of Disquiet.

The Influence of Love, where we fall into barbarous and unworthy Hands, has made as miserable Men as the most severe Distresses incident to Nature. This is frequently seen in Affairs of Gallantry. The Affections have been so strongly engag'd, that no Indignities from the Party admir'd could wean the Man from an Opinion of her Beauty, or believing, after repeated Affronts, that he was still the Person in Favour.

It is in this Point chiefly I would be thought to condemn the Prepossessions of
Love,

Love, when it leads us, with open Eyes, to our Destruction; and drives us on a Precipice, which we see before us, yet know not how to avoid. The Frailty of Man is never more apparent than in abandoning himself so far to Passion, as not to let his Sense and Reason convince him that he is betray'd by an ungrateful Mistress. Yet Thousands that have paid dearly for the Favours of a mercenary Beauty, have submitted to connive at her Falshood, have known themselves excluded, their Place usurp'd by some more successful Lover, yet have been mean enough to forgive the Injury, and watch the first vacant Hour for a Reconciliation.

I could wish this Weakness had not been follow'd too by some *married Men*, who have known themselves abus'd, yet courted Infamy. An Example of this Indulgence, that is already on Record, may be brought without Prejudice; and this is, in the Conduct of the famous *Moliere*. He was married to a Woman who gave her self those Freedoms, that he could not hear of without blushing at his State. Her Provocations and Infamy grew to that height, that he was obliged to consent to a Separation. He

K 5

could

could not resolve upon it, however, without the greatest Violence committed against his Love. He grew melancholly, and a Friend of his who knew the Cause of it jeer'd him, and told him, He wonder'd that a Man who knew so well how to represent the weak Side of others, should be guilty of a Weakness he himself expos'd every Day: And shew'd him that the most ridiculous of all was to love a Woman, who had no reciprocal Tendernefs for him. *Moliere*, who heard his Friend's Lecture quietly enough, ask'd him, Whether he had ever been in Love. *Yes*, replied the other, *I have been in Love as a Man of Sense ought to be; but I should not have been so much troubled for a Thing which my Honour demanded at my Hands.* O, says *Moliere* again, *I perceive that you have never been a true Lover; but took the Figure of Love for Love it self. As to the Knowledge of Mens Hearts, by the publick Descriptions I daily make of them, I confess that I have made it my chief Study to know their weak Side; but if I have learnt that the Danger may be shun'd, Experience has taught me that 'tis impossible to avoid it. When I consider that I cannot overcome my own Affection for her, I am apt to*
fancy

fancy that, perhaps, she finds it no less difficult to conquer her Inclinations to be a Coquet, and I am more dispos'd to pity than blame her. But do not you wonder that my Reason should serve only to make me sensible of my Weakness, without being able to conquer it?

N^o 60. *Saturday, March 9*

*Æschylus, & modicis instravit Pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique Cothurno.*
Hor.

IT has happen'd that ever since I promis'd to devote *Saturday* to Subjects of the *Stage*, I have been interrupted from my Purpose by Something which I desire my Readers may conclude an *important* Reason. When I intended to establish this Rule to my self, I began with a Lucubration on the *old Comedy*; and now I resume it, I shall turn my Thoughts to the *Tragedy* of the *Ancients*.

To give a *Definition* of this Poem would be as superfluous as to tell the *World* that the *Tragick Poets*, so esteem'd
by

by Antiquity, were *Three* in Number; The Criticks of every Age have more particularly determin'd in favour of *Two* of these; but have labour'd to detract from the Merit of the *Third* by imputing to him that *Unhappy Pomp* of *Language*, which we Moderns call *Fustian*. It may be a Boldness in me (sufficient to incur a fresh Attack from poor *Furius*,) to attempt dissenting so far from a general Opinion, as to draw down this *Third* neglected Poet to a Competition with the Others; and shew, from his Works, that he deserves to stand a Candidate for the *Laurel*.

The Reason that *ÆSCHYLUS* is not so often nam'd as the *Divine SOPHOCLES*, the *Sententious EURIPIDES*, is, that your *Adepts* in Learning have been startled with this Traditional Notion of his *Bombast*, and *Harshness* of *Diction*. But as I have read him, without a *blind* Admiration, I view him as I do my Countryman *SHAKESPEAR*: I can find some Things in him I could wish had been temper'd by a softer Hand; but must own at the same Time, that where he is most *harsh* and *obsolete* he is still *Majestick*.

I have the Judgment of *Dion*, to support me in my Veneration for this Poet, who has said, that *Whatever appears in ÆSCHYLUS of extravagant Grandeur, of antique Rudeness, and of a kind of Stubbornness in Thought and Expression, seems more agreeable to the Manners of those old Heroes* whom he brings on the Scene. I confess, whatever may be the Sentiments of more *Polite Readers*, I am much more inclin'd to take up with this Plea, than quarrel with the Elevation of his Fancy or Expression: And am entirely of a Party with that admir'd *Greek Critick*, who tells us *that the Sublime Stile, with a great many Defects, is to be preferr'd to the Middle Way however exactly hit.*

I cannot be thought impartial in my Admiration of this *Father of Tragedy*, without a Confession of those other Faults that have been laid to his Charge. It has been objected that he labour'd rather to *astonish and terrify* than *entertain* his Audience. It is too late, at least for me, to talk of the *Terrors* of his *Decoration*; the *Fright* occasion'd by his *Chorus of Furies* is too well attested to be denied; and I must acknowledge that *all his Characters* are not
 Images,

Images of *fine* Nature. I would however contend, that even where his *Subject* is *Terror*, he has mix'd such masterly Strokes of *Tenderness*, as have not been exceeded, if equal'd, by any of his Successors in Tragedy.

I may instance in that Play, which stands *first* in most of his Impressions, the Subject whereof is as follows: *Prometheus*, for stealing Fire from Heaven to animate a Body of his own Formation, draws on himself the Resentments of *Jupiter*, and is by him adjudg'd, for his Punishment, to be bound in Chains to the Mountain *Caucasus*. *Vulcan*, by his Profession, was to execute this dreadful Charge, who, assisted by *Force* and *Strength*, drags *Prometheus* to the Rock. The Description of his Massy Fetters, the Nature of his Punishment, and the Desolation and Inclemency of the Clime, are all Objects of the utmost 'Terror, and from these the Poet has struck out the strongest Pity. The *Address* of *Vulcan* to *Prometheus*, and his Concern for executing the Sentence, seem to me as *pathetick* as any thing I have found either in *SOPHOCLES* or *EURIPIDES*. I have attempted a Translation

lation of this Part, which, tho' it reflect but a faint Image of his Beauty or Passion, yet, as I have labour'd to be just to his Sense, will give an Idea of this great Master's Painting.

Vulc. ————— *You have hitherto Obey'd the Royal Charge; nor rests it Ought, But that my Soul shrinks at this Act of Horror; To chain a Brother-God! To leave him bound On that relentless, Tempest-beaten Cliff! — Yet fatal Force, o'ermaſt'ring tender Thoughts, Bids me proceed, and rather fear th' Event Of disobeying Jove. — But, Ob! Prometheus, Deep-searching Offspring of unerring Themis, With what unwilling Efforts muſt I ſtrive To nail Thee ſtruggling down, in laſting Chains, To this bleak, lonely Ridge; Where never Form Of Man ſhall hear thine Eye, nor Voice thine Ear.*

Ab! What Variety of Wretchedneſs Muſt Thou, forelorn, endure? The ſcorching Sun

Shall with his pointed Rays beat on thy Body, And change to ſwartthy Hue thy youthful Bloom;

Till friendly Night upraiſe her ſtarry Head, And with chill Dews reſreſh thy tortur'd Boſom.

But ſoon fierce Fires ſhall, with returning Day, (Accurſt Viciſſitude!) renew thy Pains.

While

*While constant Anguish keeps alive Despair:
 For no Relief, no Comfort is at Hand!
 This have you gain'd for loving Man too well.
 For This, that steep uncomfortable Height
 Must be the rueful Scene of thy Distress.
 Nor shall sweet Sleep, the Wretch's surest
 Friend,
 With soft Oppression weigh thine Eyes to Rest.
 But, fixt in Chains, thou must for ever stand
 A dreadful Instance of Almighty Vengeance!
 And, oh! what Groans in Anguish shalt Thou
 vent,
 Unheard, Unpitied?——*

If this Sample of the Poet shall be allow'd the Character I have given it, I may averr that the Soliloquy of *Prometheus*, which he makes after *Vulcan* has left him, has a double Portion of Fire, as well as Passion.

*Prom. You sacred Æther! and ye winged
 Winds!
 You Springs that feed the Rivers, and ye
 Waves
 That, smiling, in the Ocean rise unnumber'd!
 Thou common Mother, Earth! And O thou
 Sun
 All-seeing, I invoke you All to see
 What from the Gods, my self a God, I suffer.
 Behold*

*Behold my Torments ; see the ghastly Wounds
Which I must bear, and struggle with for
Ages :*

*Behold, what cruel and tyrannick Bonds
Your up-start King of Heav'n has heap'd upon
Me.*

*Oh, what I suffer, what must suffer on,
Both press, and overwhelm my Soul.— Oh,
when !*

*When will, ye Pow'rs, that blest Hereafter
come*

*To set me free, and shift this Scene of Woe !
Why do I rave, who exquisitely know
The Truth of Things that must be, and can feel
No unacquainted Ill ?—But Ills of Fate
Come with resistless Force ; and knowing this,
We ought to bear them well, not bend beneath
'em.*

*But 'tis not possible to speak, nor yet
Be silent on a Theme of Woes like Mine :
Who, while I strove, in vain, to bless Man-
kind,
Heap'd on my Self this Weight of fated Mis-
chief.*

*Expos'd to all th' Inclemencies of Heav'n ;
To the keen Blast of Winds, to scorching Suns ;
Fix'd, pinion'd down !——*

Tuesday,

N° 61. Tuesday, March 12.

*Occursus hominum, cujus Prudentia monstrat
Summos posse viros,——* Juven.

AS I am obliged, in order to see how the World runs, and gather Observations on the Humours of Mankind, to make one at the Assemblies of the *beau Monde*; I constantly appear once a Day at the *Coffee-houses* in Vogue, and where I expect to meet with most Matter for Speculation. Were it not for these *Diurnal Circulations*, and the *Minutes* which I take from what occurs there, I might find my self sometimes at a Loss for Subjects to supply my Printer in Time; tho' there is eternal Room for Satire and Correction of those Vices and Follies that, *Hydra-like*, sprout up the faster, and more numerous, for being lopp'd.

When I come into a *Coffee-house*, I labour to disguise my Character from the Company by putting on an Air of Inadvertence; and glean up the scatter'd
Papers

Papers from every Table, as if I meant wholly to be taken up with the Contents of *Courants* and *Evening-Posts*. Being seated, and like a profound Politician, with my Coffee half cold, seeming to nod o'er the respective Interests of *Europe*, I have the Advantage of perusing every single Figure that comes to the House without any Views of Business or Information; of *settling* their Heads with *sober Liquors*, or *disturbing* them with the Turns and Revolutions of Empires.

As I hunt chiefly after Objects of Entertainment, I avoid those Houses where much Business is transacted in a *Smoke* and *Hurry*; and my Ears are assaulted either with *Reports* and *Demurrs*, or *Stock* and *Transferr*. To be free from this *Jargon*, I take care to resort to those Rooms, where the Society is compos'd of the *gay* and *fashionable*; and where frequent Pannels of Glass seem to multiply the *embroider'd Customers*: tho' these Glasses, to use a Punn of *Shadwell's*, make very *severe Reflections*, when they return but the *Images* of *Shadows*.

To these Polite *Coffee-houses* the Members flock merely to *see*, and *be seen*; and they are Places of *Rendezvous* to the
brocaded

brocaded *Narcissi*, from which they adjourn either to *Pawlet's*, or the *Theatre*. They are a sort of *Drawing-rooms*, where every distinguish'd Guest seems to keep his *Levéé*. Reciprocal Civilities are the chief Things to be remark'd, Grimaces of Satisfaction forc'd from the Conceit of a Courtier's Wit, and Addresses of Compliment instead of Applications of Weight or Moment. The Flutter of these fine Figures makes all common Objects used with Disrespect, and serv'd with Leisure; and as the Smell of *Hercules's* Club was reported, of old, to keep the Dogs and Flies from the Chappel where it was repositd: So the Scent of their Perfumes, and the Glare of their Habits, deter an ordinary *Protestant* from entering to drink a Mug of Gill, and consider the *Postman*.

There is another Rank of *Coffee-Houses*, a little subordinate to these which I have mention'd, where the Customers are not of so *abstracted* a Sett, but that a *Man of Dress*, and a ruddy *Fox-hunter* agree at one Table: At these Resorts, I have often sat with Pleasure to hear the Nation settled, and the Wits arraign'd; and amuse my self with the Variety of Conversation, which is bandy'd

dy'd by every distinct Knot of Talkers. I have heard a Country Squire over his Pipe, at one Corner, sputtering about the *Age* and *Strength* of his *October*; and recommending the *House-wifery* of his Daughter *Penelope*. At another, a Company of *Sparks* praising the Beauty of a *Bar-keeper*; and divided on the important Question, whether She has not One *intimate* Favourite. A Third Clan would be canvassing the *Sermons* and *Conduct* of their *Parson*; while the Fourth has labour'd to explain the Nicety of a Game at *Ombre*.

These disjointed Topicks of Conversation, play'd off at one Time and in the self same Place, put me in Mind of a Simile, in *Horace's* Poeticks, of a *Sick Man's Dreams*. If we were to shut our Eyes, and listen with the most equal Attention we could to every thing said; the Confusion of the different Subjects and Sentiments would present much the same huddle of *Idea's*, as proceed from an ill Affection of the Brain, or irregular Fluctuation of the Humours.

I am as fully entertain'd sometimes with descending to Coffee-houses of less Note, and which are situated in private Streets; where the Neighbouring
Mechanicks

Mechanicks meet to learn a little News, and, from their Politicks, to procure an Opinion of their Wisdom: It is pleasant to observe the Concern and Thoughtfulness that dwell on each Face upon the *Arrival* of an *Express*, the coming in of the *Votes*, or the Publication of the *Session's-Paper*: There are generally some little Interests of a Wager depending, that give these News-mongers so much Sollicitude, or an Expectation of finding some agreeable Passage to divert their Wives with at their Return: But I must confess, at the same Time, it is provokingly ridiculous to hear a *Haberdasher* descant on a *General's* Misconduct, and talk of an *Army's* passing a River with the same Facility as he himself could go over *Fleet-bridge*: The Zeal of Another, and his Opinion of his Sufficiency, tho' but a *Piece-broker* by Profession, shall run over *Schemes* in *Parliament* at Home, and the Measures concerted in *Foreign Councils*. And a Third, sometimes more cautious of explaining himself, with Features scrued up to a grave kind of Sagacity, seats himself at your Elbow, and asks, *If there be any thing particular in the Papers.*

Among

Among the Provocations that are daily found in these *Three-half-penny Societies*, none can be greater than your *Declaimers* in Politicks. These are a Set of Men that are precise in their Coffee-house Hours, where they by Custom are intituled to a certain Seat, and are the *Oracles* of the Company. I have seen one of these, who, when he has begun to open, has been surrounded by a Convocation of *Listeners*, who have admir'd, without understanding him any more than they would a Lecture of Mr. *Whiston's* in *Astronomy*, or *Hydrostaticks*.

It is frequent with these Gentlemen to keep up their Harangue in a Stile and Tract of Thought as absurd, as unintelligible. Their Method of explaining Things is different from that with Men of common Reason; and the Substance of their Oration as foreign from the Point as it is pompous, and affected. I heard one of these Declaimers, upon mention of the *Caimacan* of *Constantinople's* Letter, begin a Dissertation on the Parity of the *Great Turk's* Preparations with those of the *Persian Xerxes*; and, somebody bolting out a Word by chance of the Embarkment at *Gottenberg*, he fell into the Question of how many
 Tran-

Transports *Julius Cæsar* made use of in his Invasion of *Britain*: And I doubt not, had I stay'd long enough, I should have heard a *succinct* Account of what Vessels *Agamemnon* and his Confederates employ'd in the *Trojan Expedition*.

All that I have to say of these Political Oracles, is, that if they are not to be silenc'd for the Benefit of the Houses they use, their Declamations should at least be restrain'd to a certain Duration: And, like the Orations of the *Grecian* Pleaders, be limited by the *Hour-Glass*. Could this Restriction once be settled, I would allow them the Indulgence which those Gentlemen had; that if any One made an End of his Harangue before his *Glass* was run out, he should have the Liberty to resign the remaining Part of his *Sand* to a succeeding O-rator that should have Occasion for it.

Thursday,

N^o 62. *Thursday, March 14.*

οὐδέν ἐστιν ζῶον ἄλογον, ἀλλὰ καὶ νῦν, καὶ ἐπεὶ ἡμῶν
 δέκλινκα ὅτι πάντα. Diog. Laer.

THE *Philosophers*, who have an Art of disputing every thing, of starting new seeming Truths, and raising insuperable Objections to their own Thoughts, have never, in my Opinion, puzzled any Question so much as that of *Brutes Thinking*. After they have done jumbling Matter and Motion in the Frame of their Bodies, and the Actions of an immaterial Substance upon their Organs, they toss the same Matter about as it acts externally, and play so many pretty Tricks with it, not without the Addition of abundance of hard Words, that one would be inclin'd to imagine they could perform as great Wonders, as a skilful Gamester does upon the Cards, by his private Marks and Management.

Now I, who come after all my Brethren upon this Subject, have thought of this partly in their Way, and partly in a new

one; and because Instances are the most proper Means of conveying any Opinion in a lively manner to the Reader, I shall chuse one or two upon the Affirmative Side of the Question, and suppose that *Brutes think*.

Of all the *Pretenders* to Thinking among the *Brute Creation*, the *Dog*, the *Elephant*, and the *Monkey* put in the fairest Claims: I should chuse to consider the first and the last of these Creatures, as being peculiar Favourites of the *Ladies*: The *Dog*, it is to be supposed, as resembling in his Qualities the *Fawnings* of a *Lover*: The *Monkey*, as it comes so near to the Figure and Dignity of *Man*. But the last *Animal* I design for a particular Dissertation. The *Dog* be then the present Theme.

My first Instance of this Creature's *Cogitation*, is the known Story of the *Dog* who being at Liberty all the Night, and chain'd up in the Day, from a sagacious Quality discover'd where the Meat for the next Day's Provision was laid, which he took the Opportunity of turning to his own private Use by the following Stratagem. In his Hours of Freedom he first dug an Hole in the Earth, and then convey'd in his Provender,

vender, laying himself upon the Spot, to harden the Ground and prevent a Discovery; this he always did within the Compass of his Chain, so that while the Family were employ'd in the necessary Business of the House, he could take it unperceiv'd, Morsel by Morsel, and be as much an *Epicure* in his Way, as the Lord of the House in his own.

Now in this Artifice of the Dog we are to consider how many *Ideas* he must have towards the Performance, and what Conclusions he must make from the Course of his Reasoning. He must have those two *Relative* and very *Complex* Notions of *Faithfulness*, and *Theft*; and the next must be that which employs a Train of discursive Ideas, the Ways and Means of *Concealment*; the Hint of which must first arise from the Notion of being *punished* upon a Discovery. I believe we may affirm that in the Beginning, Progress, and Conclusion of this Stratagem, all the Parts of *Logick* are fairly included; and not only that, but a positive Notion of *Vice* and *Vertue*, and of *Right* and *Wrong*.

I do not intend to magnifie the *Rationality* of this Animal, in Opposition to the *human Species*; or to wish, with

some late *Wits*, that I had rather been of any Shape and Figure in the Creation, than that which I wear, a *Man's*. But this is certain, that many a *Lawyer* has lost a Cause, and ruin'd his Client, and many more *Physicians* have sent their Patients into the Undertaker's Hands, for Want of a Sagacity equal to this of the *Dog's*. There is not a *Session* passes at the *Old-Baily*, where not a few poor Felons swing in a Halter for not having been able to manage their *Thefts* with the same delicate Cunning and Dexterity as honest *Towser*.

The next Difficulty will be, as we put the Case, from whence this Disparity of Reasoning should arise, and why in the Phrase of the Poet, one *Man* should be more unlike *another*, than *Man* is to the *Brutes*. Mr. *Lock*, the last Philosopher of Eminence our Nation boasts, has in the Chapter where he makes the Difference between a *Fool*, and a *Madman*, gone the nearest to the Solution of this odd Question. He tells us that a *Fool*, or *Idiot*, from the Paucity of *his Ideas*, and a Defect in the way of Compounding them, makes few *Propositions*, and of consequence draws fewer Conclusions; for every Person who can form a Proposition,

position, cannot deduce it into Consequences.

If the Matter then was to be stated between the *Fool*, and the *Dog*, the *Fool*, as the weakest always do, would certainly go to the *Wall*. The one in the Figure of *Man* reasons not at all, the other in his Four-footed Hide *thinks*, connects those Thoughts, and, without a *Punn*, is better than a *Cynick Philosopher*, if compared with the *Idiot*. The *wisest* Man that ever was sends his *Fool* to the *Ant* for Instruction; and what Numbers of this populous Nation might I send to the *Field*, to the *Stable*, to the *Dog-Kennel*, for the same Purpose? These are *Academies* which at present are little regarded by our Gentlemen of Wit and Spirit; but I will maintain that they are more useful than our Modern way of Travelling, to see *dumb Statues*, fine *Paintings*, and foreign *Virtuoso's*. For my own part, I have determined to make it Matter of Advice to the wild and ignorant Part of the Town, to have Recourse to the *Beasts* of the *Field*, for Improvements of the Faculties they neglect. The *Idle*, I will send to the *Monkey-Shop*, to learn at least to play with their *Limbs*; the *Bully* shall go to the *Slaughter-House*;

and as for my Friend *Furius*, there is a *Critical* Apartment actually now furnishing for him at the *Bear-Garden*.

My Readers, perhaps, will take it ill, if I do not consider the old Reason which has been given for the Similitude between *Brutes* and *Men* but I have but just time to tell them it is an Old one, which I shall recommend to them in a Modern Dress from a very facetious *Poet*. The Configuration of the Organs being the same thro' the *Animal* Creation, it is alledged, that it is only some peculiar Accident that makes the differences of *Speaking* and *Reasoning* between us. This, I say, I leave to them in the Words of Mr. *Prior*, without any further Reflection at present.—

*Hence, when Anatomists discourse,
How like Brutes Organs are to Ours;
They grant, if higher Pow'rs think fit,
A Bear might soon be made a Wit:
And that, for any thing in Nature,
Pigs might squeak Love-Odes, Dogs bark
Satyre.*

Saturday,

N^o 63. *Saturday, March 16.*

Primo nè medium, medio nè discrepet inum.
Hor.

THE Contradictions and Extravagances, that are so common in our *English* Tragedies, might reasonably make their Audience, and Readers suppose, that the Authors wrote without Rule or Design, without Regard either to Reason or Judgment, or any View to Probability or Decency.

To look on some of the Motley Performances of these Mistaken Poets, to see *Characters* so irregular and different in themselves, to see a *Multiplicity* of *Actions* huddled up in one Piece, and *Scenes* so detach'd and independant on their *Plot*, (or what they would have the Publick count such) one would imagine that Tragedy, in their Definition, were but a *Rhapsody* of *Dialogues*; that the Passions would be sufficiently refin'd, if they can contrive in one Place for a

Perriwig-pated Fellow, as *Shakespear* has exprefs'd it, to rant till he *splits the Ears of the Groundlings*; in another for their *Heroine*, in *Despight of Nature*, to dissemble the Agonies of a distracting Sorrow, and with moving Elegance exercise the *Handkerchief*, while the Spectators curse the Impropriety of the Author's Thought for introducing a Passion rais'd on so trivial an Occasion.

Mistakes in the Nature of the Emotions of the Soul, the Sources from which Grief or Rage arise, and the Springs on which they turn, are Faults of *Ignorance* in the Poet, as a Failure of working them up properly is of *Inability*. But there are other and more unpardonable Errors which are owing to his *Inadvertency*, or a blind Indulgence to himself, which makes him overlook Absurdities that are conspicuous to the most common of his Judges. These Blots happen, when an Author is not so absolutely a Master of his Subject as to command the whole at a single View; or when some parts of his Scenary are fix'd at random, and he does not examine himself for what End such a certain Incident is crowded into the Story.

The

The Inconsistencies in Plays, which shock the Judgment of the discerning Critick, might generally be prevented, if *Aristotle* were a little better consulted by our Authors.

There is a Precept, which this Philosopher gives us in his *Poeticks*, that if we attempt the Writing of a Tragedy, we ought first to draw the Plan of the Subject, to settle it as exactly as possible, and to overlook the whole, when settled, several Times; for in thus viewing carefully all its Parts, as if we were concern'd in the Action, we shall certainly find what is convenient and just, and see the least Defects, and the least Contrarieties which may have escap'd us. 'Tis for Want of observing this Method, that we fall into gross and considerable Faults: When, as Mr. *Dacier* has very truly remark'd, the Poet ought to be the first Spectator, to judge well of the Effects of his Composition.

I could wish we did not boast of too many such rash Productions in the Tragick way, as *Monsieur Hedelin* has describ'd in his *Art of the Stage*. "If
 "there happens, says he, a fiery Lad
 "with Fancy and some Inclinations to
 "Poetry; and he finds himself at leisure
 "to employ his Parts his own Way, he
 L 5 "fixes

“ fixes upon the Dramatic to start with,
“ and out comes a Piece of his. To
“ make which he generally follows this
“ Method, he pitches upon some Sto-
“ ry that pleases him, without consi-
“ dering whether it be fit for the Scene
“ or no, or ever reflecting what is to
“ be avoided in it, or what Ornaments
“ may be added: He is resolv’d to hide
“ behind the Curtain any thing that
“ shall incommode him, and carries his
“ Actors over the Seas with the Draw-
“ ing of a Scene. Having thus fill’d
“ every thing with ridiculous Imagina-
“ tions, and Things opposite to all Pro-
“ bability, he makes his first Scene;
“ but finding himself at a Stand he re-
“ pairs to the Theatres to see if he
“ can steal any Invention from them.
“ Then he gets into the Company of
“ some celebrated Poet or Critick, and
“ from them he is supply’d with some
“ new Thought, a passionate Incident,
“ or some Slight of the Art, which he
“ immediately employs quite contrary
“ and out of all Time; then musters up
“ Three or Four Hundred Verses and
“ resolves to call them an Act. Thus
“ going on in the same Method he gets
“ to the Death or Marriage of some
“ Prince,

“ Prince, and then ’tis privately whis-
 “ per’d among his Friends, that he has
 “ made a very pretty Play. The Ladies
 “ desire to see it, the Author reads it
 “ to them, and the Gentlemen of their
 “ Acquaintance; he is applauded to his
 “ Face, laugh’d at when his Back’s
 “ turn’d, and in short he acquires thus
 “ the honourable Title of a Poet.

I fear we can find among ourselves
 some *Tragick* Pieces wrote with as little
 Judgment and Coherence as the *French*
 Critick has describ’d in the Attempt of
 such a juvenile Bard; but I meant not
 in this Paper to animadvert on Errors of
Inexperience, but of *Negligence*.

The *Greek* Critick who has laid down
 the Necessity of an exact Survey of our
 Plan, has given us an Example of a Poet
 whose Tragedy was damn’d for Want of
 this Care. He has quoted the *Amphi-*
araus of *Carcinus*, where the Poet makes
 that Prince take Sanctuary in a Temple,
 which is the Scene thro’ the Play; and
 afterwards, in a Narration, says he has
 quitted the Temple, tho’ no Body saw
 any thing of his Departure. When this
 Piece was acted, says the Philosopher,
 it was damn’d; for the Audience
 would not suffer that he should endea-
 your

vour to perswade them, that *Amphiraus* was really gone out, when none of them had seen him.

It may be objected, That the Imputation of such Absurdities in a *Pagan* Writer will have but little Weight, unless I can prove they have been practis'd by our *own* Poets; and therefore I shall conclude this Paper with Two Instances, drawn from Plays that have had the Fortune to succeed, and be cry'd up for their *Passion* and *Incidents*: The *First* is from that Favourite Tragedy of Mr. *Lee's*, which he calls *Theodosius*. In this Play, *Athenais* the Daughter of a *Grecian* Philosopher is by *Pulcheria* converted to Christianity; and, if we may believe her own Words, so perfect a Convert, that her Thoughts are sequestred from all Passions but those which relate to her new Religion.

Athen. I am adopted yours; you are my
 Goddess,
 That have new form'd, new moulded my
 Conceptions,
 And by the Platform of a Work divine,
 New fram'd, new built me to your own De-
 sires;

Thrown

*Thrown all the Lumber of my Passions out,
And made my Heart a Mansion of Perfection.*

This Reformation is made in the *Third* Act; and yet in the Beginning of the *Fifth*, (being disappointed in her Love,) contrary to the System of her new *Faith*, she drinks Poyson. Had *Lee* examin'd his Plan with Care, he had certainly either omitted her *Baptism*, or not made her guilty of *Self-Murder* so soon after her Conversion.

The *Second* Instance of *Absurdity*, which is more flagrant, is in *Banks's* Earl of *Essex*; the *Earl* receives a Ring from his *Queen*, with a full Promise of his Life granted whenever he restores it: Being Sentenc'd for *Treason*, he gives this Ring to the Countess of *Nottingham* to convey to the *Queen*, and obtain his Pardon. He rests in a full Assurance of the Grant: for when he enters, and is inform'd by *Rawleigh* that he brings an Order for his Execution, he breaks out into this Complaint:

*Is Death th' Event of all my flatter'd Hopes!
False Sex! and Queen more perjur'd than
'em all! &c.*

Yet

Yet without quitting the Scene, when his *Wife* comes to him to take her Leave, he pulls out a Letter which he had writ to the Queen, in which are these Words:—*I have but one Thing to repent of since my Sentence, which is, that I sent the Ring by Nottingham, fearing it should once put my Queen in mind of her broken Vow.*—Every body now must see how inconsistent this is with his *flatter'd Hopes* and Prepossessions of Pardon.



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I N D E X.

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THE
CLINICAL

VOL. III





To the Right Honourable

R I C H A R D

Earl of *Burlington*, &c.

My LORD,



HO' the Title
of these Papers
may seem to
aim only at the
Correction of Vice and
Folly, yet have they an
equal Right to display
the nobler Acts of Hu-

A 3 ma-

Dedication.

manity, those of Honour and Virtue. In this latter View alone they claim your Lordship's Protection, wherein if the Copies they give of a Great and Good Mind seem faint and languid, let it be imputed to the Distance of the Hand which drew them from your Lordship the Original.

It is hard, my Lord,
to speak of you with Justice,

Dedication.

stice, as it is easie to speak
of Others with Flattery.
Yet, surely, it ought to
be remember'd as an
Honour to our Country,
as well as to yourself,
that the Spring of your
Life is crown'd with all
those Virtues, which
with Others are the slow
Effects of Time, or a
more severely purchased
Experience. It has hap-
pen'd that a Philoso-
pher has condemn'd Vice
and

Dedication.

and Vanity, a retir'd Student made a Figure in Letters, but it is new for a Person of the highest Birth to be in Youth a Philosopher in his Pleasures, or a Peer to excell in Learning more than in Fortune.

That which would have been a Disadvantage to any but a Genius like yours, proves your greatest Glory. You were preceded by a noble

Dedication.

ble Train of Ancestors,
and it is owing to You
that we can speak of
them to your Face with
the juster Praise, since
their Fame suffers no Di-
minution by descending
to your Lordship.

My Lord,

I could speak with Plea-
sure of the several Arts
and Sciences, in which
you excel, and in which
by your Encourage-
ment

Dedication.

ment others are taught
to excell: But I consi-
der to whom I speak,
and tho' I am unable to
praise well, yet I have
the common Right of
wishing well : And
therefore that you may
long shine the First of
that Illustrious House
which has furnish'd your
Country with so many
Peers and Patriots, Pa-
trons and Masters of
Arms

Dedication.

Arms and Arts, is the
sincere Wish (and surely
I cannot wish you a
greater,) of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

The CENSOR.

Advertisement

Arms and Ammunition is the
greatest necessity
I cannot supply you a
greater quantity of

W. O. R. D.

to the War Office

to the War Office

to the War Office

The Censor.



THE CENSOR.

V O L. III.

N^o 64. *Tuesday, March 19. 1717.*

Ficta Voluptatis causa—— Hor.



THE chief Reason why I have not of late endeavour'd to entertain the Publick with my Dreams, (tho' I presage your *little Wits*, whose distinguishing Talent is *Smartness*, will say that they think I am always in a *Dream*;) is, that I have been setting a-part a *Chamber*,
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which I take Care to have properly *fumigated* for the particular Exercise of this Faculty. Such an Appropriation of Place may be ridicul'd by some as an Act of Superstition; but let them remember that the *Patients* of *Æsculapius*, who were to depend on his Assistance, were oblig'd for their Recovery to *sleep in his Temple*.

The first Time I made an Experiment of this Dormitory, my nocturnal *Speculations*, if such I may call the *Images* of *Sleep*, were employ'd in a Scene where the *Grave* and *Ridiculous* were unaccountably blended. I found my self in a large but ruinous old Dome, all the Avenues to which were throng'd with Crouds of visionary People, who seem'd thrust forwards towards a spacious Hall, which was supported by Pillars of the *Dorick* Order. I saw a Chair of State at the upper End of the Hall, and beneath it a long Table cover'd with Books not unlike those of Registers in our Courts of Justice. The strict Silence that was kept, and the Sollicitude which I observ'd in every Countenance, gave me no slight Expectation of what was to ensue: And I was not less alarm'd at overhearing one who stood at my Elbow, and in a Whisper wonder'd, *When the*
In-

Inquisition *would fit*. This Question put me afresh upon the Admiration; and especially when, upon looking round, I could discover nothing in the *Habits*, or *Completions* of the Persons about me, to suspect that I was got into the *Spanish Territories*. I was not long in this Confusion, e'er a prodigious *Bull of Brass* was hoisted in by proper Engines, and plac'd on a Pile of Stones, rear'd Altar-wise, in the Middle of the Hall.

I perceiv'd now that I was transport-ed into old *Sicily*, and was soon convinc'd by a Noise of *Clear the Court there, Room for Phalaris*.——He was follow'd by Three Persons in the Nature of Assistants; the first of whom, of an affable and pleasant Countenance, sat down on a Stool at *Phalaris's* Feet; and the other Two, who, as I heard, were *Severity* and *Ill-Nature*, plac'd themselves on the Right and Left of him. No sooner was the Judge seated, but a fresh Concourse of People broke in, and a general Face of Business was seen throughout the Hall. Some let down a ponderous Wicket-door, which discover'd a Cavity in the Belly of the *Bull*, capacious as that of the *Trojan Horse* so renown'd in Story. (For when the Crimi-

minals were convicted by the *Inquisition*, they stow'd as many of them as the Cavity would hold, and so bak'd some Hundreds together, as well to make a Riddance, as to increase the Bellowings produc'd from their Groans, and which were by Pipes convey'd to the Nostrils of the Bull.) A Race of *Informers*, who presided o'er the larger Fewel, came in loaded with Loggs, and Heaps of Bavins, which they laid on the Pile of Stones; and after them a Train of sower-look'd *Criticks* with *Elegies*,^o *Pastorals*, and *Panegyricks*, which were the *Brushwood* that was to kindle up the Fire. At this a mighty Murmur arose, and a Clan of meagre Youths knelt before the *Inquisitor*, and beg'd their *own Bodies* might be committed to the Flames to redeem their *Works*; but a more numerous Sett of People, with a Mixture of *Business* and *Stupidity* in their Faces, and Reams of *Damask'd Paper* under their Arms, lodg'd Petitions, setting forth their Losses by such intolerable *Copies*; and, in Consideration thereof, implored that the *Authors* and their *Poetry* might share the same Fate: Upon which a merry *Punster*, who was in Danger of the same Infliction, could not help remarking,
That

That it was not the first Time an *Author* had been roasted alive. But *Phalaris*, to prevent further Interruptions, gave a Charge to have them all confin'd during Pleasure, and bade the Court proceed on the Indictments. No sooner was the Proclamation of Silence made, and the Books open'd, but I observ'd the Person who sat on the Stool at the *Inquisitor's* Feet, and who, as I afterwards learnt, was *Mercy*, had private Orders to withdraw.

As the Causes came on, and Business thickned, I found the *Soldiers*, *Lawyers*, *Physicians* and *Courtiers*, made the greatest Work for the Inquisition. *Phalaris* would throw away no Examination on the *Men of War*; but knowing what Villanies his own Guards were capable of, pass'd Sentence upon the whole Profession. The *Lawyers*, who stood charg'd of taking Fees on both Sides, insisted on being heard in their Defence; but it being doubted whether they would not challenge the Right of the Court, their Motion in Arrest of Judgment was over-ru'd. The general Clamour against the *Physicians* ran on willful Murther; and upon their Convictions they were order'd first to take their

own Prescriptions, the better to prepare them for the Fiery Tryal. As the *Courtiers* were brought up, who look'd in much Confusion, I saw them dropping *Bank-bills*, and *Purses* of Gold behind them, to avoid having the Goods found upon them; and look'd as if they could have been glad even of a little *Holy-water*, by way of *Ablution*: As their *Indictments* were for taking *Bribes*, and *undermining* One Another, they would not stand the Shame of an Examination, but submitted to the Charge, and pleaded *Guilty*.

Soon after, a Troop of gay Damsels, that look'd mighty well to outward Appearance, were hurried to the Bar; but *Phalaris* understanding they were *Ladies of Pleasure* would not waste his Fewel on them; but remanded them to their Calling, to be burnt in Fires of their own kindling: The elderly Nymphs, who had employ'd their *friendly Industry* in *procuring*, were adjudg'd to a new Occupation, and equipp'd for selling *Drams* and *Gingerbread* to the *Camp*.

The vast Multitude of *Mechanicks*, amongst whom the *Gamesters* were shuffled in, were not to be heard, as I found, on the Merit of their Trades; but they
were

were referr'd to an Examination by the Lump with the *Pick-pockets*.

The *Beaus*, who had little to plead in *Abatement*, but their plentiful Fortunes, and yet were too inoffensive to suffer the general Sentence, were ordered to be stript of their Finery, and turn their dainty Hands to Employment: Some were condemn'd to make *Wash-Balls* and *Perriwig-blocks* for the Barbers; Others, *Rattles* and *Hobby-horses* for Children. A Number of *Poets* stood indicted; but as they prov'd they had *no Title to the Name*, the Indictment was declar'd faulty, and they evaded the Sentence.

I saw one dragg'd along towards the Bar who, by his Locks hanging pretty deep over his Forehead, the twisting of his Wrists with an Air of Contempt, the turning of his Head as full of Suspicion, and some other Symptoms of Lunacy, I could have sworn had been poor *Furius*: but as I press'd forwards for more Certainty, I observ'd *Phalaris* point towards me, and as I suspected with Orders for securing Me: When starting back against a *Pillar*, as I thought, to be upon my Defence, I receiv'd a Blow from my *Beds-head*, which rescued me from the Tyrant, and interrupted my *Vision*.

N° 65. Thursday, March 21.

— *Animum Picturâ pascit inani.*

Virg.

AS there are some *Vanities*, which the *wiser* Part of the World all agree in condemning, so there are others concerning which this superiour Class of Reasoning Men are divided : And yet further, there are little Follies of these kinds, which when the gravest of us all have ridiculed in others, we at last come to approve of, and submit to Our selves. Nothing shews the Weakness of Human Nature, and the Uncertainty of our best Sentiments, more than such contradictory Practices meeting in the same Person ; This levels the *Wise* with the *Fool*, and makes the *Philosopher* as perfect an Object of Scorn, as any of his own Searches have found among the Mass of his Fellow Creatures.

Among many Examples I have chose that of the suffering the Resemblances of our selves to be drawn in *Picture*, as one
which

which has given an Occasion of Offence to Men of the finest Understanding. *Plotinus* the *Platonist*, was often solicited by his Scholars to sit for his Picture, which he has often refused; but it was at last performed by a Stratagem without his Knowledge, tho' not without giving their Master great Uneasiness. When he was asked the Question, his Answer was very remarkable, and what has been admired as a noble, and sublime Sentiment by his Successors in the *Platonick School*. ' Is it not enough, says he, ' to drag every where about with us ' that *Image* in which we have been shut ' up by *Nature*; Can it be imagined ' that we must besides transmit to future Ages an *Image* of that *Image*?

Now this very Person caused the same Resemblances to be made of his Predecessors *Socrates* and *Plato*, and if he reasoned rightly, might easily have concluded, that his Admirers would have the same Reasons to request his *Picture*, as he had *theirs*. There might, perhaps, be a greater Vanity in his Haughtiness, covered by a pretended Humility, than there would have been in complying with the Humour of his Pupils, and the Custom of his Times. But to Me

this celebrated Reply of the Philosopher seems to go a great deal too far to be just, and rational. For if we consider, it will hold as well against the Propagating the *Human Species*, as the *Art of Painting*. What are those Traces of our selves which we are so fond of, and are so much the more transported with, the nearer they approach the Features of the *Original*? Are not these *Pictures of our selves*? These are *Images of Images*, in the Sense of the *Platonists*. But it must be said, that *Nature* dictates to us the Preservation of the One, tho' not of the Other. Delight springs up from an easie unforced Source on the one Hand, but it grows out of a perverted Self-Love, and Flattery on the Other. To love my Children, is to love what I was ordained to love; but to admire my self, and multiply a poor Form upon Wood and Canvas, carries with it too great a Fondness for my *Dear self*.

To shew you that I am not the only one who have made the Argument of *Plotinus* reach so far, I will observe that a very delicate *English* Poet has argued in the same Way against Generation; and I am not the first who has thought

a Poet's Authority as good as a Philosopher's.

*To get our Likeness, What is that?
Our Likeness is but Misery.
Why should I toil to propagate
As vile a Thing as I?*

The Thought indeed is pretty and well-turn'd, but yet at the Bottom unnatural, and the Effect of false Reason. This Wit, as well as those who have rallied Pictures, did it in his Hours of Spleen and Contempt of the World; These are only small Rubbs which divert the Eyes of Nature; but she soon leans again to her first Point. I will give a new Proof of this upon my first Subject, from a very eminent Philosopher.

In the Letters which passed between Mr. *Lock* and Mr. *Molineux*, the latter begs the Picture of his Friend. He replies, *That Pictures of Kings, Heroes, and Great Men were only proper.* Mr. *Molineux* takes the Advantage of the Answer, and returns, *That it was for that very Reason he desir'd His.* It may be question'd which was the greater Infirmary in the Philosopher, to lay himself open to so genteel a Flattery, or to accept of it,

it, and comply afterwards. The same happen'd to the witty Madam *des Houliers*, who made a very fine Copy of Verses in the Bloom of her Years, against the Vanity of Pictures; and yet in the Decline of her Days and Beauty, suffer'd her Own to be drawn. Neither did she stop there, but could not forbear paying a Compliment to her Painter and her self, by saying, That he had restor'd her to the Lustre of her first Charms. It would be unfair to compare the *Lady* and the *Philosopher*, much being to be allow'd on the *Female* side; but this must be said in Honour to her, That she had the good Sense to laugh at her self, and draw a very fine Moral from her own Weakness.

I find Quotations to be much like Stories, for it is hard to get out of the Vein of them, when we have once begun; but I promise my Reader to take my Leave of them with the following.

The Curious have observ'd, that the *Fops* in our Sex, and the *Coquets* in the Female, are the Fondest of their own dear Faces. A certain Lady of this Complection had her Picture drawn by the famous *Mrs. le Hay*, and after it was done liked it so well, that she would
have

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have Five Copies of the same. A Gentleman who paid a Visit to the Person who drew them seeing so many Copies, in a Surprize, ask'd *Why so many Copies as Five of One Face?* To which she reply'd, *Quoniam multiplicatæ sunt Iniquitates ejus,* Because her Iniquities are multiplied. Let the first *Coquet*, who reads it, apply to her self this Story.

N^o 66. *Saturday, March 23.*

Τὸ ἔχον ἐπὶ πᾶσι χρήσιμον καὶ εἰ μὴ ἀποείη τὸ
λεχθῆναι αὐτῷ. Lucian.

IN Eloquence, as the ingenious *Montagne* has observ'd, Some have such a Facility and Readiness, which may be call'd the Gift of Utterance, that they are ready at every Turn : Others are slow, and speak only what is premeditated and elaborate : This Class of Men, of so voluble a Tongue in *Extempore* Harangues, when they come to range their Thoughts, and digest them in Black and White, are often put to the Stand for Expressions, and not seldom for the Thought
it

it self and Method of Argument. There are, on the other hand, Persons who have no Fluency of Words, or Knack of Delivery, that, when they come to write, think, as it were, off hand, and dress up their *Ideas* with as much Ease as the *first* can express them. Were I to chuse, in general, with the Writings of which of these differing *Genius's* I would converse, it should be with the most *ready Thinker*: The Florid Speaker generally puts on us something crude and trifling; or, when he overlabours his Theme, is dry and barren. The Man, who is not so copious in his Utterance, but thinks freely, seldom troubles his Readers with bad Sterling; and, even where he takes most Scope, fills up his Argument with solid Beauties. To instance in the most noted *Orators* of Antiquity; *Cicero*, who was so fluent a Speaker, and so expert at Replication in his Pleadings, if we may credit *Quintilian* in the Matter, has often inserted in his Writings what might very well be spared: *Demosthenes*, who, as *Plutarch* informs us, was so timorous in delivering himself, that *Demades* often rose up to help him out, is most approv'd by
the

the Learned, in those Orations that are of the greatest Extent.

It is apparent by this, that it requires an Author of great Sufficiency, as well as an Impartial Judge of his own Performances, to put Imagination on the Stretch, and draw out a Subject with Copiousness, yet not let his Style or Matter be low or impertinent. The too common Failing of absurd and tiresome Repetitions, the dwelling on trivial and useless Circumstances, and adorning Descriptions of no moment with all the Flowers of Rhetorick, no doubt, has made the Publick wish for Retrenchments in Works that they would like well without this superfluous Garniture. Such a blameable *Redundancy* in the Writers of his Time, made *Lucian*, whom I have quoted at the Head of my Paper, declare for *Brevity*; and especially where there is no Want of Matter to enlarge upon.

An Affectation of swelling our Discourses into a Length, and drawing over an *Identity of Images* with Variety of Phrase, is worse than treating our Friends with one sort of Flesh in all the several Tricks of Cookery. The Spinning out of an Argument by such Repetitions

petitions weakens mightily its Force, and often makes the Reader lose the Tract of our Reasoning. It is customary in *Italy* to make their Meat taste of nothing but *Spicery*; and so these additional Parts in Writing, like too *strong Sauces*, extinguish the Relish of that which should be the *Food*.

For my self, who would try all Experiments to prove the Palates and Tempers of my Readers, I sometimes chuse to contract my Dissertations for their Relief; and as a *Predecessor* of mine profess'd at Seasons to be *dull*, so I do to be *brief*, on Purpose. There are several Methods by which I contrive to husband my Discourse, as by prefixing one time a long *Motto*, then splitting the Contents into a Variety of Paragraphs, and by taking my *Printer* into Counsel on the Disposition of the Whole; and all this is done, when I am neither idle nor indispos'd; neither cramp't in Sense, nor any ways at a Loss, if I pleas'd, to draw it out to double the Compass.

Whenever I have these Views to the unbending of my Reader's Attention, I am not remiss in going round to such Places, where I know my Paper has
gain'd

gain'd Admission, to collect their different Sentiments on my *Brevity*.

Your old frugal Sages, who spend but their *Three-half-pence* in *News* and *Coffee*, and who look on Labour and Industry to be the chief Merit of every Production, shake their Heads and cry, *The Fellow is grown abominable Lazy, or else the Fund of his Invention is exhausted*. I could soon beat them out of these Remarks, would I explain to them of how indefatigable a Nature I am; and what Stores of Supplies, from several Correspondents, I have now actually by me, which for some Reasons I am content to postpone.

The brisk and airy Sparks, who dread a long Lecture of Morality, as much as the Company of an *old Woman*, or their *Tutors*, take my contracted Essays up with a pleasant Eye; and finding them to tally with their Patience, tender Me the Compliment of being *short* and *sweet*.

The slower *Species* of Mortals, who are not for bating an Inch of their Measure, and without regard to the Quality of my *Lucubrations*, would have Me as full as the *Flying-Post*, when-ever they find me come short of their Hopes,
throw

throw down my Paper with Discontent, and mutter, and scan over all the other Prints before they will vouchsafe Me a Reading.

The greatest Complaints that I hear in this Case, come from those *Widows* and other *Female* Customers, who take in my Paper for the publick Entertainment: This is a Tribe, as the whole Sex is penurious and expecting in way of Traffick, who repine at their Charge when they think I have any Ease, and can only be satisfied with *Length* and *Quantity*.

As I am pleas'd at the Disappointment of those ingenious Friends, who make my Dissertations a constant part of their Amusement, and are only balk'd at my being so *Laconick*, because they are willing I should lengthen their Diversion: So I must proclaim War on those unmeaning *Mutineers*, who peruse me without any Contribution of Praise, or Allowance of Merit, yet, indolent as they are, take upon them to prescribe Limits to my Pen, and censure my Industry. And as for those *precise* and *cautious* Purchasers, who think they are over-rated at the Price of *Two-pence*, and repine at the Necessity of entertaining my
Paper,

Paper, I will endeavour to reform them by a short Story, which is well known to my Readers, whose Capacities are of another Pitch, and whose Notions are more refin'd and elevated.

A strange old Woman came once to *Tarquin*, the Second of that Name who reign'd in *Rome*, lugging under her Arm *Nine Books*, which, she said, were the Oracles of the *Sibyls*, and proffer'd them in Sale. The King making some Scruples about the Price, she went her way, and burnt *Three* of them: and then returning with the *Six* that remain'd, ask'd the same Sum that she had requir'd for the Whole. *Tarquin* only laugh'd at the Humour, upon which the old Woman left him once more; and after she had burnt *Three* others, came again with the *Three* that were left, and still persisted in the same Demands. The King began to wonder at her Obstinacy, and thinking there might be something more than ordinary in the Business, sent for the *Augurs* to consult what must be done. They soon acquainted him what a Piece of Impiety he had been guilty of, by refusing a Treasure sent to him from Heaven, and commanded him to give

give whatever she demanded for the Books that remain'd.

Without putting my Labours in Competition with those *Sibylline* Pages, I shall leave these *Malecontents* with this Application; that tho' I should think fit to reduce my Paper to the *Third* Part of the Length, which the shortest I have wrote is now of, they may be glad to consult their Interest so far, as to purchase it at the Price first demanded.

N° 67. *Tuesday, March 26.*

— *Si certam finem esse viderent
Ærumnarum homines, aliquâ ratione valerent
Religionibus, atque Minis obfistere Vatum:
Nunc ratio nulla est restandi, nulla Facultas,
Æternas quoniam Pœnas in Morte timendum.*
Lucret.

THERE are no greater, nor more common Nufances of Conversation, than the two Extremes of *Atheism* and *Bigotry*. It is too frequent a Provocation to a Man of my Gravity, and reserv'd Behaviour, to be oblig'd to sit up with a Mixture of Company, who, when

when the *Watchman* has gone his Round, and the Sparks are entring on their *Third* Bottle, will trouble the Board with Debates of *Religion*, and the Power of *Faith*. How unfit a Time is it, when either Reason nods, or is bewilder'd, to launch out into Subjects of such a Nature; and play the *Scepticks*, when our Notions must be so confus'd, that we cannot deduce the Argument to a Consequence. I doubt not but this Custom of trifling with Immortality, and Themes above the Sphere of common Reason, when the Powers of Wine have made the Tongue licentious, has been the Cause of many a *Free-thinker* among the alert and sanguine; and no less encourag'd *Superstition* in Those, who have imbib'd odd Sentiments from the Weakness of their own Constitutions, or swallow'd them from the Imposition of their Teachers.

To set the Unreasonableness of these *Opposites* in Character to View, is the Purpose of my present Paper.

To begin then with your Incliners to *Atheism*, for I will not allow such an Existence as a real *Atheist*, since the most obdurate and unbelieving have been brought to Conviction, and confess'd

fess'd their Principles sprung from Affectation, or a Neglect of informing themselves in the Matter. These gay Gentlemen, who have generally so much Learning as teaches them to chop *false Logick*, lay all the Stress on their own *Syllogisms*; and will neither hearken to the *Harmony of Prophecies* in the Sacred Writings, nor admit the Light of a *reveal'd Religion*.

It is the grand Business of these pretended *Atheists* to dethrone *Faith*, and bring her down to the Level of *Reason*; to *believe* Nothing, but what must descend to the Reach of their Capacities, and be the Object of so *fallible* a Thing as *Sense*; not observing all the while that the Wisdom of their Disquisitions extends at most but to *Second Causes*. Their blind Desire of throwing off Obligations to a *Divine Being*, and putting themselves above a Dependance on Providence, makes them grasp at all the Extravagances of *Paganism*, and fortify themselves with the Tenets of *Epicurus*, that, like the old *Athenians*, they may pride themselves in being *Earth-born*. If you offer to argue on the Point of Creation, they will tell you, as *Shakespear's Lear* says to his Daughter, *Nothing can*
come

come of Nothing.—The Revolutions and Changes of *Matter* and the *Elements*, from which they are ascertain'd that there is no *Annihilation*, convince them that the Mass which compos'd the Universe must have been Eternal; since what they see cannot totally perish, could, by the same Reason, have no Beginning.

From such a System of Absurdities, these Ideots represent Religion as an Institution merely Political; that a God, or Supreme Being, is suppos'd for the Support of Government, and keeping up a proper Deference to our Superiors: At this rate of thinking, Offices of Piety are but carrying on a grave State-Farce; and publick Worship is alone ordain'd for Example, and to keep the Ignorant in proper Subjection. By such an Opinion, it is plain, that Morality may be quite casheer'd betwixt Man and Man; and the Satisfaction of doing a good Action, which mistaken People have thought to consist in Conscience, is only in not transgressing Human Ordinances, and in keeping free from the Penalties of the Law.

Monf. St. Evrement, I remember, is somewhere scandaliz'd at the Custom of the Schools, for making it a Question
in

in their *Metaphysicks*, Whether there be a G O D? He look'd upon the Proof of such a Principle by natural Reason, to be an Impiety: But when the Divines ask, said One who remark'd on his Works, Whether there be a God? 'Tis not to doubt of his Existence, but to give certain Proofs of it, and to confound the Atheists; as Physick instructs us in the Knowledge of Poisons, in order to cure those that are infected with them.

If we examine well the Consequences of denying a Divine Being, we shall find they will center in making *our Souls* of no more Value than those of the *Brute* Creation; and the meanest Animal, and We, shall be upon the same Establishment: If our Actions are not directed by some higher Influence, if we do not hope to be rewarded for our Virtue, and fear to be punish'd for the Crimes we commit in Life, then the Soul is infus'd alone for the Information of *Matter*, to be an Agent in the *Mechanism* of the Body, and after a short Circulation of Actions to drop with its Tenement into Rest, or to begin a fresh Course of Motion in a new Body.

Whilst

Whilst these Men are labouring to divest themselves of the Incumbrance of *Religion*, and debase the Dignity of their Nature; there have been *Philosophers* and *Naturalists* who have endeavour'd to raise the *Animal* World to nobler Sentiments, and perswade us that *Religion* is to be found even among Beasts. *Xenocrates*, the *Carthaginian*, has asserted their Knowledge of a Divine Being: And *Pliny* has particularly plac'd *Religion* among the Moral Virtues of Elephants. They have, says he, (*what is but rarely found amongst Men*,) *Honesty*, *Prudence*, and a *Sense of Justice*: As likewise a *Religion* towards the Stars, and a *Veneration* of the Sun and Moon. A Learned Man, who has been stiled the Glory of the *Jewish* Nation, has gone further than allowing a *Rational Soul* in Brutes, for he gives them a kind of *Free-will*. It has been observ'd, that from this absurd Notion it would follow that they might be rewarded or punish'd after Death.

Several of the *Rabins* espoused this Doctrine to a Degree of Ridicule that I cannot pass over in Silence. When they were ask'd what Justice there was in the Death of Beasts, and why, (since Providence extended to all,) an innocent

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Rat should be pull'd to pieces by a Cat? They answer'd, *The Divine Power had order'd it so; but he would recompence that Rat in another World.* All Men of Common Sense must agree, absurd and ludicrous as the Tenet is, that, however, the *Rabbin's Rat* is in a better State than these *Pretenders to Atheism* would place themselves.

I have given my self so much Scope on this Head, that I must make the Folly of *Bigotry* the Subject of some future Paper: And I cannot close this more properly than with a Paragraph, of a piece with my Discourse, and which I have transcrib'd from my Favourite *Bruyere*.

“ I feel, *says he*, that there is a GOD,
 “ and do not feel that there is None:
 “ This suffices me, and all the Reason-
 “ ing in the World is needless to Me.
 “ I conclude from hence that he exists,
 “ and this Conclusion is in my Nature.
 “ I took up with this Principle too rea-
 “ dily in my Childhood, and have pre-
 “ serv'd it since too naturally in my ad-
 “ vanc'd Years, ever to have the least
 “ Jealousie of any False-hood in it. But
 “ there are some Men who make a Shift
 “ to get rid of this Principle: I que-
 “ stion

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“ stion whether there are or no, but if
“ there be, it argues only that *there are*
“ *Monsters.*

N^o 68. *Thursday, March 28*

THAT I may not be thought of a Disposition that would entirely suppress the Aid of my *Correspondents*, or be suspected of having *None*, (tho' the *Post* and my *Publisher* might be sufficient Vouchers in this Point;) I have sav'd my self the Expence of Thinking for this Day, by giving the Publick a Letter, which, tho' the Author calls it the Product of a few *heavy* Hours, must be acknowledg'd to be wrote with an uncommon *Spirit* and *Vivacity*.

To the CENSOR.

Oxford, March 11. 1716-17.

S I R,

‘ **W**Hat a late ingenious Writer has
‘ said of *Wit*, will, I believe,
‘ hold equally true concerning the *Po-*
‘ *lite* Part of *Womankind*: That there is
C 2 nothing

' nothing so much admir'd, and so little
 ' understood: There are Depths in the
 ' *Female* World which neither *Ovid* or
 ' *Cowley* could ever fathom; and, as
 ' Mr. *Boyle* says of a certain Mineral,
 ' That the most penetrating Genius may
 ' spend his whole Life in the Study of
 ' it, without arriving at a compleat
 ' Knowledge of all its Qualities; so I
 ' will venture to say of this mysterious
 ' *Microcosm* or Branch of the greater
 ' World, that it has escaped the Enqui-
 ' ries and Inspection of the most acute;
 ' and that *Thetis* is not more conceal'd
 ' in the Bottom of the Sea, than a
 ' sprightly *Venus* in an airy Cloud of
 ' her own composing.

' I was always of Opinion, that the
 ' greatest Art with our *fine Ladies*, as
 ' well as *Orators*, is to hide Art; and,
 ' I must confess, I'm not a little pleas'd
 ' to find such great Numbers putting
 ' this Art in Execution. It fares
 ' with us as it did with *Penelope's* Woers,
 ' they deceive us by unravelling in the
 ' Night what we did in the Day; they
 ' treat us like the *Eccho* in the Wood, at
 ' once flatter and fly us. I am apt to think
 ' there are not more Windings in *Rosa-*
 ' *mond's* Bow'rs, or the *Cretan* Labyrinth,
 ' than

‘ than in one of those Lady’s Bosoms,
 ‘ and that you may with as much Ease
 ‘ trace *Nile* to its Source as their Words
 ‘ to a Meaning. Tho’ the Stream of
 ‘ their Affections be strong in our Fa-
 ‘ vour, they can smooth it so artfully
 ‘ that we may say of it, as *Cæsar* does
 ‘ of the River *Arar*, that it cannot be
 ‘ perceiv’d which Way it flows. In
 ‘ short, They are a sort of *Hebrew* Cha-
 ‘ racters, which if we ever understand it
 ‘ must be by reading them backwards.
 ‘ I must, however, beg Leave to ask
 ‘ them, whether we don’t in this Par-
 ‘ ticular imitate themselves; fondly be-
 ‘ wilder our selves in the pleasing Maze,
 ‘ and admire them purely because we
 ‘ don’t understand them? And whether
 ‘ those Two Qualities do not in the
 ‘ Female World what *Mercury* and *Ve-*
 ‘ *nus* do in the Heavens, each vanish at
 ‘ the other’s Approach?

‘ It being the great Secret of the Fair
 ‘ Sex to keep us in the Dark, I am sor-
 ‘ ry to think that they should ever fail
 ‘ in this particular; I must therefore
 ‘ tell your Fair Readers that *Venus* her
 ‘ self sprung from the wat’ry Element,
 ‘ and that Love, like Heat, glows the
 ‘ fiercer by the Antiperistasis of Cold;

‘ That the Spring of their Favours is
‘ never more acceptable than after a
‘ killing Frown, as the Sun’s benign
‘ Rays are never more welcom than
‘ when just come from under a Cloud;
‘ That *Apollo’s* Love increas’d with
‘ *Daphne’s* Flight, and that their seem-
‘ ing Coynels, like the Darts of the
‘ flying *Parthians*, gives the deepest
‘ Wounds: I should tell them likewise
‘ to call to Mind the Story of *Thescus*
‘ and *Ariadne*, and leave them to apply
‘ that beautiful Line of Mr. *Waller’s*:

‘ *Heav’n were not Heav’n, if we knew what it*
‘ *were.*

‘ I must tell them too, that we warm
‘ Lovers cannot live in a hot Climate;
‘ and that Love, like Ice, melts when it
‘ is shone upon by too warm a Sun.

‘ Agreeably hereto we frequently
‘ find a transported Admirer in Court-
‘ ship not unlike an enchanted Heroe in
‘ Romance; the One is ravish’d with
‘ the Sight of beautiful Castles, Woods,
‘ and Meadows, with a confus’d Har-
‘ mony of warbling Nightingales, and
‘ purling Streams; the Other is lost and
‘ bewildered in a pleasing Delusion, his
‘ Fancy represents to him splendid Scenes
‘ of imaginary Pleasures, and visionary
‘ Beauty. But, alas! how short are
‘ those

‘ those gilded Dreams! Upon the un-
‘ fortunate finishing of some secret Spell
‘ the fantastick Scene vanishes, and the
‘ disconsolate Knight finds himself to his
‘ great Amaze on a barren Heath, or
‘ wild Defart. The Other is no less
‘ surprizingly undeceived; the Enchant-
‘ ment is broke in Enjoyment, and the
‘ charming Goddess, by a sort of *Coun-*
‘ *ter-apotheosis*, sinks immediately into a
‘ Woman: however beautiful she real-
‘ ly be, he finds that his hot Imaginati-
‘ on over-flourish’d the Object, and that
‘ the Creature he ador’d never existed
‘ but in his own Fancy.

‘ I know one of those warm *Tarquins*,
‘ who was smitten with one of the pret-
‘ tiest, but withal the most whimsical,
‘ Things in Nature. She was a lively
‘ Emblem of the Rainbow both for
‘ Beauty and Variety; but then she
‘ was such a cunning little Infidel, that
‘ at first she would not hear a Word he
‘ spoke; if he told her she was Pretty,
‘ she would cry, Pish, and tell him a
‘ Tragical Story of the Misfortune of
‘ her *Lap-Dog*. The next Moment she
‘ would ask him what he thought of
‘ the young King of *France*, and whe-
‘ ther he was not as handsome as her
‘ Cousin *Billy*. She would lead him

‘ such an airy Round, her Tongue like
‘ a pleasing murmuring Stream would
‘ serpentize so cunningly, and play in
‘ so many wanton *Meanders*, that he
‘ was always at a Loss what to make of
‘ her. I once out of meer Curiosity
‘ accompanied my Friend in one of his
‘ Visits; during my Stay, which was
‘ about two Hours, the *Larum* never
‘ ceas’d. This little musical Instrument
‘ of hers, it signified not whether upon
‘ something or nothing, so well acted
‘ its Part, and made such an Impression
‘ upon me, that I shall always readily
‘ embrace a perpetual Motion. My
‘ Friend has told me, that she would
‘ ask him so many Trifles, that he has
‘ often been forced to stop her Mouth
‘ with a Kiss on purpose to save himself
‘ the Trouble of answering a Question,
‘ which had nothing to recommend it
‘ but the sweet Lips from which it dropt.
‘ In short, *Sir*, I cannot define her
‘ Discourse better, than by telling you
‘ it was like the Country-man’s Night-
‘ ingale, *Vox, & præterea nihil*; a plea-
‘ sing Sound, and nothing more.

‘ My Friend was however in a short
‘ time so charmed with the enchanting
‘ Nonsense of this little *Syren*, that he
‘ was

' was too far gone ever to hope for Reco-
 ' very; whether in Company or alone,
 ' she ingrossed his whole Thoughts,
 ' Words and Actions; He could brag
 ' with the old Sage, that he was never
 ' less alone than when alone. Her dear
 ' Resemblance was always uppermost in
 ' his Mind, he languished as much for
 ' her, and with as little Reason, as *Nar-*
 ' *cissus* for his beloved Shadow. At last,
 ' finding that all open Attempts in
 ' Courtship were in vain, and that she
 ' would not be won by being addressed
 ' in direct Love-Terms, he resolv'd to
 ' conquer her, as the *Greeks* did *Troy*, by
 ' an Artifice. Observing that she was
 ' wonderfully taken with Love-stories,
 ' he took up that ingenious Trick of
 ' skilful Fowlers, who are wont to mi-
 ' mick the Voice of the Birds they
 ' would call to the Snare; and by con-
 ' stantly attacking her with the Histories
 ' of the Loves of *Jupiter* and *Danae*,
 ' *Venus*, and *Adonis*, by reading to her
 ' the most passionate and moving Parts
 ' out of *Waller* and *Ovid*, by filling her
 ' Bosom with ten Thousand soft Names,
 ' such as Darts, Flames, Altars, and
 ' Languishings, &c. in a Word, by
 ' transforming himself into what she
 C 5 ' loved,

' loved, or into her own dear Image,
 ' he at last wound himself so far into
 ' her Affections, that the poor Crea-
 ' ture could deny him nothing: And
 ' for a Warning to all the rest of your
 ' fair Readers, I must tell them that
 ' this Friend of mine says, they are a
 ' sort of Glow-worms, or Airy Mete-
 ' ors, which shine at a Distance, but
 ' expire upon our Touch; and confes-
 ' ses that, *Ixion*-like, instead of the
 ' Goddess he enjoyed a Cloud, and that
 ' *Apollo* was not half so much mistaken,
 ' when instead of his beloved *Daphne* he
 ' embraced a Tree.

N° 69. *Saturday, March 30.*

Nam primum hoc constituendum, hoc ob-
tinendum est, ut quàm optimè scribamus:
Celeritatem dabit Consuetudo. Quint.

IT is a good Principle to love to be
 out of Debt as soon as a Man can,
 for which Reason I have taken the first
 Opportunity of publishing the follow-
 ing Letter from an ingenious Corre-
 spondent,

spondent, with a few of my own Reflections upon so weighty a Subject.

S I R,

‘ **A** Person of your Character must
‘ consider Wit, Courage, Learning,
‘ ing, and several other Qualities, (which
‘ the Generality of Mankind implicate-
‘ ly admire) as a sort of passive Qualifi-
‘ cations only, which may be turned by
‘ the Possessors of them, as well to the
‘ Disadvantage, as the Benefit, of them-
‘ selves and others. As you profess your
‘ Labours are design’d for the Good of
‘ Mankind, I believe you will not think
‘ them ill employ’d, in directing us to
‘ the right Use of these Abilities, which
‘ may be, in either way, of the great-
‘ est Consequence to Society. I think
‘ you may very properly begin with Li-
‘ terature, for whilst the Effects of it
‘ are so far from being the least exten-
‘ sive, the learned World seem to have
‘ a more peculiar Claim to your Endea-
‘ vours; and I should be glad if the
‘ following way of Thinking, mixt
‘ with an Account of my own Method
‘ in Reading, would give you any As-
‘ sistance in so useful a Work.

‘ We

‘ We have received an Opinion,
‘ that it is the Difference of our Ge-
‘ nius’s, which divides the learned
‘ World into Wits or Coxcombs, Pe-
‘ dants, or Men of Sense. This, if it
‘ be true, must put a Stop to all our
‘ Endeavours; for if the Stars have ab-
‘ solutely determined a Man to be a Pe-
‘ dant or a Coxcomb, the wisest thing
‘ he can do is to sit still, and submit
‘ patiently to his Destiny. But I be-
‘ lieve we shall find this Notion to be
‘ no less false than pernicious, and, up-
‘ on a nearer View, discover that it is
‘ the End we propose in Reading which
‘ first ranks us under one of these Divi-
‘ sions, whilst the Difference of our
‘ Genius’s only entitles us afterwards to
‘ a higher or lower Station in it. This
‘ Opinion will give me leave to allow,
‘ that our Parts may encline us to some
‘ particular Sort of Study; (and some-
‘ times perhaps without leaving us room
‘ for any other:) For tho’ one kind of
‘ Literature may be far more useful than
‘ another, yet we may observe some
‘ Men of Sense employed in the worst,
‘ and an Inundation of Coxcombs pur-
‘ suing the most advantageous Parts of
‘ Learning. It is not therefore the Dif-
‘ ference

'ference of their Studies, which may
 'be the Effect of their Genius's, but
 'the different Use they make of them,
 'which must proceed from the View
 'with which they read, that makes
 'the Coxcomb, or Wit, the Pedant,
 'or Man of Sense. When I am in this
 'way of Thinking, I have frequently
 'amused my self with dividing the Bo-
 'dy of Students into the several Classes,
 'to which their different Designs in
 'Reading must naturally lead them.
 'When Curiosity or a Desire of Know-
 'ledge only engage us in our Studies,
 'we are in a fair way of being Pedants,
 'useless Criticks, Editors, Commenta-
 'tors, or Virtuoso's; all which, tho'
 'their different sorts of Studies may
 'seem to set them at a greater Distance,
 'are in reality very nearly related to
 'one another. The Desire of distin-
 'guishing our selves, may lead us into
 'either of the four Classes, as our Taste
 'of Applause is more or less refined:
 'But when we are engaged by the De-
 'sign of making our selves useful to
 'our Friends and Country, we are sure
 'of falling into the wisest Division, and
 'improving our Abilities to the best
 'Advantage for our selves and others.
 ' This

‘ This Design hinders me from throw-
‘ ing away my Time on impertinent
‘ Studies, and directs me to the most
‘ useful Parts of Literature, as well as to
‘ the Method of making the best Ad-
‘ vantage of them. I never shut up my
‘ Book without sitting down to consider
‘ what Improvement in Wit, Judg-
‘ ment, good Sense, or Virtue, I may
‘ draw from what I have been read-
‘ ing: And seldom conclude my Studies
‘ without bestowing half an Hour in
‘ throwing my Thoughts together on
‘ some Subject they have suggested to
‘ me, either in a serious or more divert-
‘ ing Manner; not without some distant
‘ Hopes that I may at last bring this
‘ Exercise to be an agreeable Entertain-
‘ ment to others, as well as a pleasing A-
‘ musement to my self. I look upon
‘ Composing to be one of the most ad-
‘ vantagious Improvements of my Time.
‘ I can very sensibly perceive already,
‘ that it gives me a Readiness in my
‘ Expression, as well as Method and
‘ Clearness in my way of Thinking.
‘ And tho’ I may still be very far from
‘ writing well, I shall venture to affirm,
‘ That there is a greater Distance be-
‘ tween my first and present Composi-
tions,

‘ tions, than there is between these last
‘ and good Writing. The Considera-
‘ tion that I have done my Part in pla-
‘ cing my self in this Division, makes
‘ me pursue my Studies with Delight,
‘ not only when the gayer side of my
‘ Temper flatters me with pleasing
‘ Hopes of raising my self to some Emi-
‘ nence among them; but also when
‘ my soberer Thoughts reduce me to a
‘ more equal Sense of my Abilities, and
‘ the Prospect of a much humbler Sta-
‘ tion. I am

Yours, A. B.

My Correspondent has laid before me
a Subject of the greatest Importance,
and at the same Time set it in a very
just and uncommon Light: Were I to
dispose of the Learned World by the
Rule he has given me, I am afraid I
should be oblig’d to drop most of them
before I could come to the last and wi-
sest Division: The numerous Volumes
of useless Pedantick Learning, elaborate
Trifles, and tedious senseless Harangues,
which infest our Press and Conversation,
would be but too plain Proofs, that no
small Number of the Learned World
are engag’d in their Studies only by a
Spirit

Spirit of Curiosity, or vain Affectation of Knowledge. I could wish the Number of those were retrench'd, who propose nothing farther from their Studies than an idle Amusement; and pursue Knowledge till they lose Common Sense, or (as a very elegant Author has express'd it) *Grow dumb in the study of Eloquence.* These, as my Correspondent observes, are guilty of the highest Injustice to Society, in sacrificing their Time, Wit, and every other Ability to the selfish Pursuit of their own barren Diversion. If I was to consider the Class of the wisest Readers, I am afraid I should be able to find but too few Instances of Publick or Private Characters, where Learning is the Source of agreeable Conversation, Prudence, and a superior Capacity for Business; or where it appears in Writing without any mean Shifts to catch at the vulgar Applause, and trusts to its real Merit for the Approbation of Men of Sense and Judgment. To encrease the Numbers of those who are so great an Ornament and Benefit to Society, I shall desire all my Readers, but more especially those who are entering into the World of Literature, to consider the foregoing Scheme in a more serious manner;

ner; and take care to place themselves amongst those who improve their Studies to the best Advantage for themselves and others. I shall also advise them in particular to the Practice which my Correspondent mentions, of bestowing every Day some little Time in composing; for I entirely agree with him, that this is by far the most advantagious Part of all our Studies. The Benefit of it is not confin'd to Writing only, but extends itself, in some measure, even to the ordinary Affairs of a private Life; and appears in a very eminent degree in a more publick Station, where Readiness of Expression, and Clearness of Thought, are equally necessary and advantagious. Were I to recommend any particular kind of Writing, it should be something in the Nature of this Paper. It has been observ'd that eminent Writers in other Ways, have seldom been remarkable for their Talent of Talking, and I think this Remark may be pretty easily accounted for. The Subjects of their Writings are remote from the Occurrences of Life, and require a Style too stiff and labour'd for even the most weighty and serious Discourses: And therefore it is no Wonder if they do
not

not excel in a Way, which is so very different from that which they are pursuing. Writings of this sort are liable to none of the foregoing Exceptions. The Subject of them generally turns on the Rules of Conversation, Friendship, and the Conduct of a publick or private Life; whilst the Style is raised but very little above our ordinary Conversation. In short, Endeavours of this Nature will enable every Man to improve his Learning to the best Advantage, and make even those who have but moderate Abilities, prudent in their Conduct, agreeable to their Companions, and useful to their Friends and Country.

N^o 70. *Tuesday, April 2.*

*Verum Iræ, si quæ fortè eveniunt hujusmodi
Inter eos, rursum si revertum in gratiam est,
Bis tanto amici sunt inter se quam priùs.*

Plaut.

OF all the Plays, either Ancient or Modern, the Tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*, written by *Shakespear*, has been held

held in the fairest Esteem and Admirati-
on. I do not reckon from the Vulgar,
tho' they, where their Passions are con-
cern'd, are certainly no ill Judges: But
from the establish'd Rules of Dramatic
Poetry, and the Opinion of the best Po-
ets. As to particular Irregularities, it is
not to be expected that a Genius like
Shakespear's should be judg'd by the
Laws of *Aristotle*, and the other Pre-
scribers to the Stage; it will be suffici-
ent to fix a Character of Excellence to
his Performances, if there are in them
a Number of beautiful Incidents, true
and exquisite Turns of Nature and Pas-
sion, fine and delicate Sentiments, un-
common Images, and great Boldnesses
of Expression.

In this Play of our Countryman's, I
think, I may affirm, tho' against the
Opinion of untasting Criticks, that all
these Beauties meet: And if I were to
examine the Whole, it would be no
great Difficulty to prove the Truth of
my Assertion. But I have singled out
only one Scene to be the Subject of my
present *Lucubration*: Omitting the in-
comparable Speeches of *Brutus* and *Mark*
Anthony, of which those of the latter
were, perhaps, never equall'd in any
Language.

Language. The Scene I have chose is the Quarrel and Reconciliation of *Brutus* and *Cassius*; and there being no better Way to shew the Excellency of it than by a Comparison with other simlar celebrated Pieces, I have therefore taken that Method.

The first Scene of this kind, in point of Time, as well as Beauty, is the Quarrel between *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus* in the first *Iphigenia* of *Euripides*; this Scene, and that between *Amintor* and *Melantius* in *Fletcher* I shall compare together: And endeavour to shew that *Shakespear* has excelled them both. In order to this I must quote the Remark which *Mr. Dryden* makes upon these three Pieces. *The Occasion which Shakespear, Euripides, and Fletcher, have all taken is the same, grounded upon Friendship: And the Quarrel of Two virtuous Men rais'd by natural Degrees to the Extremity of Passion, is conducted in all Three to the Declination of the same Passion, and concludes with the warm renewing of their Friendships. But the particular Groundwork, which Shakespear has taken, is incomparably the best; because he has not only chosen Two of the greatest Heroes of their Age; but has likewise interested the Liberty of Rome, and their own Honour,*

Honour, who were the Redeemers of it, in the Debate. In this Reflection, Mr. *Dryden* does not seem to have fix'd upon the true Cause of the Superior Beauty in *Shakespear*: For it is the same Thing, if they had been imaginary Persons, and the Poet had chose his Scene, and his Names, at Pleasure. *Amintor* and *Melantius*, in *Fletcher*, are a Proof that our being mov'd depends more on the Poet's touching our Passions nicely, than our being acquainted with their Persons as they are recorded in History. It signifies nothing where a Man was born, or who he is, the thing that touches depends upon the Character that the Poet gives of him at first, and his Name has no more Relation to the *Idea*, than that the Audience know him by that Distinction. If the Spring of our Passions arose from what Mr. *Dryden* mentions, we should neither be exalted nor depressed at many Scenes, founded merely on the Imagination of the Writer, either in our Author or others. We will suppose, for Instance, that there never was any such Person as *Cato*; yet if any Author, like Mr. *Addison*, should form to himself a Character of a great Man full of his Country, struggling for Liberty against

against the Tide of Ambition; and make him speak and act up to these Sentiments as He has done, 'tis no matter what Name he gave him, whether that of *Cato*, or any other.

But I must confine my self to the Subject I propos'd. The Ground of the Dispute in *Euripides* is this; *Agamemnon*, who, with the Confederate Princes of *Greece*, had begun a War to revenge his Brother *Menelaus*, and redeem his Wife, waits for a fair Wind at *Aulis*; and is told by the Augurs, that he must obtain it by the Sacrifice of his Daughter *Iphigenia*, which alone can appease the Resentments of *Diana*; *Agamemnon* generously consents to deliver her up to so great a Motive as the Vindication of his Brother's Honour; and sends for *Iphigenia*, from her Mother, on a Pretence of matching her with *Achilles*. But soon after the Father takes Place in his Soul, and he sends privately to countermand the Arrival of *Iphigenia*. *Menelaus* intercepts his Packet, and reads it; upon which the other charges him with Boldness, as being his Superior: He replies in the Language of an Equal mix'd with Threatnings; the Quarrel warms, till a Messenger comes to tell *Agamemnon* of the

the Arrival of his Daughter; and he then resumes his Design of Sacrificing her, which his Brother as passionately contradicts, as he before promoted. The Scene indeed is very pathetically work'd, the general good of our Country, and the natural Love of our Children, are the main Topicks which the Discourse turns on: and the Passions on each Side sink by soft Degrees.

In *Fletcher*, the two Friends *Melantius* and *Amintor* grow warm hastily, are reconcil'd soon again, but when a Method is propos'd to ease them by Revenge of an Injury to both their Honours, they quarrel anew, and cannot be said to be justly reconcil'd, because the Business, on which the Dispute happen'd, is entirely left in the Hands of *Melantius*. Honour and Friendship, the Violation of each, and the Desire of recementing them are the Topicks of this Action; the Passions are strong and vehement, but conducted more according to the luxuriant Fancy of the Poet than any Standard in Nature.

In *Shakespear*, there is a Beauty which is not in any of the Others from the Original of the Quarrel, which is, that Two Wise Men commence a Dispute
about

about a Trifle: And in the Sequel of it a great many severe Truths, which they never intended to tell one another, are naturally introduc'd from the violent Working of their Passions. It may be objected, that this is not a proper Ground for Men of their Characters to proceed to such indiscreet Violences: But what avail Objections when we see it every Day in Life; and know what Lengths Warmth of Temper will carry the best of us all to? *Cassius*, unknowing of the Occasion that the calm *Brutus* had to stir his Nature, enters in a Heat, is receiv'd with a noble Resentment, which is work'd mutually to a height by Aggravations easie and natural; till the Provoker submits, the Provok'd forgives, and each fondly excuse the Other of his Rashness. But there is another Beauty in *Shakespear's* Reconciliation, which is, that the Cause of *Brutus's* giving way to his Choler, does not appear till after they are reconcil'd: to which *Shakespear* gives the most excellent Turn imaginable: For after they are cool enough to enquire into the Cause of each other's Resentments, *Cassius* begins thus;

Cas

Cas. *I did not think you could have been so angry.*

Brut. *O Cassius, I am sick of many Grievs.*

Cas. *Of your Philosophy you make no Use, If you give place to accidental Evils.*

Brut. *No Man bears Sorrow better. Portia is dead.*

Cas. *Ha!—Portia?—*

Brut. *She is dead.*

Cas. *How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?*

I hope I have satisfied all my Readers, excepting *Furius*, of the Truth of what I asserted: And even he ought to thank me, for I have hereby given him the Opportunity of writing *Twelve-penny worth of Criticism* towards his Support. As for my other Readers, I dare say I can't recommend my self better to them than by telling them, that this excellent Play is to be acted on *Thursday* next for the Benefit of Mr. *Leveridge*; As he has shewn his good Sense by his Choice, I shall think but meanly of the Taste of the Town, if *Shakespear* is not honour'd with their Company, and be rewarded by a full Audience.

N^o 71. *Thursday, April 4.*

*Ubi quæram? ubi investigem? quem perconter?
quam infisflam Viam?* Ter.

IN the Circulations that I so constantly renew about this populous Town, I meet with a Word almost in every Body's Mouth, and yet, I fear, but very little understood, and that is *Merit*. The many Constructions to which this little Terme is by Custom applied, has very near confounded my Notions of it, and made me at a Loss to determine with my self in what it can consist. I have heard it a thousand Times usurp the Place of *Beauty*, and as often used for *Skill* in any Science; I have known it supply the *Idea* of *Learning* in Conversation, and sometimes appropriated to the expressing of *Modesty*, or good *Sense*.

I have somewhere read that in the *Chinese* Language a single *Monosyllable*, by the Difference of Accenting and Pronunciation, serves to explain Twenty several Things; and so amongst Us this
compre-

comprehensive *Diffyllable*, without any Alteration either in its *Orthography* or our *Emphasis*, takes in as many differing Significations. In the describing of Persons, or Confession of their Characters, it is become of general Use; and is reckon'd as Synonomous, in our Way of Talk, as any other Term which has the nearest Relation to the Thing we are speaking of. If a *Spark*, in the Raptures of his Imagination, attempts to set out the *Beauties* of his Mistress, and confines himself to that Theme alone, he cannot conclude the summing up her Charms without protesting, that *she is a Lady of infinite Merit*. The Lawyer who should talk of *Right* and *Wrong*, tells the Judge that his Client has *a deal of Merit* in his Cause; and even the Mechanick's Art is generally extoll'd by *the Merit* that he has in *his way of Working*. I could as easily demonstrate, were it to the Purpose, that it stands for *Riches, Capacity, Devotion, Power*, and a Number of Words as different in their Meaning, as their Sound or Derivation.

It may seem strange now that a Thing which we so much talk of, and that supplies so many several *Ideas*, should be in reality but rarely found, and more

rarely allowed in any Object. To take it in its most literal Signification, we would imply by it that such, or such a One, for some particular Talents, deserves so, and so: But even where this Due of Praise, or rather Acknowledgement, is most expected, we find the Character end in *very little* or *no Merit*. Envy, which is Emulation in the worst Light, intercepts this just Contribution to Desert; so that, from the Ingratitude of the World, we may form this Paradox, That *a Man may have much Excellence, but no Merit*. On the other hand, Interest and Flattery have such a Sway with Us, that we turn the Perspective, and can find out *much Merit*, where there is *no Excellence*. I cannot be thought too Satyrical in saying, that the Deference paid to a large Estate, a Coach and Six, and an Accumulation of Titles, is very often a Proof of this Assertion: Frugality, Continence, and Honesty in Men of the Middle Rank may be perhaps commended, but seldom any Merit is allowed them for these Virtues: And it is said in Derogation, that Circumstances, Duty, or Fear of doing otherwise, enforced them to the Practice.

The

The Prejudices and Prepossessions by which we so partially bestow the Title of Merit, bring back to my Mind a Description of Humour that I have formerly read upon this Subject, which I believe cannot fail of entertaining my Readers. A *Persian* Philosopher made the Tour of *Europe* for the Improvement of his Knowledge; and meeting with Things strange to his *Oriental* Breeding, sends, from what Country it is not said, the following Account to his Friend *Haly Ismaël*.

‘ I have observ’d many Things very
‘ singular here, but have more especially
‘ remark’d on what they call *Merit*. Their
‘ *Idea* of it is very particular, and we have
‘ nothing that comes near it; as I continually heard this Word pronounc’d
‘ with Respect, I conceiv’d it must either
‘ be a wonderful Thing, or a Deity: And
‘ it is indeed one of their Deities, to which
‘ the *Christians* offer a great Share of their
‘ Adorations. You must know, *Haly*,
‘ that this *Merit* never takes up its Lodg-
‘ ing among the Poor; but where there
‘ is most Grandeur, its Influence is great-
‘ est. You may see among certain of their
‘ Poor, something like Virtue, or so,
‘ which gives Suspicion of its dwelling

‘ with them: As, on the contrary, among
‘ certain of their Rich, there are Symp-
‘ toms which should make you doubtful
‘ of its Presence. However, *Merit* never
‘ quarters with the first, but is infallibly
‘ found among the latter.

‘ I desir’d my Guide to lead me to one
‘ of those Palaces, where *Merit* had its
‘ particular Residence. I was presently
‘ carried thro’ a spacious Portico, support-
‘ ed by magnificent Pillars: I was led on
‘ thro’ several Turnings, at which I met
‘ every Moment something Grand, which
‘ inspired me altogether with Fear and
‘ Reverence: I came at last, by the Di-
‘ rection of my Guide, to the inner Ap-
‘ partment of the Temple. A profound
‘ Silence reign’d all about, and I conclu-
‘ ded with Reason that it was the Time
‘ at which the *Christians* put up their O-
‘ raisons to this *Deity* I was extremely
‘ surpriz’d to see that this Divinity was
‘ but a Man seated in a great Elbow-Chair,
‘ much larger than was necessary for an
‘ Ordinary Man, but such as fitted a Per-
‘ son *Deified*, who should be at Ease, and
‘ in no wise embarrass’d. I observ’d that
‘ he had a Liberty of varying his Behavi-
‘ our: Sometimes he affected a mighty
‘ Air of Gravity, sometimes seem’d to be
‘ chagrin

‘ chagrin and melancholy. The Wor-
 ‘ shippers, that presented themselves, were
 ‘ oblig’d to pay their Adoration by an ob-
 ‘ sequious bending of their Bodies, appoa-
 ‘ ching with bare Heads, and likewise re-
 ‘ peating by Heart certain Wishes which
 ‘ they made to the God *Merit*. He fre-
 ‘ quently answer’d their Petitions by Signs,
 ‘ continuing to be silent; and every one
 ‘ from his Silence interpreted something
 ‘ either favourable, or disadvantageous, to
 ‘ himself.

‘ I impatiently expected when their
 ‘ Devotions would end, when another
 ‘ humane Figure, fantastically dress’d, and
 ‘ in as many Colours as the Rainbow, ad-
 ‘ vancing with Respect, and making the
 ‘ *Devotees* give back, whisper’d something
 ‘ in the Ear of the God *Merit*. What
 ‘ I particularly mark’d here, was that all
 ‘ the Worshipers had a most profound
 ‘ Respect for this motley Figure. The
 ‘ Disproportion between this Object and
 ‘ the God, in respect to his Dress and
 ‘ Manners, held me some Time in Su-
 ‘ spence; I concluded however that it
 ‘ must be one of the *Priests*; till my
 ‘ Guide inform’d me that it was one of
 ‘ the *Officers* of the Temple, who often
 ‘ rise to such a Pitch of Power, *that they*
 D 4 ‘ *them-*

‘ *themselves are deified.* The God *Merit*
‘ arising oblig’d his Worshipers to shew
‘ divers odd Postures, but all with the
‘ profoundest Respect. He pass’d thro’
‘ ’em into another Apartment, where
‘ there was a fresh Set of Worshipers but
‘ of a different Stamp. Here they had a
‘ Concert of Instruments, which I con-
‘ cluded was some Piece of Musick in
‘ Honour of the God. I was much a-
‘ stonish’d when I saw the God *Merit*,
‘ who was before so grave, serious, and
‘ reserv’d, go and place himself at one
‘ End of the Room, and together with a
‘ Woman, whom I took to be a God-
‘ dess, march to the other End in a new
‘ manner, make a sort of regular Move-
‘ ment, caper, and sink, and turn and re-
‘ turn, all to the Sound of the Instru-
‘ ments. This Novelty, you must guess,
‘ strangely affected me; and I was inrag’d
‘ to find that a part of the Infidels gave
‘ their Applause to these frantick Tran-
‘ sports.

‘ I now began to suspect that their God
‘ *Merit* was an extravagant and weak Dei-
‘ ty, and that it was to *his Riches*, not
‘ *personal Excellence*, they paid their Ado-
‘ rations. To conclude, I judg’d the
‘ Society so impure, that in my Return
to

‘ to my Lodgings, I wash’d and purified
 ‘ according to the Rites of our own Re-
 ‘ ligion. I made this Resolution, never
 ‘ to appear again at any Superstitions of
 ‘ the Christians, *since they presum’d to a-*
 ‘ *dore humane Folly in an Object ridiculous,*
 ‘ *and sometimes flagitious; yet all under the*
 ‘ *specious Title of Merit.*

N^o 72. *Saturday, April 6.*

—Pudet hæc Opprobria nobis
 Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.
Ovid.

I Hope it will not be expected from
 the rough Notions the Ignorant may
 form of my Character, that I am in-
 sensible of the Charms of the most
 beautiful part of the Creation, or can
 deny to answer any Request from a
 Lady’s Hand, if I can but *read her Let-*
ter. Tho’ my Passions are under the
 severe Corrections of Reason, and my
 Years are turn’d of that Date when
 Love and the *Small-Pox* are most whole-
 some and most natural; yet I frankly

D S own,

own, I can look at a fair Face with Admiration, and commend it without the Hope or Desire of pleasing the Object of my Praises. Beauty join'd with Innocence, and such should every fine Woman be thought whom we do not know, gives a guiltless glowing to my Heart, recovers the Remembrance of those Days when my Tongue overflow'd with passionate Address, and when that ceas'd, my Eyes and trembling Joints spoke for me to the adored *Miranda*: Then graver Reflections succeed, and I begin to examine by what secret Spring the Charms of an exquisite Form work upon the Soul, where is that imperceptible Line which reaches from the Eye of the Charmer to the Heart of the Lover, and what can be the Cause of all that Bitter or Sweet which at one Season of our Life makes us either Happy or Miserable. While I am thus engag'd I cannot help thinking of that Part of our Sex, who are the avow'd Enemies to every thing in Petticoats, who account it a Piece of Gallantry to condemn the Fair Sex by Wholesale, and, like *Atheists*, not content with dissenting from positive Demonstration, try to make Converts to their impious Opinions.

Opinions. I know from my own Experience that there are a great many of these rough Gentlemen studied *Hypocrites*, and as a famous *Stoic* in a racking Fit of the Gout, after he had bit his Lips a long time, could not help at last crying out, *Pain, do thy worst, I will not confess thee to be an Evil*; so this stubborn Class of Philosophers, in the midst of their proud Agonies, and the Swellings of a spiteful Heart, that pretends to hate the Object it loves, are reduced to a similar Cant of, *Woman, do thy worst, I will never own thee to be a Good*. It would be but a just Punishment if all the *Woman-haters* were forced to this Rack, to extort a Confession; and I am now thinking of a Method to put in Execution, by which, I hope, to diminish the Number of Infidels in this Land.

But, alas! it must be own'd, that there are some real, perswaded, practical Foes of the Fair, who set down, as was said of *Cæsar* in another Case, seriously and soberly to consider of Ways and Means to overturn the lawful Empire they have over our Hearts. Some Doctors in this impious School who have had, as such a thing may sometimes happen, bad Wives, have beat their
Brains

Brains in their Studies to prove that *Women have no Souls*: Which silly Doctrine, if we suppose it true, makes against them, since then they ought not to complain of them, because they are necessary Agents, or mere Machines, and so could not help being Domestick Persecutors. Others have treated them as if they had no *Bodies*, and so between both, we are to be perswaded out of our Senses, and look upon them only as ideal Beings, which have no Foundation in Nature. These Wretches I would advise the Ladies to use, as Mr. *Bays's Thunder and Lightning* do his Audience in the *Rehearsal*; those of a more bold Tone and portly Appearance may take the *Part of Thunder*; the Beauties of a shriller Accent and brighter Mein may play upon them in *Lightning*.

Besides these dull, proving, phlegmatic Blockheads, there is another Set of People of a more spirituous Turn, who have been intollerably guilty of abusing the Ladies to their Faces. These are the Poets, who of all Mankind have the least Reason, the best part of their Wit being owing to their Inspiration, but who have used it like some base Borrowers of Money in Suits against the generous

generous Lender. A Female Correspondent has drawn up the Charge against them, and brought the Offenders to the Bar with such a brisk Accusation, that I cannot help inserting her Letter.

Venerable Sir,

‘ **O**F the many Enormities the Theatre
 ‘ is guilty, I am sure the scandalous
 ‘ Reflections it is everlastingly making
 ‘ on the Women is none of the least.
 ‘ I must therefore recommend it to you,
 ‘ to make your first Attack on that Quarter.
 ‘ The Plots of almost all your celebrated
 ‘ Pieces are built upon *Woman’s* Falseness,
 ‘ Cruelty, or Impudence. If you find in any
 ‘ of them an abandoned Character, to be sure
 ‘ a *Woman* bears it. If an execrable Action
 ‘ depends upon it, a *Woman* is either the
 ‘ Author of it, or the Instrument. *Intolerable Partiality!*
 ‘ *Woman* is, I allow, the weaker Vessel, but
 ‘ does it therefore follow she is the Viler?
 ‘ Certainly, No: *Our Sex* can boast of as many
 ‘ *Heroines* as *Yours* can *Heroes*.

‘ Your Authors that are best acquainted
 ‘ with the Taste of an Audience, always
 ‘ take care to treat them at the
 ‘ Expence

Expende of the Ladies; To prove
this; I only submit the following Ci-
tations to your Consideration.

———— a Woman,
*Made from the Dross, and Refuse of a
Man;*
*Heaven took him sleeping, when he made
Her too,*
*Had Man been waking he had ne'er con-
sented.* Spanish Fryar.

———— Henceforth not name a Woman,
*'Tis Treason to my Ear——They are
The Bane of Empire, and the Rot of Power,
The Cause of all our Murders, Mischiefs,
Massacres.*
*Woman that damns us all to One sure
Grave,*
And faster damns, than Providence can save.
Constantine.

O Woman! Woman! Woman! all the
Gods
*Have not such Power of doing Good to Men,
As you of doing Harm.*————

Love for Love.

*I'd leave the World for him that hates a
Woman;*

*Woman the Fountain of all human Frailty.
What mighty Ills have not been done by
Woman?*

*Who was't betray'd the Capitol? — a
Woman!*

*Who was the Cause of a long ten Years War,
And laid at last old Troy in Ashes? —
Woman!*

*Who lost Mark Anthony the World? —
a Woman!*

*Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman!
Orphan.*

‘ I could give Ten Thousand Instances,
‘ but here are enough to convince
‘ you with what Barbarity and Insolence
‘ the Writers for the Stage treat our
‘ Sex. If you will be a Means to correct
‘ this Indecency, you will deserve
‘ well at all our Hands, but particularly
‘ at those of

Your Admirer

SOPHONISBA.

To speak impartially, the Complaint
of *Sophonisba* is but too just, our Poets
conti-

continually running riot upon this their darling Theme, without either Reason or Humanity. One would naturally suspect, that Disappointment and ill Success were at the Bottom of this Treatment, but then how bloody is it to take a Revenge upon the whole Sex, and fling Firebrands and Arrows blindly, and without Distinction, for the poor Peccadillo of a fanciful Frown, or a mortifying Repartee? This Wit surely has a very near relation to Madness. It is as if a Warriour should lay Waste a fair City, for an Affront from One, perhaps, the meanest Person within its Walls. And then again the Breach of Civility is so flagrant, that nothing can excuse it, and surely he must have a very odd sort of Modesty, who utters the bitterest Invectives upon the Sex, to the *Face of a Hundred Ladies together*, which he would blush to do in the Presence of *one alone*. Besides, the Male Part of the Audience are commonly as inexcusable as the Poet himself, for they seldom miss testifying their Approbation of his Insolence by a *Thunder-Clap* of Applause.

The best Advice I can give in this Case, is, that the Ladies have a particular View to their pretended Admirers, at
the

the Repetition of Passages of this Nature. Let them calculate by their Behaviour then, what their Opinion is of the Sex in General, and if they strike in with the vicious Taste of the Audience, let them be from that Minute discarded. This is the way to mortify their Pride, and reduce their Vanity to a more humble Temper. For my self, I am resolved to enter the Lists in their behalf, and do hereby profess my self their Champion upon more just Grounds, than ever a *Knight Errant* did in their Service.

N^o 73. *Tuesday, April 9.*

Imagines Cornelii Nepotis, & Titi Cassii tibi exscribendas, pingendasq; delegi. Quam curam tibi potissimum injungo: quia tibi Studiorum summa Reverentia, Summus Amor Studiosorum; & quod Patriam tuam, omnesq; qui Nomen ejus auxerunt, ut Patriam ipsam veneraris & diligis. Plin. Epist.

NOvelty in whatsoever Dress it appears is ever grateful to the World,
it

it is indeed so sure of pleasing, that it often does so where it should not, and recommends Vice it self to something like an Approbation: We see that the very Person defrauded cannot help commending the clean Address, or new Turn of Ingenuity, which an arch Rogue has made use of to his Damage. But when Novelty appears to bespeak our Favour in the Operations of a fine Mind, or a masterly Hand, we give into it with Pleasure, our Applause flows free, and unextorted, and we are proud to be either transported Hearers, or admiring Spectators. It cannot but happen that in a Nation naturally fruitful of ingenious Spirits, and in a City which is the publick Mart of the World, something of this Kind should continually arise, for the improving our Understandings, or the amusing of our Senses. All Foreigners know this so very well, that nothing curious is produced in any Country under the Sun, but it soon travels to *Great Britain*; as being the Place where Novelty is most encouraged, and Invention bears the greatest Price. Is there a Library of Value, or a Collection of Rarities to be sold in any Part of *Europe*, wherein an *Englishman* is not the chiefest Purcha- •

Purchaser? Have we not spoiled *Italy* of its exquisite *Statues*, and finest *Pictures*, *China* of its delicate *Clay*, and every other Country of something, which either from Nature, or the Fancies of Men, is held in uncommon Admiration? Nay, have not the Publick Decrees of our *Senate* offered larger Rewards to the Discoverers of useful Sciences, than ever *Greece* or *Rome* of old, or any of our present Rival Neighbours, had the Spirit to promise the Contenders for Glory? In This our Country is highly to be commended, and if we could be but a little kinder to our selves, in preferring the Work of our Natives to others, and scattering our Rewards at Home something more equally, we should still merit a nobler Degree of Praise.

In this Road of thinking was I going on, when my *Printer* came sweating in haste to me with a Letter, which he said he was order'd to deliver to me with great Speed, and which requir'd an immediate Answer. After thrice looking on his Face, and weighing the Importance of the Business by the serious Turn of his Muscles, I opened the Letter, and read as follows:

S I R,

S I R,

‘ I Hope you will do me the same
‘ Honour your worthy Predecessor,
‘ the Ingenious Mr. *Bickerstaff*, did Mr.
‘ *Dogget* some Years since, I mean, to
‘ grace me with your Presence at the
‘ Theatre in little *Lincolns Inn Fields*, on
‘ *Thursday* the 11th of this Instant; to
‘ see the Dramatick Opera called the
‘ *Prophetess*, or the *History of Dioclesian*,
‘ which will be acted that Night for
‘ my Benefit. If you shall be pleased to
‘ honour me so far, I will keep one of
‘ the Stage-Boxes for you, and your
‘ Friends; and to heighten your Enter-
‘ tainment, the Front of the Gallery
‘ will be that Night adorned with the
‘ *Original Pictures* of those Poets, who
‘ have been most excellent in the Dra-
‘ matick Way; as, *Shakespear*, *Ben.*
‘ *Johnson*, *Fletcher*, *Sir John Suckling*,
‘ and Mr. *Dryden*. Beside these, there
‘ will be a fine Piece of our *English Or-*
‘ *pheus*, the late Mr. *Henry Purcell*, who
‘ composed the Musick of this, and se-
‘ veral other *Dramatic Opera's*; A Friend
‘ of Mine will oblige me with a new
‘ Prologue on this Occasion, and I have
‘ nothing more to wish than your Pre-
‘ sence

‘ fence, to compleat the Satisfaction of
 ‘ the Audience, and that of

Your constant Reader and Admirer,

BEN. HUSBAND.

When I had read this Epistle, I could not but smile at the *respectful Spaces* the honest Man had left between, *Sir*, and the Beginning of his Letter; and the End of it, and his own Name. This indeed is a good Snare enough for a Lover to catch a young Girl in, and I remember, when I was a Youth, I always used it to my Mistress, and my Grandmother. But we Philosophers regard the Substance of things, not the Show, and indeed I am not a little pleased with the Decorations *Ben* has chosen for the Scene. It must give a fine rational Pleasure to the Minds of a well turned Audience, to behold, instead of a trivial Landschape of a Solitary Tower, or a waving Grove, all that can be preserv’d of the Images of our Fathers in Poetry. While they trace the Lineaments and Features of this glorious Assembly, forming to themselves the Ideas, of how they look’d, mov’d, spoke,
 wrote;

wrote; their Hearts should be inspir'd with such Sentiments of Delight and Wonder, as fill'd the Breast of *Æneas* in the Shades, when he saw the Images of the great Heroes and Captains who trod before him in the Paths of Fame; *Mighty Souls*, as *Virgil* says, and *born in better Days*. The Poets, methinks, should look on *Shakespear* with a Religious Awe and Veneration, and behold him with the same Eye *Mr. Dryden* did, in that incomparable Poem to *Sir Godfrey Kneller*, where he says,

*Shakespear, thy Gift, I place before my
Sight,
And ask his Blessing e'er I dare to write.*

Or, to go more backward, they may consider him in the View that *Horace* places *Pindar*, as an inimitable Original whose Flights are not to be reach'd by the weak Wings of his Followers; and say as *Dr. Donne* does by a Friend of his.

*Who have before, or shall write after thee,
Their Works, tho' toughly labour'd, will be
Like Infancy or Age, to Man's firm Stay;
Or early, or late Twilights, to Mid-day.
And*

And indeed there is not a greater Difference between the Flower of our Years, and the Beginning and Decline of them, than there is between *Shakespear*, and all other *English Poets*.

In *Ben. Johnson*, let them imagine to themselves the Picture of hard Sweat, Industry, and Study, creeping slowly after the boundless Leaps of Genius and Fancy, and painfully collecting from Art what Nature had denied; while *Fletcher* starts from behind like a younger Brother of a Wealthy Family bless'd with a large Fortune, still encreasing his Stock, and gathering more, but never able to rise to the Riches of the Patrimonial Estate. In *Sir John Suckling* let them see something of all these mix'd; and *Mr. Dryden* and *Purcell* are so lately withdrawn from our Eyes, that it is enough only to mention them to raise in us a thankful Veneration to their Memory.

Another Use, I think, may be properly made of the exhibiting these Pictures, and that is, that the Sight of these Great Men ought to strike our modern *Dramatists* with Shame, those unjust Robbers, who plunder their Graves, and murder their Memories.

Be

Be then the soft Rhimers and Turners
 of Verse confounded at the Presence of
Dryden, who imitate the Music of his
 Numbers only as Monkeys do the Acti-
 ons of Men by making them ridiculous!
 To these, when they boast of the Chiefs
 in Poetry, without resembling them in
 any one Excellence, let me apply that
 of *Juvenal*, to the Vaunters of their
 illustrious Lineage, and Exposers of their
 Statues.

*Vain are their Hopes, who fancy to inherit,
 By Trees of Pedigrees, or Fame, or Merit;
 Tho' plodding Heralds thro' each Branch
 may trace*

*Old Captains and Dictators of their Race,
 While their ill Lives that Family belye,
 And grieve the Brass which stands disho-
 nour'd by.*

The mention of these Great Names,
 my Reader sees, has carried me in a
 sort of Rapture, to pay some Tribute to
 their Ashes, forgetting *Ben. Husband*,
 who was the Occasion of it. But I now
 return an Answer to his Letter; —

Mr.

Mr. Husband,

I Will certainly come to your Play on Thursday next, and therefore take care to keep a Box for me. I shall enter in a plain Habit, becoming the Gravity of my Office, at the Beginning of the Second Act; and pray let it be your Province, to see that nothing be done in the House to provoke the Corrections of

Yours, The CENSOR.

N^o 74. *Thursday, April 11.*

——— *Hic Onus Horret*

*Ut parvis Animis, & parvo corpore majus;
Hic subit, & perfert; aut Virtus Nomen inane est,
Aut Decus & Pretium rectè petit Experiens Vir.*
Hor.

WHEN the Poets and the Philosophers rail at Greatness, and grow eloquent in describing the Miseries and Dangers of a high Station, they speak with such Warmth, that an unexperienc'd Mind would really believe them so much in earnest, that no Allurements could tempt them from their beloved

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Solitude into the Fatigue of a Publick Character. But we well know that, in most of these Declaimers, their fine Sayings are rather the Inventions of the Head than the Dictates of the Heart, and, at best, carry with them more Grimace than Truth: He who curses Business, longing at the same time to make a Figure in it; and he who despises a *Court-Life*, wishing from the Bottom of his Heart to shine in the Assemblies of the gay Circles, or the grave Advisers. However, we will for once suppose that their Contempt is sincere, their Language the Effect of their real Sentiments, and, by consequence, that there is not an Object under the Sun more disagreeable to them than that of the *Man* who toils under the Burthen of State-Affairs, whose Thoughts and Time are engross'd in the Discharge of the Duty of some important Office, for which he is fitted both by Genius and by Practice: This *Man*, I say, shall be that *Character* which they would not be, and cannot help Declaiming against.

But what Reasons can the Gentlemen of this Turn of Mind give for their very liberal Contempt of such a *Minister*? They may be reduc'd to Three, the necessary

cessary *Fatigues* of their Duty, the *Hazard* of their pleasing, the *Uncertainty* of their Station.

Well then; because these Inconveniences attend the Great Man, must therefore the Wheel of Government stand still for Want of proper Hands to turn it in a due Regularity? Are they themselves contentedly happy to stand at a distance from the Scenes of Action, reaping the Fruits of Peace and Plenty, and must no one stir in the Field of Business, none sow the Seeds of that Happiness they love to enjoy? How will even their own darling Tranquility be secur'd, unless some active Power was employ'd in quieting the rising Storms of turbulent Spirits, and breaking the Beginnings of those Disorders which they perhaps never knew or heard of? If the Spirit of *Discord*, that now hides itself in dark Places, and the Corners of Traiterous Hearts and unquiet Heads, were to be sent forth in all its revengeful Fury, vexing and tearing in every Path where it walked, (and it would walk in every Path) what would these calm *Sons of Indolence* say of the great Minister, whose Vigilance should have restrain'd and stifled it in its Infancy? Would they not cry, He slum-

ber'd with Design, and slept only that the envious Wretch might arise and sow the Seeds of Discontent among the Multitude? What bitter Vows, what heavy Curses would they pour on the Head of him, whom they have not now the Gratitude to thank, for keeping off the consuming *Sword* of the *Destroyer*, and the hasty *Hand* of the *Plunderer*?

But now to their Reasons: The *Fatigues* of their Duty is one Cause why these Men neither like them, nor their Duty. Now the Man in a Publick Character feeling a generous Concern for his Country, and his Inclinations strong for its Service, regardless of the Difficulty that waits on his Post, sacrifices all lesser Cares to this important View, all his Powers of Mind and Body are interested and engag'd for that alone. What should a Virtuous Mind do in return for this, but breath out all its kindest Wishes for his Success, and bless him in private, whose Life is spent in gathering Blessings for the Publick? Instead of this Conduct, they who are no Sharers in the Trouble, catch at every Occasion of being busy with his Fame, and soiling his Character. While he is striving to make the Current clear, they are employ'd in ruffling

ruffling the Surface, and muddying that Stream which is the common Care of all. Is the loss of Time, the necessary Recreations and Pleasures of Life, nay, even of *Health* itself, to be return'd with the Scorn of the Indolent, or the Rail- ing of the Intemperate, and perhaps all his Pains charg'd with base, unworthy Ends, and imaginary Crimes?

Their next Reason is: *The Hazard of pleasing.* This indeed is a Plea to mean and dastardly Spirits to decline the Road of Business and Honour. The Brave Mind is above it, that Difficulty only serving to arm it with a firmer Resoluti- on to undertake the Task, and leave the *Doubtfulness of Pleasing* to the Event of its Services. It must be own'd that in many Countries this is a startling Consi- deration, where Applause depends more on Humour and Passion, than the Con- viction of Facts, and the apparent Good of the Generality. We know that there is a *Nation* so wavering in its Principles, that *Prayers* and *Curses* for one Person have proceeded from the same Mouth in the same Day, and *Honour* and *Disgrace* chang'd hands in the Course of a few Minutes. This is the Shame of the weak Reasoners, and the hasty Believers, not

of the Object they are concerned about, He may still proceed in the same honest Tract he first set out in, and *They*, not *He*, be *changed*. But suppose the Displeasure is sure, yet must Integrity sacrifice to Humour and Popularity, and either lead or be led into every Extravagancy of a bold *Competitor*, or every Whimsy of a *fluctuating Multitude*? Not to please in such Circumstances, is to deserve best, and the only Hazard lies between Conscience, and the Desire of Power, and the last when it cannot be retain'd with the other, is nobly discarded to preserve it.

For the *Uncertainty* of their *Station*, tho' it be a Circumstance to be lamented, yet it is not one to be feared by a generous *Patriot*. The Point is to do good, and promote the best Means to that glorious End, and it does not enter into the Merits of the Actor, whether the Space that he moves in be scanty or wide, whether he continues long, or but a little while in Office. Those wise Heads which pretend to moralize on these Occasions, framing to themselves imaginary Schemes of Disgrace and Ruin, while they contain themselves within Bounds, and launch not out into Particulars,

culars, are safe in their old Sayings and threadbare Maxims. They might indeed as well tell us, that one Generation must die, and another succeed, that there will be Changes in the Course of the World, and such other venerable Truths. But they should consider that when they predict Certainties in their Political Schemes to any Individual, tho' their Thoughts are Chimerical, yet they are really injurious to the Person, as putting *Fools* upon surmising Reasons to themselves, and inventing Tales of Infamy, and cooling in others that brisk Sincerity, which they used to exert in the Defence of Honour and Integrity. It is not the first time that a groundless Report has spread and influenc'd so far, that it became a general Expectation in every Class of People, that a particular Officer was to be removed; and that very Expectation without any other Reason has sometimes made it necessary to remove him. This Uncertainty then arises not from the Station it self, since a Man may have the Happiness of always pleasing his Master, and always deserve to please him, and at the same time be the Object of the Defamation and the Aversion of others, who are no Judges of his Conduct.

duct. But, Heaven be thanked! we at present have the least Reason of any Nation to suspect a Fickleness in the Management of our Superiours; those Symptoms of a weak Mind, which were too *Hereditary* in our Government, are now worn out, and supplied by a more steady Scheme of Principles.

If I have not now said enough to quiet the troublesome Workings of Projecting Heads, yet I hope my Endeavours may something allay that Malignity of Tongue, which spreads its Poison in every Quarter, to the Infection of the well-meaning, and the certain ill-natured Pleasure of the Factious and Designing. This I can assure them, that their Patrons by all their fine Speeches and noisie Eloquence mean nothing else but the Want of Power, the Possession of which would turn the Stream of their Discourse, or leave them *dumbly contented*. I remember my self, a famous *Demagogue* in the *two late Reigns*, who had an excellent Talent at railing himself into *Preferment*; but who was no sooner warm in it, but an insuperable Spirit of Contradiction flung him out again. When he was in the latter Condition, he employed his Time in collecting smart occasional

casional Sentences, which he strove to apply in his Harrangues, with pointed Personal Reflections. Sometimes in the Hours of his *spiteful Leisure*, he would take abundance of unnatural Pains to burlesque *Horace*, or *Virgil*, into a *British Meaning*. By this Conduct he wriggled himself in and out of Office, without the good Opinion of any Body; and dying, he left a Name behind him, which no Man of Sense would envy. This Fetch of Politicks is now grown too stale to have any Effect, and therefore I would advise certain *Petulant Modern Talkers*, at least for some time, to a *Pythagorean Silence*.

N^o 75. *Saturday, April 13.*

*Datus in Theatro
Cum Tibi Plausus.*

Hor.

LE T us arm our selves never so strongly against, that weak side of our Nature, *Vanity*, yet in spite of all the Forces of a well-ballanced Head, and a Heart seemingly dispassionate, this little Self-flattery will find a Passage to the Soul,

E 5

and

and cling so close, that it is seldom laid aside but with Mortality it self. In our Youth, this natural Frailty lays hold of us, by representing to us how well we are turned for the gay Scenes of Life, gives us an amiable Picture of our selves, and makes us fall in with any thing that is offer'd in Compliment to our Person, or our Parts. Years and Experience, which one would be apt to think were better Teachers, and able to wear out the little Spots and Blemishes that clouded our younger Days, only supply us with a different Set of Vanities, which seem as ridiculous to the Youthful Part of the World, as theirs do to the Grey, and Graver Heads. So that it only amounts to this, that we laugh, and are laughed at in our Turns; and the best we can say, is, that there are certain Stages of our Lives, that as naturally produce their distinct Infirmities, as the Earth does Flowers and Fruits at proper Seasons, only some are more short-lived, and others of a more durable Quality, and Nature.

Should I pretend to exempt my self from the general Weakness of my Fellow-Creatures, I must assume a Superior Title to that of *Censor*; and should
be

be but ill qualified even for that I act in; if I had not experienced in my self many of those *Foibles* I am endeavouring to correct in Others. But tho' I have by long Study, and a severe Course of Philosophy, got the better of those Passions which usually carry a high Hand over our Reason, and are most uneasy to our selves and others, yet I cannot say that I am wholly divested of that close-sticking Garb, which I mentioned at the Beginning of my Paper, *Vanity*.

For This I have nothing to plead but my Age, which is now arrived at that Date when Folks begin to tell Stories, and most frequently in their own Praises. Now altho' I have more than once been the Object of the Laughter of the Gay Pretty Fellows in *Coffee-houses*, on Account of this my Infirmary, yet I cannot help indulging my self once more in this Humour, which I think the Occasion may justify.

In my Paper of *Tuesday* last I gave Notice, that I designed to be at the *Theatre* in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*; and accordingly, after I had overcome the Uneasiness of appearing in so publick a Manner, I gave my Man Orders to brush my *Black-Suit*, and prepare my *Cloak*, being
tempted

tempted to look three times in the Glass, in one Afternoon, (which I have not done since *Miranda* died) to adjust my Person, and dress with a Decorum becoming my Character. While I was preparing my self, I observed my Servant to smile every now and then, and leering upon me with an Air that spoke his Surprise, he at last ventured to ask me where I was going. Instead of a Reply, I bid him call a Coach, and order the Fellow to drive to *Lincolns-Inn-Playhouse*; telling him at the same time to keep his Seat in the Upper-Gallery without Noise, and never to point at his *Master*. When I entered at the *Stage-Door*, Mr. *Husband* with a great deal of Civility addressed himself to me, conducted me to the *Box* over the Stage, which he had taken care to spread with a *Carpet* in honour of my Presence at his Benefit. No sooner did the Audience behold my Countenance, which, without Vanity, has something in it Venerable, but they gav their common Testimony of Approbation by clapping their Hands in Compliment to my Appearance. Then did twenty vain Images arise in my Mind, and I was tempted to compare my self with *Augustus*, *Virgil*,
Bickerstaff,

Bickerstaff, and the Lord knows who; but, thanks to my Philosophy, I soon suppress'd those ridiculous Sentiments, and attended to the Play with proper Nods, Smiles, and an unaffected Alteration of my Posture. There was a Wagg of an Actor there, who endeavour'd to break in upon the well-fenced Gravity of my Temper by odd Gesticulations, bold Starings, and impertinent Winks; but I was proof against his *Buffoonry*, and left him to please himself, and my *Footman*.

The greatest Pleasure that I receiv'd through the whole *Play*, was to observe those *Original Pictures* that were the Ornaments of the Gallery, and could not help taking notice that Nose-less Sir *William Davenant* had more fearful Starers from the *Pit* than any of the rest of his Fraternity. For my own Part, my Eye dwelt upon my Favourites *Shakespeare* and *Dryden*, tho' I often stole a Look on the Company, which gave me a very sensible Delight. Honest *Husband*, thought I, has struggled with great Difficulties by chusing his Play in Competition with two formidable Rivals; but, I suppose, he depended on *Thursday's* being a lucky Day, according to my Calculation

culatation in my Second Paper: And indeed it prov'd so.

I cannot say that the Circle of the *Fair* was so well fill'd as might have been expected, but then I consider'd that I was an Old Man, and that *Nicolini* had a Benefit the same Night, tho' I am proud to tell the World that there were Ladies of a *British* Taste, who seem'd to prefer me to the best Foreign *Eunuch* of them all. Indeed, whatever our Beauties may think of the Matter, as old as I am, I would not change Circumstances with that celebrated *Vox*, & *præterea Nihil*, for all his Money.

When the Play was almost finish'd I was conducted out in the same manner as I enter'd, and asking Mr. *Husband* for the *Prologue*, which I lost by coming so late, he very frankly put the Copy into my Hands, with Leave to print it; and, I hope, I have no Pardon to ask of the *Author* on this Account; I am sure I am oblig'd to him for lengthening out my Paper.

P R O.

PROLOGUE spoken at *Lincolns-Inn-Fields Theatre*, on Occasion of the Pictures of our old *English Dramatick Poets* being plac'd in Front of the Gallery.

W*ith such Respect, such Pleasure, as*
we gaze
On Heroes dead, but living still in Praise;
Ev'n as we prize their Marble Heads in Bust,
Guarding the Tombs that hold their sacred
Dust:
With such Esteem should our admiring Age
View these Dead Fathers of the British
Stage:
Teaching their Eyes, in ev'ry rev'rend Line
To trace the Signatures of Wit Divine.

What living Wonder, whose Immortal
Name
Must stand hereafter on the List of Fame,
Who has Renown thro' thickest Dangers
sought,
Made Death a Pastime, or a Blenheim
fought,
But sighs to think, he liv'd not in the Days
For These great Masters to record his
Praise!

What

*What envied Fair, to whom indulgent
Heav'n
Has all the lavish Stock of Beauty giv'n,
That ever, in Excess of Rapture strain'd,
A Lover fancy'd, or a Poet feign'd,
But sighs to think, These cannot signalize
The pointed Glories of her conqu'ring Eyes!*

*What Son of Phœbus, panting for the
Bays,
(The wish'd Reward of his aspiring Lays)
That does not mourn, his too enervate Strain
Wants Johnson's Judgment, and old Shake-
spear's Vein!*

*Yet doubt not, Heroes, of a lasting Name,
Whilst in your Country's Cause you toil for
Fame.
Nor doubt, ye Fair, your Beauties shall in-
spire
The Hero's Passion, and the Poet's Fire.
Virtues like yours, if any, sure must raise
A Genius great as Theirs to sing your Praise.*

*We only mourn, on our declining Stage,
We want a Spirit equal to their Rage;
And tho' more Wits than ancient Rome we
boast,
The Roman Roscius to the Stage is lost.*
Tuesday

N^o 76. *Tuesday, April 16.*

—*Amoto quæramus Seria Ludo.*

Hor.

THE Revolutions of the Seasons, and Approach of solemn Times in the Year, are generally considered with a View to some worldly Pleasure or Advantage. The Preparations that are made relate either to the spending the Days with most Delight, or turning them to the best Account by an Encrease of Circumstances. I have visited in some Families about *Christmas*, that have been reckon'd People of an exemplary Conduct, and yet the making the *Pyes* and *Plum-pottage*, sending to the Carriers for the *Brawn* and *Turkeys*, and the precise Calculation of Visits promis'd, and Entertainments to be made, have even there appear'd the reigning Considerations. *Easter* brings Preparations of another Kind; the Discourse runs on fixing the *Country-Lodgings*, the concluding what Furniture must be taken

ken with them, and worrying the *Dra-per* and *Silkman* for Patterns to make the Children as gay as the Season.

For my own Part, as I am advanc'd in Years, as well as in my Temper but little turn'd to such Levities, I view these solemn Circulations of Time in a Light that best becomes a Man of Thought and Christianity. My Reflections are wholly abstracted from Humane Concerns, and I think my self obliged to grow an *Anchorite* to the World.

After this Profession, I hope, I need not warn my Readers not to be disappointed if they meet no Flight of Gaity, no Essay of Humour, in my *Lucubrations* of this Week. The famous *Persian* Monarchs, as we are told, had certain Persons dispers'd o'er their Dominions, who were call'd the *Ears* and *Eyes* of the Emperor. These serviceable Officers, without being discover'd, watch'd and reported the Motions of the Subject so justly, that their Masters being inform'd of the most minute Occurrences, were by the Vulgar reputed Gods from so strange an Intelligence. I shall imitate these *Eastern* Politicians in a lower Sphere, and plant my Scouts in the most frequented *Coffee-houses*, to remark

mark the Behaviour of the *smart* Libertines, upon my assuming a Subject with which they think it impertinent to trouble their Heads. I expect from these Spies, to hear that my Paper will be curs'd for its Formality; that it will be said, *The Fellow is turn'd Preacher*; and that, *Who would have suspected these Lessons from the Censor, when he was vain enough but the other Day to appear at the Play-house?*

If I find, that upon the Important Theme, to which I have set apart this Week, I cannot obtain the Attention of my Readers, nor oblige them to listen to what should be their Duty, I may be provok'd to turn *Demosthenes's* Arts upon them, and shame them into a little Thought and Application. Lest this Threat should not be so generally understood, I shall take the Liberty of explaining his Method. When that O-
rator was, on a Time, pleading the Defence of his Client who was brought to the Barr upon a Case of Life and Death, the Court, unattentive to the Merits of the Cause, were generally engag'd in private Discourses, and grew so noisie as to interrupt his Pleading. *Demosthenes*, who with Indignation perceiv'd their
Stupidi-

Stupidity, altering the Tone of his Voice and Stile of his Oration, address'd 'em thus. *Men of Athens, said he, permit me to entertain you with a pleasant Story. A Countryman of ours hir'd an Ass to carry some Goods from Athens to Megara. The Ass was loaded, and the Factor and Driver set out on their Journey. About Noon, the Heat of the Sun becoming insupportable to our Travellers, the Factor, untying the Load, drew Part of it out, and stretching it over his Head, walk'd under the Canopy. The Driver, who was a fractious Fellow, would not allow the Factor this Advantage: upon which a desperate Quarrel arose, the One insisting on his Right of screening himself from the Sun, and the Other asserting that his Ass was hir'd alone to carry the Factor's Burthen. The whole Court observ'd the strictest Silence, whilst the Story lasted, at the End of which Demosthenes descended from the Rostrum. When the People asham'd of their former Impertinence, intreated him to mount again, and go on with his Pleadings. Ascending as they desir'd, You could be silent, said He, my Countrymen, to hear Me talk of an Ass's Shadow, but would lend no Ear when I spoke to you of an Athenian that stands arraign'd for his Life.*

The

The Application of the Orator's Reproach is so easie, that I may leave it to every Man's private Reflections, and return to the Purpose of my Paper, which I design'd of a more grave and solid Nature. I had meant to perswade my Readers to dye, if possible, for a while to the World; and to let the Object of their Redemption, now so shortly to be celebrated, make such proper Impressions on their Souls, as to steal them away from Mortal Concerns. I have read a Letter, which to Me seems a fine Invitation to such Thoughts. It was wrote about Fourscore Years since by a Gentleman at *Paris*, to *Monf. D'Anglure*, who then lay on his Death-Bed: Its most affecting Parts are as follow.

S I R,

‘ I Cannot help reminding You that
‘ the time of *The Passion* approaches,
‘ the Memory of which ought to take
‘ up every Spirit, and fill the Heart of
‘ every Christian. As it is the Founda-
‘ tion of our Salvation, so should it be
‘ of our Hope, and principally of our
‘ Love. The sacred Institution that we
‘ owe to it ought to engage our Affe-
‘ ctions,

‘ ctions, and the Love that was expref-
‘ fed, and the Blood that was fhed for
‘ Us, fhould excite all our Refentments,
‘ all our Tendernefs. I would therefore
‘ to the utmoft of my Power, exhort
‘ You to turn the fhort Remnant of
‘ your Life to the beft Account, and to
‘ detach your felf from the World, and
‘ all its Impertinences. Look on great
‘ Riches but as great Obftacles to your
‘ Happinefs; that corrupt the Purity of
‘ our Manners, and debauch our Rea-
‘ fon, that often make Us prefer the
‘ Gift to the Giver, the Creature to the
‘ Creator. Yet there can be no Prefe-
‘ rence more unjuft than this: Aspire
‘ not therefore but at Eternal Treafures,
‘ and that your Heart being void of a-
‘ ny Inclinations to the Earth, may be
‘ prepar’d for fuch as are Celeftial. Alas!
‘ my Friend, you have Time enough
‘ behind to make you a Saint. It is
‘ not fo material how you have liv’d for
‘ the paft, if you are touch’d with Sor-
‘ row for having offended him, whom it
‘ is our Duty to adore. Make then a
‘ Sacrifice to God of all the Faculties of
‘ your Soul, as well as of the Members
‘ of your Body. Look on Life and
‘ Death as things indifferent, provided
‘ you

‘ you have a Regard to that which must
‘ follow the Dissolution of every Humane
‘ Creature. You have here, Sir, the
‘ Sentiments of a Friend that has advis’d
‘ you upon less important Heads, and
‘ Interests purely humane. Believe that
‘ these are of an infinite Consequence;
‘ and, I profess, I shall be concern’d to
‘ the last Degree, if you should slight
‘ such wholesom Admonitions as tend
‘ alone to your true Happiness. Resign
‘ your self entirely to Providence, with-
‘ out neglecting the Means for your Re-
‘ covery: You are allow’d a Recourse
‘ to the Aid of Man, as well as of Hea-
‘ ven, for the Restoration of your Health,
‘ and for the Continuance of a Life,
‘ which you may only wish prolong’d
‘ for the perfecting your Repentance.

The Circumstance of *D’ Anglure’s* then lying on a Sick Bed, makes not these Precepts more remote to the Interests of Us that are in Health: And if they are our Duties, they are most acceptable, when most voluntary; whilst our Bodies are Strong, and our Spirits in Vigour, and they are not encourag’d by the Admonitions of a faultring Constitution.

Thursday,

N^o 77. Thursday, April 18.

*Si, Minnermus uti cenſet, ſine Amore, Jociſque
Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in Amore, Jociſque.*
Hor.

THE most ſenſible Conviction, that ariſes in the Mind of Man, proceeds from Experiment; This brings Truth home to the Senſes, and ſtamps it ſo forcibly on the Soul, that it can never be forgotten or eras'd. Before the Tryal is once made, Speculation may amuſe us with ten Thouſand vain Notions of being in the right One way, or Other; a Willingneſs to encounter the Evil, or a Suspicion of its not being One, may push us forward to the Act: But the Smart of Suffering, or the After-Reflection of the Folly teaches Us a better Leſſon, and makes That demonſtrative Knowledge, which was before either Fancy or Suppoſition.

It muſt be own'd, it is a good thing to begin early to ſeaſon the Minds of Youth with juſt Notions of Virtue and
Religi-

Religion; and infuse into them an Abhorrence of vicious Principles, because it lays a Foundation of thinking well; and as long as the Guide is by to apply to the Rule, it must be of some Service in the Conduct of Life. But, indeed, it is as true that when that Restraint is remov'd, these fine Principles are not of any material Consequence. The Mind begins to examine those Maxims which it had receiv'd as Truths, thinks Some too severe, Others too antiquated, and all of them great Obstructions to the Schemes of Gaiety and Pleasure. In this Case it is not very hard to determine which way the Byass will lean; the strong and powerful Solicitations of Passion and Appetite being a considerable Over-match to the small Forces of Reason and Precept, which at that time of Day are commonly very barren of the Fruit that they bear afterwards, those natural Deductions which follow from Things suppos'd to be true. I forbear to mention many other Motives towards Vice, which work according to Inclination, Accident, or Company; because, perhaps, too Many would construe them as Arguments for

the Indulgence of those very Vices which I am endeavouring to correct.

As we have naturally a Disbelief of every Truth that thwarts the violent Stream of our Will, so it is really not to be expected that we should hearken to the cooler and sedate Thoughts of Others, while the Power of that Impulse remains. If a Man under these Circumstances had ask'd the Advice of *Socrates*, he would have drawn him on by easie Concessions into the Snare of condemning himself, and making him ashamed of his own Understanding. But, tho' the Consulter were never so much puzzled by the intangling Logick of the Philosopher, yet his Will would have still remain'd uncorrected: And those very Passions, which seem'd to be shock'd for the Time of the Dispute, would recur with an equal Vehemence, while the Adviser was not at hand to use the same pretty Magick in laying them. On the contrary, had he made Application to *Aristippus*, he might have left, perhaps, the Sting of a smart Sentence or two upon Him, and deferr'd him to the Experiment for a better Conviction. He would have said, *Go, get drunk, enjoy your Mistress, and come and tell me next Morning*

ing what you think of these Satisfaction.
You shall be a better Philosopher to your self,
than I can be to You. Upon Examination, this Management may be, perhaps, more just than that of *Socrates*: For 'tis well known that upon the Prospect of Pleasure, the Imagination is ever upon the Stretch, exerting all its Powers to form the Subject of them, whatever it is, in the most agreeable Dress; so that when it comes to the Test, whatever falls short of the conceiv'd *Idea* not only lessens the Delight in Proportion to That, but teaches us to believe that it is the same in all other Things. By this Means, the Man who is well cur'd of one Vice, may be cur'd at the same Time of Twenty; at least it goes so far, as to make a few more Tryals the Foundations for a Certainty in all.

In this Argument my Reader sees that I have omitted the severe Penances which Vice makes its Patients undergo; which is a Correction that they will certainly meet with one time or other. Vice soothes, pleases, and flatters at first, and uses its Servants much as *Æsop* did the sawcy Slave that hit him with a Stone:
 “ *Thank you, Sir,* said he, and putting
 “ his Hand in his Pocket gave him
 F 2 “ some

“ some Money, excusing himself that
“ he had no more; but told him that
“ if he would do the same Favour to a
“ Person of Distinction who was walk-
“ ing near, he would reward him bet-
“ ter.” The Fellow took his Advice,
and was hang’d for his Impudence. I
need not say that a Course of Wick-
edness has often carried the Jest as far
as *Æsop* did: tho’, indeed, that was not
the Penance I meant, which is one that
causes Amendment.

In this Kind of Experiment, Wick-
edness being a Scourge to it self, a Re-
formation of it is very powerful second-
ed by Nature: For a Man may possibly
get over all Sense and Inclination to his
Duty; he may proceed so far as to dis-
regard the Opinions of the World, and
not so much as be asham’d of any Guilt
he contracts; but he must feel the Un-
easiness of distemper’d Organs, turbu-
lent Motions of the Spirits, and a lan-
guid Frame of Constitution. These An-
xieties must remind him of the Causes;
and, perhaps, his first Thought may be
to avoid them for the future. To these
a Series of soberer Thoughts will suc-
ceed, and he will at least begin to think
that there was something in those Pre-
cepts

cepts of Virtue which he once despis'd. Punishment, as it quickens his Faculties, so it clears the *Medium* which he looks thro', and represents all Objects in their true and natural Colours. Repeated Tryals are but repeated Evidences of the same Truth.

That what I have advanc'd may not be so far mis-interpreted by *Libertines* as to make them plead the Necessity of being Vitious in Order to be Virtuous, I must leave this Caution with them, to compute from the Misery of others what the Effects of their own Follies would be. The Difference between the Practice of good and bad Actions, is, that there is no Danger in the first, but a great deal in the latter: And he must be very hardy who will venture on that Coast, where he sees Five out of Ten lost before him. The Loss and Sufferings of every Extravagant are just so much Gain to a rational Spectator; and of all Remedies in the World Prevention is the most easie, and most happy.

But if, after all, the School of Fools won't teach us Wisdom without making us of the Number, we are sure of being lesson'd in the End by our own Calamities. It is enough to Men of Sense,

F 3

who

who have any future Views, that the *Works of Darkneſs*, as the Apoſtle phraſes it, are *unprofitable*, at leaſt of no Uſe nor Advantage at all; but the Obſtinate and Self-will'd may be convinc'd to their Coſt, that *they who ſow Wickedneſs ſhall, as Job expreſſes it, reap the Whirlwind*, an unquiet, turbulent State of Life; which may either ſweep them away at one violent Guſt, or blaſt and weaken their Powers ſo, as to make them dread a Fall from the next feeble Breath that ſhall happen to aſſail them.

N^o 78. *Saturday, April 12.*

— *Animas, ſuperumq; ad Lumen ituras;*
Virg.

NOTHING gives a fairer Proof of the Truth of a reveal'd Religion, than that the System of it is eaſie, plain, and natural; not wrapt up in ambiguous Terms, or puzzled with the Conceits of vain and unexplaining Philoſophy. Even thoſe Parts which, as Matters of Faith, carry with them the great-
eſt

est seeming Difficulties, are infinitely more agreeable to Reason, than the wild and uncertain Conjectures of the Ancient *Sages*, of whatsoever Sect or Denomination. For first, as to their general Notions, they were dark in themselves, and made more so by the Confusion and Jargon of Terms to which they had affix'd no certain *Ideas*: So that every Master in their Schools, interpreting the Maxims of their Founder, according to their private Fancies, gave Birth to that Multiplicity both of Parties and Errors which appear'd among them. Thus they may be said not only to have walk'd in the dark, but to have taken false Guides too: And it is no Wonder then, if they were led out of the Way, and lost in endless Labyrinths of Dispute.

No better Instances can be given of their imperfect Reasonings, on the most material Questions that Philosophy is capable of handling, than those that relate to the future State of the Soul and the Body. They would fain have assigned some Reasons for their separate Existence in another Life; and, indeed, tried to measure out Rewards and Punishments in their Way: But then their best Arguments were so much overflourish'd with

Fiction, or weaken'd by large Concessions, that they could not but leave their Minds in great Doubtfulness and Suspence. The finest Piece which we have of Antiquity, and which indeed is more fine from the Eloquence of *Plato's* Stile than any Certainty in the Maxims of his Master *Socrates*, proceeds all the way upon Suspicion, without any fair and positive Proof: When in the Heat of his Spirit he has taken his Flight into the *Regions of Immortality*, he is every where amusing, sublime, and rapturous; but then we know not how he came there, or from what certain Point he set out, and the whole *Medium* betwixt the Present Life, and the Next, is an Interval of Darkness which the Philosopher made haste to leap over, only for the Pleasure of running into extravagant Descriptions of Happiness, where he could neither be confuted, nor confute others. This must be the Reason, why *Tully* has so finely remark'd on this Book of *Plato's*:

“ I don't know how it is, says that excellent Judge, but I find it to be true
“ that when I read *Plato* upon the Immortality of the Soul, I seem convinc'd of the Truth of his Notions,
“ and am willing to believe all he says;
“ but

“ but as soon as ever I have laid the Book
 “ out of my Hand, my former Conviction
 “ on slides away from me, and I turn
 “ *Sceptick* again.” This is the Meaning,
 tho’ not the exact Words of *Tully*. The
 good Man was charm’d with the Sweet-
 ness of the Eloquence, and the masterly
 Paintings of the Describer; but, upon
 Recollection, he found he was cheated
 with Words instead of Reason, and mi-
 stook bare Opinion for Argument.

If then their greatest Wits have con-
 fess’d so much of their own Weakness,
 what must we expect to find in their sub-
 ordinate *Classes*, what Dreams and Sha-
 dows, what idle Conjectures, and what
 unnatural Conclusions? The *Pythagorean*
 Notion, which bids fair for the Oldest
 amongst ’em, makes the Soul pass from
 One Body to Another, and run through
 all the different *Species* of Creatures, by
 way of Reward or Punishment: Allow-
 ing it a Memory of its past States to
 make its present more happy or more mi-
 serable. The Absurdity of making a Soul,
 which once actuated a Humane Frame,
 be debas’d by entering into Hides and
 Plumage, is too gross to bear a Reputa-
 tion: Besides, that it has been often re-
 futed by the Destroyers of each others
 Systems.

Plato, who has mix'd the *Pythagorean* Notions with an Addition of some few of his Own, makes the Souls of Men in a future State capable of Misery and Happiness, and returnable into a Humane Frame. *Virgil* has given us this System at large, and dress'd it in a most agreeable Manner; the Defects of which will be best seen by recounting some particular Passages in his 6th *Æneid*. The Objects that are presented to *Æneas*, at his Descent into the Shades, in Either Condition, are describ'd as fine organiz'd Matter, that fall under the Senses of the Hero, receiving according to their Merits or Demerits their proper Stations in the Mansions below. But then there was but one Parcel of them who were destin'd to reascend, and be united again to a Humane Body. In this Scheme, the cloathing the Spectres with only a finer Texture of Matter, is meer Fancy; and it is a Doubt whether the partial Allotment of only Some to enter into Life again, be a Reward or Punishment. It were needless to enumerate any more of these, or other Notions of the Philosophers; and therefore I shall go on to shew all their Absurdities more plainly, by opposing to them the Principles of reveal'd Religion.

This

This tells Us, that after the Natural Divorce by Death, the Body and the Soul shall be reunited, and exist together in a future State. It does not ask this as a Concession, but by clearing our Notions of a Divine Being, and representing its Attributes in a more full and extensive View to our Understandings, makes it necessary, that from the comprehending the One, the Other should naturally follow. Thus tho' the Heathens, at least the wisest of them, believed the Power of *Creation* in the Supream Author of all things; yet had they no Thoughts of that Power extending so far, as to join again the same Particles of Matter, into which it had infused a Rational Soul, and cause them, after ten thousand Mutations, at one Summons to be rebuilt to receive the same Inhabitant. One would imagine, that the very *Idea* of an *Omnipotent* Agent should necessarily include all those Consequences which Christianity teaches us: and yet without Revelation, it could not so much as enter into their Heads, that a *Resurrection* in our Sense could be. But the Argument of there being *nothing impossible with God*, answers at once all the Scruples which Philosophy either finds

or invents. Our Reason too gives its Suffrage to this side of the Question, since if there be any Comparison to be made in the Case, the *Power of Creating*, which is granted by all, is greater than the reassembling the confused parts of Things, already *Created*, into a certain Form, or Order. And again, how consonant to the measure of Justice is it, how correspondent to the Attributes of a wise Governour, that the Punishment, or the Reward should square with the Offence, or the Merit? The same Person, that is, the united Substances of Spirit, and Matter, become the Object of the Divine Wrath, or Beneficence? Herein is no Perplexity, no continual shifting of the Scene from Place to Place, and driving thro' an infinite Number of Changes, to be succeeded by as many more, only to hide our Ignorance, and disguise the Lameness of our Reason.

But a greater Argument still remains behind, which the poor benighted Heathens could have no just Notion of, unless we will account Those such, which were laughed at, and exploded by their Philosophers. We have a *matter of Fact* to prove the Truth of the *Resurrection*, it has actually been, and witnessed to by

a Number of Evidences, such as is sufficient to ascertain the Truth of any one Historical Point, tho' seemingly never so difficult. The Time to contest it, and the Reasons for contesting it, were very powerful Circumstances to induce the Enemies of our Faith to begin then, and yet it was not attempted; so plain, so certain, so Publick, was the great Article of the Christian Belief manifested without Contradiction.

Now, he who will seek farther than the Proofs arising from *Reason*, and from *Fact*, will never be contented with any other, since they must needs be Inferiour to these. They may indeed put curious and impertinent Questions concerning the Manner of its being transacted, but deserve no better Answer than that of the Apostle, *O Fool!* This Reprimand, tho' a sufficient Check to unnecessary Enquirers, did not hinder him from giving such Reasons to prove the Truth of his Assertion, as I should wrong by giving them in any other Words but his own. To those I refer them, which when they have examined, I hope, they may receive a noble Christian Confidence to cry out with him at the Conclusion, in that fine *Apostrophe*; *O Death, where is thy Sting? O Grave, where is thy Victory?*
Tuesday,

N^o 79. *Tuesday, April 23.*

Utile finitimis abstinuisse Locis. Ovid.

MY Correspondents of both Sexes have called upon me very much of late, to treat of the Subject of *Love*, and I find their Demands encrease upon me, upon the nearer Approach of the Sun to our cold Climate; that *God of Day*, as the Poets call him, causing very *troublesome, uneasy Nights* to the Youth of our Nation. *Florella* complains, that she has not slept well since *Jonquils* have blown, and poor *Mirtillo* only wishes for the spreading of the Leaves, to make the Shades more agreeable to his beloved Shepherdess. Others of my *Love-Casuits* put Cases to me about the properest Season of wrestling with the *Fair*, and whether a beautiful Bed of living *Grass* is not much more preferable than when mowed, and tossed into the Form of a *Hay-Cock*. To the last I answer, that if the usual *shaking* Spring-Fitts, which are sometimes attended with very unlucky Symptoms,

Symptoms, could be prevented, I should judge this part of the Year more proper to take a Fall in, than the fiery Season of *Autumn*. My Opinion is grounded upon some Physical Reasons, which it is not material for them to know, only I would advise them in the Choice of their Places of Diversion a little, before I comply with their Humour in meddling with that most comprehensive Subject *Love*.

Whatever Scenes they are pleased to pick out to spend those gay Parts of Time, which are misnamed *Holy Days*, I desire them rather to chuse such as lie near the *Water*; it being my Opinion that that Conveyance for Lovers is not only more cheap, but more wholesome and delightful, than being stifled up in a *Hackney-Coach*. The Men no doubt will plead for *Coaches*, but I warn my Fair Readers not to lift a Leg into those *Vehicles*, without giving me a distinct Account of the Age and Complection of their Gallants, and receiving an Order under my Hand for that Practice. These I call *Love-Warrants*, and I have left some in my *Printer's Hands*, to be disposed of upon proper Application. I gave One the other Day in the Form following.—

Love-

Love-Warrant from the Censor, N^o I.

IT having been certified to me by *Miss Jenny Johnson*, and likewise by the Attestation of her Mother, and several Matrons in the Neighbourhood, that *William Wagstaff Esq;* her Lover, is turned of the Age of Thirty Five, of a *Dry Constitution in the Third Degree*, and is but lately recovered of a Fit of Sickness, I do permit the above-mentioned Parties to go in a *Coach* as far as *Kensington*, and no farther; and any *Hackney-Coachman* is hereby permitted to take them up without Scruple, upon Sight of this Order.

Signed,

The CENSOR.

I have not heard that any other Consequence followed upon this Warrant, but a *Dish of Chickens and Asparagus*, a moderate Glass of Wine, and a seasonable Return from the Gardens at seven in the Evening. If the Youth would be but so just to themselves as to come into these Measures, I should prevent that immoderate Consumption of *Church-Warden's Capons*, so enormously practised

sed in all the Parishes of this populous City. The Noisy Pleadings in *Westminster-Hall*, occasioned by unseemly *Acts of Battery*, would be by this Means much less frequent than at present; and *Doctors Commons* would not be so often obliged to punish and bind up the offending Female Tongues to their good Behaviour, which they now can hardly effect with all their Fines, and Damages. Nothing would be heard of but the Trade of *Licences*, the Revenue of which would be vastly improved, if my Scheme should take Place.

Instead of this wholesome Practice, let but the few Philosophers of our Age walk over the *Hampsted* and *High-gate* Fields; and how shall their Eyes be offended with the Sight of *irregular Decumbitures*? Instead of One curious *Botanist*, who is ranging over the Meadows for useful *Simples*, to allay the feverish Heat of the Blood, and preserve Life; what Numbers shall he meet with, who take a Pleasure in bruising the tender Plants, and heightning that *Crisis* of the Blood, which Nature designed them for to moderate? Even *Greenwich-Park*, tho' one might expect the Company there to be more temperate from their Water-Carriage,

riage, has not been without shrewd Signs of the evil Disposition of its Walkers. Heaven knows what odd Business goes on below, while honest Mr. *Flamstead* is observing the Conjunctions of the heav'nly Bodies. I say nothing of some famous *Chaces* that were formerly made within those Limits, tho' I believe they made as much Noise at one time, as the *Signing of Magna Charta* in *Runnymede* did heretofore. If that Trade had been vigorously pursued by the Youth of our Nation from the Example then set them, I am afraid we should have been forced to build another kind of an *Hospital*, as large as that for the *Emeriti* in the other Warfare.

Beside these Places, I cannot but reflect with some Concern on the Number of *Gardens* round about this spacious City, where nothing is less minded than the Culture of the Flowers and Fruits. You may indeed meet with a *Hot-bed* or Two for *Cucumbers* and *Melons*, but the rest is all barren *Shade*, or withdrawing *Boxes*, *Towers*, and *Ships*, to make some amends for the other Defect. In these Gardens we may say as *Milton* does of *Enna* in *Sicily*.

That

——— *That fair Field*
Of Enna, where Proserpine, gath'ring
Flowers,
Herself a fairer Flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd. ———

What shall I say of those polite Artificers who have contriv'd to bewilder the Mind every step the pretty Walker takes, and by dividing and puzzling the Passages of the green Roads, leave her as much at a stand which Path to chuse as ever *Knight-Errant* was, and give her, perhaps, as many Troubles and Adventurer as ever the best of them encounter'd with? These Inventions, it must be said, keep up to the Designs of their first Founder, and *Labyrinths* are still the *Concealers of Shame*. Let the Ladies therefore have a just dread of entering into these Places; let them believe it to be all enchanted Ground, where it is Ten to One if they do not raise a *Devil* or a *Conjurer*, sooner than an *Hare* or a *Partridge*.

And now I am giving Advice, I must go on to make it of Use to all the Parties of Pleasure and Diversion the Season affords. In general then; I beg of the
 Fair

Fair Sex not to accept of the customary Present of a *Green Gown*; but always to remember, at those kind Offers, the old Proverb, *There is a Snake in the Grass*. I except the Poets from this Rule, who if they will but make as good a Copy of Verses as Mr. *Waller* has on the same Occasion, the *FALL* may be forgiven. Let them try to make such an Apology as the following Lines at the Conclusion of that Poem.

*Then blush not, Fair, or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble straight,
How could he then support your Weight?
How could the Youth, alas, but bend,
When his whole Heav'n upon him lean'd?
If ought amiss by him were done,
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.*

I must forewarn them too of *Musick* and *Dancing*; those Recreations, unless they had a powerful *Sylph* to keep them from tripping, being a little too slippery to be trusted at any other but the Good-time of *Christmas*. If they have an Inclination to be Spectators only of Feats of Activity, *The Postman* informs me that one of their own Sex, the *Lady Butterfeild*,

feild, shows in Publick to Morrow;
“ She challenges any Woman in *England*
“ to ride, or leap a Horse, run a-foot, or
“ hollow, tho’ Seven Years younger;
“ but not a Day older, because she would
“ not undervalue herself.

Methinks there is more Spirit in this Advertisement than in any of our *Swordsmen’s* at *Marybone*; and her scorning to take the Advantage of Age, tho’ she allows it to others, is perfectly *Heroical*. I am not so much satisfied in other Points indeed, and it is no small Scruple to me to fix the Date, when *leaping of Horses*, and *hollowing* came to be Female Diversions, unless we derive them from the ancient *Amazonian* Spinstresses.

I don’t know but that I may be present at this famous Entertainment; but I warn the *Beaus* not to come too near my *Lady Butterfeild* for fear of Consequences; she seeming to me from these Masculine Qualities to be, as *King Charles* said on another Occasion, the *likeliest Woman in England to get a Man with Child*.

Thursday,

N° 80. *Thursday, April 25.*

Acrius advertunt animos ad Religionem.

Lucr.

SINCE the Days of *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq; of facetious Memory, the Fraternity of Gamesters have not fell under the Notice of a publick Pen, and therefore I, as his Descendant by a collateral Branch, think my self oblig'd to observe a little on their Ways and Manners. But I desire the Gentlemen of the Faculty to be under no Apprehension of my paying them so much Respect as to be the Publisher of their respective Rises and Falls, their lucky, or unlucky Runs of Chance; since I go to Bed too early to be a Spectator of their nocturnal Industry, and am too tender of the worst Man's Fame to take his Reputation upon the Credit of mere Report.

When I consider this *Species* of Mortals, it is with quite another View; the Light I place them in being in Opposition to that of the Free-thinkers. This latter

latter Sect set up for divesting the Mind of Prejudices, rooting out the Weaknesses of early Credulity, and putting to flight all the Chimera's and Fears that Priests and Nurses have settled in the Souls of those, whom they term, Believers. On the contrary, *The Knights of the Table* are continually putting their Invention upon the Rack to fill their Heads with Fancies and Images which have no Foundation in Nature or Reason; supplying their Understandings with imaginary Aversions and Sympathies, and filling those Cells of the Brain, which the *Free-thinker* had left empty, with a Swarm of superstitious Idea's. As it is a known Maxim with some Sots never to lay the Blame of their Intemperance on the true Cause, the Quantity of the Wine; so it is with some Gamblers, never to impute their Losses or Winnings to the Inequality of Chances, but to some other Foreign Reason. The one gets heartily fuddled with his Four Bottles, and is sick in the Morning upon no other Account than that he eat a Piece of an *Orange*; the other did not lose his Money on the Strength of Luck, or Inadvertency, but by the Entrance of some *strange Figure* into the Room. *This*

is sure he should have won a Thousand, if such a Trifle had not happened; and *That* is as positive that he had gone home sober, but for an Accident equally ridiculous and unaccountable.

There is *Will. Caster*, whom I saw Forty Years ago at *Bath*, who lives very comfortably at this Day upon an Annuity of Five Hundred, which he gain'd merely, *as he says*, by placing his *Hat* on a particular fortunate *Pegg* in the Room. On the other Side I have seen *Sir Thomas Rattle* sit four Hours together at the Expence of a *Manor* and *Appurtenances*, and not discover the Reason of his Loss, till he rose up, and found he had sat upon a *Broken Chair*. Some shall do the Penance of passing the Box for an Hour or Two, while they are longing to play, in expectation of the Removal of some unlucky *Muscles*, or a vacant Seat that they are sure *Fortune* has chose to *make rich*. It has been known that a large Plantation of Oaks, or a Mother's Jointure, has some times, in the Fancy of the Players, turn'd on the Waiter's Mistake of bringing in a Glass of *Wine* instead of *Water*. I believe I need not say, that there are now living at least Fifty Gentlemen, who will

will give their *Oath* they never won on a *Friday*.

When once this Humour of Mind grows strong upon the Patient, he descends into Ten Thousand subordinate Degrees of Superstition, which he is much more perswaded of, than of the Truth of any other Proposition, not to say, *Articles of his Faith*. What a fine Scene is it to see a Man in all other Acts capable of Reason, and proposing the most probable Means of accomplishing any End, sit with his Arms extended half an Hour, and *barring the Cast*, 'till he has, in the Phrase of the Fraternity, *touch'd the Dice*? When the Imagination is once at work upon such an Idea, there is not a Passion in the Mind which it will not command; and the Hazard of Life it self shall be run, sooner than this fantastical Fondness be denied gratifying. I remember I was asking after an Old Acquaintance the other Day, when it was told me he was dead, and upon enquiring how, it was answer'd in a Duel, and this sufficient Reason given for the Occasion, "He barred my *Lord Fickle*" "Twenty Times, was challeng'd, and" "run through the Body.

But I must proceed to more extraordinary Acts of Credulity, which this Sett of unhappy Men are sometimes guilty of; and in this we may be convinced, that the Notions of Omens and Magic are not lost in their *Christianity*. *Mercury* and *Laverna* were never addressed to by the Ancient Pagans with more earnest Sincerity, than these *Devotees* do the Fictitious Power of *Chance*, which has succeeded in their Stead, and has now perhaps as many Temples, as there are Gamblers Hearts in the World. *Trivio* in my Memory has risen with the Summer Sun, and walked three Miles to put his Hand in an Enchanted Hole in the Ground, and then returned to his Afternoon Play, with an assured Confidence of Success. There are, indeed, if the Truth were known, as many Orders of this kind of Men, as there are of Fryars in the *Romish Church*, of which the *Barefooted Gamblers* are not the least considerable. These walk naked round their Chamber for an Hour every Morning, and compound for a Cold, or Sore-Throat, on the Expectation of their Evening Cure, by coming well-laden Home. The *Turners of Stockings*, and the *Changers of Wiggs*, are another Order,

der, these Superstitions being their *Infal-
lible Guides* to Wealth, and good For-
tune.

When I have considered of these
strange Weaknesses of our Reason, I
have been tempted to think in what
Manner a *Siamite*, or such remote Hea-
then who should be present at these
Scenes, would express himself in an Ac-
count to his Correspondent. I have ta-
ken therefore a sort of Game, which is
well known among us, and confined his
Observations to that only, and supposed
him, after a Sight of a full *Pharoah-Ta-
ble*, to send to *Siam* the following Ac-
count.

“ All the *European* Nations in gene-
“ ral pretend to the Worshipping of
“ but One God, but I can scarce cre-
“ dit them in this Profession: for be-
“ sides those living Divinities, to which
“ they so visibly, and with such Zeal,
“ devote their Services, they have like-
“ wise inanimate Deities, to whom they
“ do Sacrifices, as I observ’d when I
“ accidentally was present at One of
“ their religious Assemblies.

“ They have in their Chappels a large
“ round *Altar*, adorn’d with a green
“ Covering, and illuminated in the

“ Middle with large Wax-Tapers; a-
 “ bout which a Number of their *Zea-*
 “ *lots* rank themselves on Seats, as we
 “ do at our private Domestick Sacrifices.

“ In the Moment that I entred, One
 “ of the Company, who was undoubt-
 “ edly the *Sacrificer*, spread over the
 “ *Altar* a Parcel of *Leaves*, which he drew
 “ out of a *little Book* he held in his
 “ Hand: these *Leaves* bore the Repre-
 “ sentation of certain Figures, that, tho’
 “ but scurvily painted, were intended for
 “ the Formes of some certain Deities; for
 “ still as the Priest distributed them a-
 “ round, Every One made his *Offering*
 “ in Proportion to his *Ability* or *Devo-*
 “ *tion*. And I observ’d that these Of-
 “ ferings were much more considerable
 “ and profuse, than those that they make
 “ in their *publick Temples*.

“ Some few Ceremonies past, the
 “ Sacrificer, with an odd kind of Trem-
 “ bling, handled the *Book*, and seem’d
 “ for a while seized with the utmost
 “ Apprehensions: the Circle of *Devo-*
 “ *tees* sat attentive to his Motions, in the
 “ greatest Suspense imaginable: and as he
 “ turn’d up every distinct *Leafe*, they one
 “ after another were differently agitated,
 “ as the Spirit particularly possess’d them:

“ one

“ one seem’d to praise Heav’n by clapping together his Hands, another fix’d his Eyes on the Image of his Deity, and grinn’d with some Resentment; a third bit his Fingers and knock’d his Heels against the Ground; and in a Word, all threw themselves into such extraordinary Postures and Distortions, that they no longer seem’d of the humane Species. At last, the Sacrificer himself had no sooner turn’d up a particular Lease, but he shew’d the same Symptoms of Frenzy, tore to Pieces his Book, and was ready to eat it up, overturn’d the Altar, and blasphem’d the Sacrifice: then arose Complaints and Groanings, Cries and Execrations: To see them so enrag’d and transported in their Devotions, I concluded that the Gods they worshipp’d were of a jealous and resentful Temper, and to punish them for sacrificing to Others, sent every One an ill *Demon* to be their Tormentor.

N^o 81. *Saturday, April 27.*

*Pars hominum vitis gaudet constanter, & urget
Proposuit: pars nulla natat: modo recta capeffens,
Interdum pravis obnoxia. Sæpe notatus
Cum tribus amellis, modo lavâ Priscus inani,
Fixit Inequalis, Clatum ut mutaret in horas.* Hor.

The UNEQUAL Man.

ALL of us, from that Mixture and Intercourse which the Necessity of Society makes us have with each Other, know by Experience the vast Variety of the Tempers, Genius, and Inclination among the different Members of our Species, and from thence we give them, according to the Standards we have set, their different Degrees of Virtue and of Vice. Some we call just or good, others chaste or temperate, some immoral, some perverse and obstinate. In many Individuals we shall find Good and Evil so blended, and so seemingly partaking of each others Qualities on every Occasion they are exerted, that it looks as impossible to separate them, as it is to draw

draw a Line between the Fresh and the Salt-water. Of all these Kinds Company furnishes Us with a Number of Instances, which every Man may easily point out for himself.

But what seems more unaccountable, is, that the strangest Extremes both of Virtue and Vice should meet and agree in one and the same Person, and that at very numerous Intervals of Time, without perceiving how, or from what Reason, the Transition from one Point to the Other was made. The common Changes of Fortune or Health, may make a Wise Man submit himself to the Circumstances and Occasions of Things, and so appear a different Person from what he was: but when no visible Alteration of Thought can be trac'd from External Accidents; and the Morning *Demure* leaps on a Sudden to the Evening *Libertine*, we are as much amaz'd, as lost and puzzled, to give an Explanation of their Conduct.

The first Character which is remarkably drawn at Length of this Kind in Antiquity, is that of *Tigellius* in *Horace*. The Particulars of this various changeable Creature, must have been so well known at that Time, that we may sup-

pose so polite an Author as *Horace* would not have ventur'd to have added any thing to them, since they must have fell under the Notice of the People every Day. The Picture is so finely irregular, that I can't help putting it into a Modern Dress, to give my Readers a juster *Idea* of the *Unequal Man*.

Tigellius was, in every Action of his Life, the most inconstant Creature to himself; ever varying his Manners, his Oeconomy, his Humours, his Sayings, nay, and even his Habit. As he had a good Voice, he would sometimes strike up, and sing for Hours together without being ask'd, in the most indifferent Company. At other times, when he was with the Greatest Men in *Rome*, even with the Emperor himself, he would deny him the Favour of a Song, and sit silent the whole Night. Sometimes would run along the Streets as if an Enemy were pursuing him; at other Times he would step it along with the Sedateness and Gravity of a Magistrate: his Equipage, one Day, consisted of two hundred Slaves, and sometimes he would only have a single Page at his Heels. One while his Discourse ran upon no other Topick but the Splendor of Greatness,

ness, and the Company of the greatest Names and first Quality in the World: and in a little Time you should hear him commending a Philosophical Life, running into Panegyricks upon a solitary Joint-stool, and protesting against the Vanity of Dress, and wishing only for a coarse Cloath to keep out Cold; and yet this happy, this philosophical, contented Fellow, had you given him ten thousand Pounds, would, as had been often try'd before, have been the most absolute Rake in the whole Town, debauch'd all Night, slept all Day, and walk'd without a Penny of Money in his Pocket at a Week's End.

There are too many Characters which are very near akin to this of *Tigellius*; it being no uncommon thing for Us to hear the finest and gravest Lectures of Morality from a Man perfectly perswaded of what he says, who shall start out on a sudden into the extremest Length of acting the Reverse of his Doctrine: and with the Old Man in the Fable, literally blow hot and cold with the same Mouth. The alternately Prodigal, and Covetous, who shall at one Season deny themselves Necessaries for a Year, and squander at another half an Estate in a

Day, have as often fell under the Observation of the Curious. There is something still more peculiar in these People, that whatever they do, they have still as many Reasons to urge for a Vicious as a Virtuous Action, and have the dear Happiness of always being in the Right, in the Prosecution of what they themselves condemned as Folly or Madness the Day before.

The silliest thing in the World, said Lord *Fickle*, is to be a Party-Man, and what need I of all Mankind do it, who am easy and happy in the Possession of a full unincumbred Fortune; and he can be no better than a Fool who will spoil the Enjoyment of it by being troublesome to others, and uneasy to himself. The same Man grew into the Violence of Bigotry it self in a quarter of a Year after, cursed every Body who was not as active as himself; in a second Quarter cool'd again, condemn'd himself again, and swore to live easy, and in particular never to quarrel with any Man, nor care for any Woman. In this Philosophical Temper, Retirement and Books possess'd him for a moderate Interval, but a little time brought Two Duels and Two Children upon him. He has
rail'd

rail'd at every kind of Life round, in its Turn, and yet lived them all; condemn'd every Science, and yet been in love with them all; and has had as different Courses of Religion as ever he had of Provisions at his Table. After all these Shiftings of the Scene, and the Person, he does not know, nor cannot, what he shall call himself the next Day; or if he promises to be any thing, he is another by that time it is half spent, if not sooner. I have known him praise frequenting the *Church* at a Theatre, extol the Management of *Stocks* in an Assembly of Beauties, rail at Preferment in the midst of a *Court*, and run from Town to the Country, from the Country to Town with alternate Symptoms of Delight and Aversion.

But of all the Characters of *Inequality* none ever yet came up to that of our Satyrist Mr. *Dryden*, and yet was very near true of the Person he describ'd under the Name of *Zimri*.

*A Man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome:
Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong,
Was ev'ry thing by starts, but Nothing long:
But,*

*But, in the Course of one revolving Moon,
Was Fidler, Ghymist, Statesman, and Buf-
foon.*

*Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyiming,
Drinking;*

*Besides ten Thousand Freaks that dy'd in
Thinking.*

*Praising and Railing were his usual Themes,
And both, to shew his Judgment, in Ex-
tremes.*

*So over Violent, or over Civil,
That ev'ry Man with him was God, or De-
vil.*

Under what Denomination, except that I have chosen to rank these Men, I know not; that of *Humourist* being very short of reaching them in the extent of their Actions. The *Humourist's* Alterations only concern the trivial Actions of Life, and are seldom of much Consequence to themselves or others. The *Unequal Man's* give a Turn to a whole Series of his Happiness, or Misery, and absolutely change the Current of his Thoughts. The first, by his little Irregularities, makes himself pleasing to many; the second is either stared on as a Monster, or pitied as a Fool, or a Madman. The *Humourist* is commonly
con-

confin'd in his Temper to a few Instances; the *Unequal*, as he knows not why he began, so neither does why, or when, he shall act in a new Character. Indeed it is much easier to distinguish these, than to give any just Reason for the particular Varieties by which they are distinguish'd. If I were to be ask'd my Opinion, I should return much the same Answer as a Philosopher to one who ask'd him, *Why he was guilty of so many silly things?----- I will tell you*, said the Sage, *when I have done the same.*

N^o 82. *Tuesday, April 30.*

Somnia, Terrores magicos, Miracula, ———
Hor.

THE Man, that is engag'd in a Multitude of Affairs, is under a Necessity of making many Promises which he breaks merely from the Interpositions of Business, and which he design'd certainly to have comply'd with, had not a Tide of new Things flow'd in, and prevented the Method of his Prosecutions. This is just the Case with me, as some of my Correspondents seem to intimate:

I promise a Paper on such a particular Subject, which I really at that time intend to throw in upon the first Vacancy; but either, upon a New Turn of Spirits, some Sollicitations to touch a new Theme, or some other Diversions that I cannot account for, I neglect the Performance of my Promise so long, that I am reproach'd with Forgetfulness, or put in Mind that I am not a *Man of my Word*. I could enumerate more Instances of this sort than I ought to boast of; and when I compute how much Credit I have had given me, it startles me to think how I shall ballance the Account. In one Letter I am charg'd with an Engagement of giving a *weekly Criticism* by way of Examination of the *Stage* in all its Extent: And am told I have not made above Two Payments yet on this Arrear. Another, who attacks me with more *Smartness*, says I am an intolerable While a *sorting* my *New Inventions* in *Dress* and *Philosophy*. A Third says, he shall never believe the Story of my Correspondent's *Restorative Fountain*, till I present the Publick with a *List of the Cures* done by its Waters. But my last Accusation that came to hand, and which is the kindest in the whole Catalogue, is a
Letter

Letter from *Exeter*, that not only reminds me of my Neglect; but brings me an Essay on the very Topick that should have been my Task.

Were I determin'd, like Quacks that produce their *foreign Medals*, to descant on the spreading of my Fame, and Merit of my Paper, I might, perhaps, think this a very fair Occasion: But, Vanity apart, I will judge it owing to the Assiduity of my Bookseller, who should spare no Pains to propagate its Character, in Order thereby to encrease his own Profit. Be this as it will, I am oblig'd to my *Western Friend* for his Admonition, as well as his Thoughts on a Subject which I had promis'd to my Readers; and which I shall now recommend to them from his own Manuscript.

To the CENSOR.

SIR,
' **W**Hen I read your *Lucubration*, of
' about a Month since, expo-
' sing the *Absurdity of Atheism*, I for some
' Time impatiently expected that Coun-
' terpart to it, which you told us should
' make the Subject of some future Pa-
' per, on the *Folly of Bigotry*. I am not
' to examine for what Reasons you have
' disappointed us of our Entertainment
on

‘ on this Head; but till I know them,
‘ may, with Submission, accuse you of
‘ Disappointing us. To convince you how
‘ much this Intention of yours has been
‘ in my Thoughts, I have thrown some
‘ loose *Ideas* together, to be modell’d
‘ and digested in what Manner you think
‘ fit.

‘ *Bigotry* seems to me to be almost as
‘ remote from *true Religion*, as Com-
‘ pulsion is from Free-will; the one acting
‘ from a Knowledge of our Obligations
‘ to Heaven, and so making it self a Du-
‘ ty; the other following the Dictates
‘ of a servile Fear, and Weakness in Na-
‘ ture, serves God in a Manner as the
‘ *Indians* do the *Devil*. The Practice of
‘ the First is our Praise and Honour;
‘ the falling into the latter, our Infir-
‘ mity and Disgrace. We by the one
‘ address our great Benefactor, as Beings
‘ worthy his Creation; by the other,
‘ like Cowards that are unreasonably ob-
‘ sequious, we strive to ingratiate our
‘ selves by Superstitions, that debase the
‘ Merit of our Worship.

‘ It was the System of *Epicurus*, when
‘ he labour’d to prove that the World
‘ was made by a lucky Concurrence of
‘ Atoms, and therefore that it was ab-
furd

‘ surd to entertain Notions of a Depen-
 ‘ dence on Providence, gave Rise to that
 ‘ impious Position, that *Fear was the*
 ‘ *first Foundation of a Godhead*: It would
 ‘ be almost as erroneous in our Divinity,
 ‘ to say that Fear of the Divine Indig-
 ‘ nation is the first Motive of paying our
 ‘ Homage.

‘ Besides that *Bigotry* is acting upon
 ‘ a wrong Principle, it is ever so blen-
 ‘ ded with *Superstition*, that it affects our
 ‘ Conduct in the most minute and trivial
 ‘ Circumstances. It trains Us up in so
 ‘ many Terrors and Fopperies, that our
 ‘ whole Lives are regulated by *Omens*
 ‘ and whimsical *Remarks on Accidents*.
 ‘ I believe, I may affirm, that there ne-
 ‘ ver yet was a *Bigot* in Religion, but
 ‘ what put great Faith in some peculiar
 ‘ Signs and Observations; and look’d on
 ‘ certain idle Ceremonies, and Customs,
 ‘ as essential as those prescrib’d by the
 ‘ *Rubrick*. I have known many a good
 ‘ Woman, so piously weak in the Course
 ‘ of all her Actions, that she would not
 ‘ have *spoke* during the *cutting* of her *Nails*
 ‘ for fear of Consequences, dreaded to
 ‘ sit at Table when the Company was
 ‘ *odd in Number*, and esteem’d it of Mo-
 ‘ ment to her good or ill Fortune to
 take

‘ take up a *Pin with the Head towards her*.
‘ I should be glad to have an Account
‘ from some of these People of the In-
‘ fluences by which Providence acts o’er
‘ the World, and in what Manner they
‘ consider these Trifles as Agents of the
‘ Divine Will. If they can give me a
‘ rational Account, why their Faith in-
‘ clines to such *Ideas*, as to think the Ob-
‘ servation of these Particulars may be a
‘ *Corrective* or *Alterative* of their Fates,
‘ then I shall readily acquiesce, that that
‘ Man is born to extream good Fortune,
‘ who has the Luck to find a *rusty Horse-*
‘ *shoe*: and would advise the good Wo-
‘ man to return to her Bed, if a *Weazel*
‘ cross’d the Entry before her Face, up-
‘ on her first coming down in the Morn-
‘ ing.

‘ These out-of-the-way Ceremonies,
‘ and Observations that cling to our
‘ Weaknesses, make such a Work in a
‘ formal Superstitious Family, that their
‘ whole Religion is a Piece of Mumme-
‘ ry. I have known it go so far, that
‘ Two Ladies, indeed somewhat ad-
‘ vanc’d in Years, and both Single Wo-
‘ men, abstain’d from Church, and re-
‘ turn’d to their Closets to deprecate the
‘ Evil, because they happen’d both to
dress

' dress in Cloaths of the same Colour.
 ' You will easily observe, Sir, that I
 ' have treated *Bigotry* and *Superstition* all
 ' along, as Synonomous in their Terms,
 ' and very little distinct in their Effects.
 ' They are so nearly resembling one a-
 ' nother, that we may, with less than a
 ' *Poetical Licence*, call them *Sisters*, the
 ' Descendants of *Weakness*. To distin-
 ' guish them nicely, we may say, that
 ' we generally deceive our selves by bare
 ' *Superstition*, and suffer our selves to be
 ' deceiv'd by others thro' *Bigotry*. The
 ' latter makes us such implicit Believers,
 ' that it lets the grossest Impositions go
 ' down with us, and never suffers us to
 ' dispute the Credit of our Teachers.
 ' This in all Ages, but especially when
 ' Ignorance flourish'd most, has given a
 ' Sanction to some recorded *Miracles*,
 ' *Witchcrafts*, *Apparitions*, and *Exorcise-*
 ' *ments*, in which, setting Prepossession a-
 ' side, there was not, perhaps, one Tittle
 ' of Truth. I shall finish the Trouble I
 ' give you, in one Instance of the Pow-
 ' er of *Bigotry*, taken from a Story au-
 ' thentick in it self, and very well re-
 ' commended, which, it may be, you
 ' have met with in your own Reading.

Radziwit,

‘ *Radziwil*, Chancellor of *Lithuania*,
 ‘ having paid a Visit to the Pope, and
 ‘ receiv’d from him a Present of some
 ‘ Relicks, when he return’d home, the
 ‘ News of his Rarities spread; and some
 ‘ Monks requested he would lend them
 ‘ for the Relief of a poor Man who was
 ‘ possess’d. *Radziwil* comply’d, the Re-
 ‘ licks were carried in solemn Pomp, after
 ‘ usual Exorcisms were made Use of,
 ‘ the *Demoniack* dispossest by their
 ‘ Virtue, and all the Spectators were
 ‘ convinc’d of the Miracle. *Radziwil*,
 ‘ some few Days after, was extolling the
 ‘ Virtues of his Relicks, when one of
 ‘ his Retinue who had been intrusted
 ‘ with the Possession of them, by laugh-
 ‘ ing discovered himself, and was urg’d
 ‘ to a Confession; that returning from
 ‘ *Rome*, he had lost the Box of Relicks,
 ‘ but not daring to speak of it, had got
 ‘ one like it, and fill’d it with little Bones
 ‘ of Beasts, and such Trifles as he could
 ‘ get, that were like the Relicks which
 ‘ he had lost.

‘ *Radziwil* credited his Servant’s Con-
 ‘ fession, but resolving to be satisfied,
 ‘ desired the Monks to enquire if there
 ‘ were any other *Demoniack* that wanted
 ‘ the Assistance of his Relicks. A Se-
 cond

‘ cond was found, and exorcis’d in *Rad-*
‘ *ziwil*’s Prefence, who told the Monks
‘ that he would have that Man stay in
‘ his Palace till the next Day, and that
‘ they should retire. When they were
‘ gone, he put the *Demoniac* into the
‘ Hands of his *Tartarian* Grooms; who
‘ by Stripes and Scourgings oblig’d him
‘ to confess the Cheat. In the Morn-
‘ ing *Radziwil* sends for the Priests, in
‘ whose Prefence the Fellow protested
‘ that he neither was, nor ever had been
‘ possess’d by the Devil. The Priests
‘ insisted it was a Trick of the Devil’s,
‘ who spoke through the Man’s Mouth.
‘ But *Radziwil* answer’d, if his *Tartars*
‘ had been able to force the Devil to
‘ tell Truth, they would be able to ex-
‘ tort it from the Mouths of the Monks:
‘ When the Monks, perceiving the
‘ Danger they were in, confess’d the
‘ Imposture, and pleaded that it was
‘ done with a good Intention, to pre-
‘ vent the Progress of Heresy.

I am,

Yours

A. B.

Tuesday,

N^o 83. *Tuesday, May 2.*

Ἀλλὰ γυνὴ χεῖρασι πίθου μέγα πῶμ' ἀφεικῆσα
 Ἐσκέδασ', ἀνθρώποισι δ' ἐμήσατο κήδεα λυγρά.
 Μένει δ' αὐτόθι ἑλπίς ἐν ἀρρήκτοισι δόμοισιν
 Ἐσθλὸν ἔμιμνε, πίθου ὑπὸ χεῖρασι, εὖδ' ἔδυε ζε
 Ἐξέπλη. —————

Hesiod.

THE State of Life that we are plac'd in, thro' the Inconstancy of Humane Blessings, and the Croud of Ills that are attached to our Nature, would hardly be supportable, were it not for the Comforts that *Hope* affords Us of a Change for the better here, as well as the glorious Prospect of a Reparation after Death. This, and *Contentment* are the Two great *Specificks* against all the Pains and Distresses, which, as *Shakespear* expresses it, *Flesh is Heir to*. We should bear the Visitations of *Sorrow* and *Sickness*, *Want* and *Captivity*, *Oppression* and *Contempt*, much worse than we now do, but for the Consolation of this gentle Deity, that condescends to lodge in every Bosom. It is one of the

Benefits,

Benefits, I remember, which *Æschylus* makes *Prometheus* boast of having conferr'd on Mankind, when *Jove* was angry with them, by infusing into them flattering Hopes that they should not dye. And *Theognis* says, that when *Faith*, *Temperance*, the *Graces*, and other Celestial Powers left the Earth, *Hope* was the only Goddess that stay'd behind.

The Advantages we receive from her charitable Influences, are so well known to every Man that has liv'd and convers'd with Trouble, (as who, that lives, does not sooner or later?) that the Impressions it makes on Us better describe them than the most labour'd Eloquence of Oratory can pretend to. They, who have felt its Power, need no Eulogium's of it to enhance its Excellence: and to paint it floridly to those who have never had it in view, is little more to the Purpose than explaining *Colours* to a *Blind Man*.

All the Definition therefore, or Description of its Influences that I shall give, shall be to present it in a *Visionary Light*, from the nicest Recollection I can make of seeing it in a Dream.

Methoughts, I was hurried up above the *Atmosphere* in which we breath, into

a Region of Air more fine and subtle than what we draw below, and which I found added a Vivacity to all my Faculties, and made me less affected with the Grossness of a Material Body. The *Æther* was of a pure transparent Blue, more beautiful than any Landschape we can fancy of a Summer-Evening's Sky; and the Beams of the Sun, that darted temperately on the Place, inspir'd a Chearfulness and Gaie-ty in the Soul. It seem'd to answer all the Beauties we can form to ourselves of the *Eastern Paradise*, and was call'd the blissful *Region of Hope*.

The *Goddeſs* of the Country had a particular Priviledge of renewing her Youth, and of appearing always blooming and sprightly. She was look'd upon to be an *Enchantress* by some, from the wonderful Operations that she perform'd without having her Art visible but in its Effects. The Companions that usually waited her Commands, were *Joy*, *Expectation*, *Comfort*, and *Patience*. She had a Power of shortening and lengthening Time at her Pleasure: nor were the *Hours* permitted to run their Course, without first receiving her Directions for their Flight. Her numerous Train
look'd

look'd like a Host of Cherubs, and were continually singing Songs of Triumph before her over *Danger* and *Distrust*.

I could perceive, as I look'd downward, the Earth hanging like a large Speck of Matter, and all its Surface cover'd with Mists and Vapours. A great Part of it bore the Resemblance of an Hospital, and its Inhabitants look'd like pale desponding Patients worn out with the Fatigues of Pain, and Sickness: The Physicians seem'd professing their Art at a Loss; and ill-natur'd Phantoms, call'd *Fears*, hover'd round the weeping Friends, and tortur'd them with the dreaded *Ideas* of Death.

In another Part, I could behold gloomy Dungeons, and Wretches loaded with Irons, and bound down to the Earth. Here *Cruelty* ran about, and inspir'd the Keepers to exercise Severity. Within, malicious *Horrors* were busy, whispering Dread of Execution to the Prisoners, aggravating Captivity and Confinement with reminding them of the Joys of Liberty and Freedom, and torturing them with the Impossibility of Redemption or Escape.

In another View were Swarms of disconsolate Drudges, digging an unfruitful

ful Ground for Sustenance, hemm'd in with Poverty, and a numerous Offspring, clamouring for the Profits faster than they arose, and making Beggary the Issue of Toil: These were haunted with several hideous Spectres, such as *Contempt*, *Debt*, and *Famine*, that gave them no Reprieve from Affliction; setting their State in the most despicable Light, harassing them with the Apprehensions of Arrests, and Prisons, and paining them with the dreadful Thought of wanting Bread, and being reduc'd to the Extreams of Necessity.

I could not cast my Eyes on any Part of the Globe, but some new Scene of Calamity was presented to my Sight. In some Quarters, I saw Wretches with haggard Looks, and an Air of Distraction, that would not admit of their Friends Consolation, nor listen to a Syllable that tended to persuade them they were in a better Condition than their own Thoughts suggested. These *Melancholy* and *Despair* visited; torturing them, by Day and Night, with the irreparable Misery of their State, prescribing them Halters, Daggers, Poisons, and tempting them to put an End to a Life of Sorrow.

I cannot recount the many Forms and Objects of Distress that arose to my View, nor the Impressions that such Variety of Wretchedness made on my Soul: No more than I can the Pleasures with which I saw the Goddess working against every Scheme of Calamity, and interposing her Aid to make it take different Colours from what it at first wore. She was for ever sending down her Emisaries of Comfort with full Commission to redress Misfortunes. Some were dispatch'd to the Couches of the Sick, and strait some favourable Symptoms of Recovery were found on the Patients. The Physicians then began to speak boldly, and exert the healing Power of their Science; and the Friends that before were almost drown'd in Tears, now wip'd their Eyes, and congratulated the sick Person on a Certainty of his doing well. Others were sent to the Dungeons to mitigate the Inhumanity of the Goalers, and infuse Notions of Pardon and Release into the groaning Captives. Others started out to the Quarters of Poverty, and kindly insinuated Expectations and Probabilities of altering Seasons, of being visited with Plenty, and such other gay Ideas as corrected

the Rigour of their Calamity, put them in a State of Content and Repose, and afforded a Dawn of approaching Happiness.

The most unsuccessful Embassy, that the Goddess's Agents made, was to those Wretches whom Weakness of Faith, and a stubborn Opinion, had drove into the Sentiments of *Melancholy* and *Despair*. These seem'd perversely to reject the Offers of *Hope*, and would only hearken to their own Distemper. Scarce would they suffer the Assurance of Mercy to dispel the Gloom, or shoot any Rays of effective Comfort into their Bosome.

One great Prevention of the Goddess's Influence, was, as I understood, that a Twin-Sister of hers had usurp'd her Office, and betray'd many by *false Hopes*, and *flattering Consolation*. This pretended Deity, to prejudice her Sister in the Opinion of the World, strol'd about, and insinuated to the Distress'd a Thousand Chimerical Means of extricating themselves from Disasters. To her, mistaken Chymists ow'd their Study of the Philosopher's Stone; Projectors attempted to build Castles in the Air; Poets dedicated to great Lords without their Leave; and Tradesmen set up a
Bufr-

Business without Stock, or Acquaintance. Her sole Aim was to bring all Confidence on Fortune into Discredit, to make Hope seem at best but a feavourish Dream, and only to be cherish'd by Fools and Madmen.

The Goddess, on the other hand, wherever she was not supplanted by this Impostor, freely bestow'd a real and substantial Assistance: She took care that Reason should govern the Schemes she propos'd for Men's Relief, and so plac'd all their Views of Redress within the Sphere of Probability. She only shew'd Men their Happiness, as Mr. *Dryden* said, *from a rising Ground*, and shorten'd its Distance to make it the more conspicuous.

All that I could gather from this Visionary Description, is, that there are no Inflictions that fall on Mankind but may be alleviated by a proper and regular Hope; and that when we fail of this Cure, it is thro' our own Fault, either by fixing a Dependance on the greatest Improbabilities, or suffering ourselves to be betray'd by *Chimera's*, from which there is no Possibility of being assisted.

N^o 84. *Saturday, May 4.*

*Quaecunque Mentis agitat infestus Vigor,
Ea per Quietem sacer, & arcanus, refert
Veloxque Sensus. — Senec.*

AMONG the many regular Dispositions of Providence for the Good of his Creatures, the Vicissitude of Day and Night, the Returns of Labour and Rest, are the great Hinges upon which their Beings turn, and by which they are preserved in that State we call Life, 'till Time, Accident, or Sickness, dissolve the Animal Frame into its first Principles. When the Limbs have been fatigu'd with necessary Action, or the Powers of the Soul blunted by long intense Thinking, the Darkness of the Night-Season interposes to give some Respite to that busy Creature *Man*, and warns him to the Bed of Peace and Ease. It is this happy Succession that revives all our Faculties, new braces the Tone of our Nerves, enlivens our Spirits, and connects the Chain between our past *I-*
deas,

deas, and those that arise fresh in the Soul after its Passive State of Slumber. On the contrary, the Want, or the partial Enjoyment of this natural Blessing, dulls and weakens the Organs of our Senses, changes and deadens the Aspect, untunes the whole Frame of the Soul, and either leaves it stupidly inactive, or bewildered in the Mazes of irregular Thought. Ask the poor Wretch who is chain'd down to the Bed of Sickness, and unhappily forc'd to count those Hours which with others pass away as no Parts of Time, what he would give to have his Eye-lids sealed with Sleep? and then know the Value of those Minutes we forget, and from which many awake as if those Minutes had never been.

Now as one Third Part at least of our Lives is consum'd in that Portion of our Existence, which we term *Sleep*, so it is of great moment to us to preserve those Hours in that calm Serenity, for which the Author of our Being has appointed them. There is but one certain Way of making this Space answer the great Design of God and Nature, (and that I suppose my Reader is beforehand with me in settling) an Innocent's Virtuous Course of Life. The Day by

its glittering Shows, its multiplicity of Business, Hurry, and Diversion, may take off and divert the Thoughts from that Reflection which becomes a Rational Creature, the Examination of his own Actions. The Voluptuous may grow giddy in the Circle of his Pleasures, the Sott make a Truce with his Reason, and the Avaricious be sweetly interrupted from the Pungency of ill-gotten Gain, while the *Sun* displays Objects enough to them to amaze, please, or satisfy their different Appetites. But that *Sun* must set, the Pleasures of the Day must end either in a total Forgetfulness of the Enjoyments it gave, or some unlucky Traces of the Guilt it contracted. It may happen indeed (and it too often does) that we may encroach upon the Divisions of Nature, and, by splitting the Seasons of Rest and Labour unequally, make the one supply what we have stolen from the other. But a Course of this kind must be short, and as it inverts the Order of Providence, so must it soon conclude in the Destruction of the Agent. This therefore being of no Consequence to the general Argument, I submit to my Reader these few Reflections.

First,

First, That if we consider *Sleep* as appropriated to give a Recruit to our Spirits, and make us move more briskly in that Sphere of Action which is allotted to us, whether (without including the Accidents of bodily Indisposition) it is not a wise Course to ensure such a Space of our Existence to our selves, without the Interruption of real or fantastical Disturbances. Indeed, as to the Sense of the Sufferer, it is of no Importance whether those terrible Images, which afflict either the watchful or the dreaming Man, ought not to be ridiculed, expell'd from the Thoughts, or imputed to his Weakness: for it is sufficient that they have the Effects of *Horror*, *Terror*, and all those disquiet Passions which must torment him during the Time they are predominant. The *Hobbists* will tell him that there are *Phantasms* of a sickly Mind, arising from a customary Fearfulness, and that their Impressions depend merely on the Force they permit them to have over their Understandings: But if the Philosophers of this Sect could subdue these Effects from their Way of Reasoning in the waking Subject, are they sure they shall not recurr in the Dreamer? And if they do, is not he as

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miser-

miserable upon their Scheme, while these Powers act upon him, as he would be upon any other? But if by this Concession we suppose it upon an Equality with the *Good* and the *Bad*, that is, that the Terrors of Visionary Images may as often happen to the Virtuous as to the Vicious, yet their Effects are at the same time unequal. The One connects them with the foregoing Actions of his Life, traces their Dependance, and punishes himself with an After-Reflection; With the Other, as they arise from no preceding Self-Consciousness of Guilt, so they are followed by no subsequent Act of Compunction.

Again, it would be worth while to examine, whether according to the general Ideas Mankind conceive of things it can ever be possible so to erase these Traces of our Actions, as not to influence the Faculties of the Mind, at the Time of Rest. Mr. *Hobbs*, the boasted Champion of *Free-thinking*, the Router of Imaginary Fears and Delusions, seems to have allowed too much against his own *Hypothesis*. He thinks, for Instance, that the *Apparition* of *Cæsar's Ghost*, which *Brutus* saw, arose from nothing but the Reflections which a busy Mind worked up,

up, and dressed out to frighten it self, and that the Force of it continued so long after being awake, that it represented the same Form he had seen in his Dream. If He grants it, as indeed he does, to have been the Effect of a Self-conscious Guilt, of what Use is it to teach a Man not to mind it, unless he could propose a rational Method to avoid its Consequences, or prove Guilt to be no Guilt?

When I am upon this Thought, I cannot avoid falling upon those fine Passages of *Shakespear* on this Occasion, who as he drew always from Nature, gives in this Place so much the better Testimony. When the Ghosts of those *Richard III.* has murdered have passed the Stage, what a mixed Soliloquy of Hardiness and Fear does the Murderer make, when he is starting from his *Sleep*!

*Give me another Horse—bind up my Wounds,
Have Mercy, Jesu—soft, I did but dream.
O Coward Conscience, how dost Thou af-
flict me?*

*The Light burns blue——Is it not dead Mid-
night?*

*Cold fearful Drops stand trembling on my
Flesh.*

On the contrary, *Richmond* awakes with Images the Reverse of these, and expresses himself accordingly.

*The sweetest Sleep, and fairest boding
Dreams,*

That ever entred in a drowsie Head:

I promise you my Heart is very jocund,

In the Remembrance of so Fair a Dream.

I need only put these Contrast Pictures to shew my Reader the exquisite Justness, as well as Beauty of the Poet's Thoughts: I have before proposed the Means, how his own Morning Expressions may resemble those of the latter, or those of *Marcia* in *Cato*.

Sweet are the Slumbers of the Virtuous Man.

It will not, I hope, be any Offence, if I mention a more exalted Poet than these, and that is *David*; who after making it a Question, which way a certain Steady Frame of Mind, and a True Quiet should be obtained, resolves it into a Dependance upon Providence; concluding that He would then lay him down in Peace and sleep; a Peace of Mind which as certainly followed from that Reliance,

Reliance, as Sleep and Ease did from that *Peace of Mind*.

N^o 85. *Tuesday, May 7.*

*Hocine est humanum Factum, aut Inceptum?
hocine Officium patris?*

*Proh Delum, atque Hominum fidem! quid
est, si non hæc Contumelia est? Ter.*

BEING often called upon to perform a Promise I made a long time since, of giving an *Essay on Forced and Unequal Marriages*, and finding too many have just Occasion to remember a Subject by which they are Sufferers, I am now going to comply with their Request.

Absolute *Force* in the Disposal of our Persons, is contrary to all the Laws both of Nature and Reason, and supposes us in the Conditions of Slaves to be sold at the Pleasure of the Owner, with the poor Prospect of mending our State by the transferring of the Tyranny into a gentler Hand. No Person ever had, or can have a natural Right over another to make him *Miserable*, since such a Right
must

must defeat the very End of his Being, as it is contradictory to the Attributes of a good Power, ever to make Affliction necessary to its Creatures. To create, merely to lay the Thing created under the severe Penalty of unavoidable Calamity, is to frame the most unworthy Notions of the Supreme Being, and is so far from being a Foundation for Obedience and Duty, that it infuses into us rather Sentiments of Horreur, and Aversion. If then, the Supreme Power has taken no such Right over the Works of his Hands, we may be assured he has given no such Right to any other, since such a Commission would be the same thing in Effect where-ever it was lodged, and would equally charge the Notions of Cruelty on the most Beneficent Being. That Power which the Laws and Customs of some particular Nations have given up, or suffered to be ravished from them, into the Hands of either *Prince* or *Parent*, is no Rule in this Case, they being only so many Corruptions of the indisputable Law of Natural Justice, and so many Deviations from the Divine Pattern. Particular States may, and have dealt out Power very unequally, allowed too much in one Place, and too little in another;

another; but tho' by such Proceedings natural Right has been oppressed, yet it was never *altered*, and the best we can say of those Kinds of Government, that granted this extravagant Privilege to *Parents*, is that this Tyrannical Concession proceeded from some extraordinary Reasons of which we are not Judges, and was seldom exercised in that full Extent Historians would make us believe it was. One substantial Argument for this Opinion, I think may be drawn from Human Nature, which, however Human Laws and Passions vary, must and will in all Times continue the same, and produce uniform Effects. That natural Love from the Parent to the Child, which is implanted in the Breast of the whole Species, must often abate the Rigour of Custom, and make the Laws of Humanity triumph over those of a barbarous Legislature. So that tho' this Privilege might be given to All, yet it is probable it was taken by Few.

As I have endeavoured to prove absolute Force unnatural, unjust, and impracticable, so I shall not go so far on the other Hand, as to leave the whole Power in the Hands of Head-strong Passion, and untutor'd Self-will, on the
side

side of our Children. There certainly is, and ought to be in every Nation, a *Coercive Power* in the Possession of the *Parents*, by which I mean, a Power to prevent their own or their *Issues* Ruin, Disgrace, and Misery, which they are obliged to endeavour by the great Law of Self-preservation. Our Care extends to our Off-spring as a Part of our selves, there being as natural a Dependance between us, as there is between the Root and the Branch, the Fountain and the Stream. As the Parent is placed first in the Order of Time, as Nature teaches him to preserve and cherish, and Reason and Law give him a Superiority over his own Family, so it is but Justice to think he must on the great Occasions of Misery, and Happiness, exert that Power which is his own by so many Titles.

In applying this *Coercive Power* of Parents to the Case of *Matrimony*, we may confine it to two Parts. The first is the Rule of *Direction*, that is, the signifying their lawful Will in general, without confining the Choice of the Child to any Individual, and this is a Right which surely they may claim. A *Father*, for Instance, that advises his Son to pick out of the great Variety, there may be of
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the same Condition, one Woman whose Fortune falls within such a Compass, and whose Qualities of Mind arise to such a Pitch ; in this Case the Son has but little to plead to extenuate his Disobedience, if he does not comply with the Paternal Direction. He will object, perhaps, that it is impossible for him to form his Passion by the Fancy of another, and then it is, that Reason, Perswasion, and all the soft Inducements that become a Parent to make use of, ought to second the Advice of Authority. I very well know that whimsical Passion *Love*, or Liking, has been reckoned in all Ages very unaccountable, but I am sure at the same time, that it was the most whimsical Tribe in the World that have said so, the *Poets*: who are very much to be suspected as Parties in the Case, and as only making an Apology for their own Follies by imputing them to Mankind in general. If as much Care had been taken to record the Histories of a Sober and Rational Compliance with the Dictates of Paternal Authority, as there has been the mad and unequal Matches of fantastical Lovers, it is to be hoped the Catalogues would be pretty near equal in Number. But these were unfit for the glittering
 Images

Images of Poetry, and the magnified Power of their silly Idol the God of Love. But not to digress on that Theme:

—— When the Admonitions of Tenderness, and the weighty Counsels of Experience have no Effect on the Mind, then it is time to apply that other Branch of their Right, their *Restrictive Power*.

Now no one would blame a Parent that wrested a Dagger from the Hand of his Child, that hindred him from being imposed on by Villains, or diverted him from Courses of nevitab^{le} Destruction; and yet the youthful part of the World are continually complaining of their Interposition between them and Ruin, in the Point of Wedlock. Surely it is the same Thing to the Parent from whatsoever Quarter Calamity arises, he being certain of his Portion of Wretchedness, without contributing to cause the Evil. Indeed, to a considerate Mind the *Death* it self of the dearest Person to us is a less terrible Object, than a lengthned Thread of Misery, spun out before the Eyes of the Spectator. What then remains for a wretched Parent to do in such Circumstances? Is he to humour every Turn of youthful Appetite to the surfeiting it with its own fatal Choice,
and

and in the Article of the quickest sense of Distress, comfort himself with *May-be's* and *Possibilities*? Is Reason and Judgement to make so precious a Sacrifice to Fancy and Vanity? If we cannot in justice affirm it must, then we are to look out for a Cure of this Affliction, and here the Parental Power strikes in for its own Security.

Here an affected Distance, Frowns, and a seeming Suspension of natural Love take place, the Eye, the Brow, and every little Motion chide and correct the Want of Duty, or mourn for the Loss of Power. If these Signs fail of making a due Impression, and the Violence of Passion leaps over the Line of Obedience, then certainly common Sense requires severer Methods, and the Reins of Authority must be held tighter to check the Hastiness of undisciplin'd Inclination. This is the Season when the Threatnings of Loss of Favour succeed, when actual Resentment ought to work by visible Testimonies, such as the Encouragement of distant Relatives, the shortning of Fortune commences, and future Expectations are either lessen'd, or entirely lost. Such an Exercise of the *Restrictive Power* of Parents seems to be but
mere

mere Justice, and perhaps is but necessary in all Common-wealths, as it leaves Examples to forewarn others, and as it often reduces the Extravagance of Passion within the Bounds of Reason. But for all this, I cannot come into those unnatural Sentiments of quite abandoning our Children from a Crime of this nature, a Thousand Allowances, which no *Casuis*t can think of, being to be made according as the Circumstances vary. I will only say, that by such a barbarous Treatment, we expose them sooner to that Misery which we pretended to make them avoid, and in effect make their *Unhappiness* our own Choice, as well as theirs.

It being impossible for me to bring all I have to say on this Subject within the compass of my Paper, I shall desire my Reader to be contented till another time, and recollect that I entirely disallow *Compulsion* in *Love-affairs*, and have endeavour'd to put the Paternal Authority upon a reasonable Foundation, without mixing it with too much Severity, or softning it with a ruinous Fondness. As I cannot be of the humour of the old Clown in one Play, who comes up to Town to *sell his Cattle*, and *match his Son* with the same stupid View of driving
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ing a Bargain to Advantage on each side :
 so I can't approve of *Miss's* forward Measures in another, who would chuse to marry *Robin* the *Butler*, when the Fit is upon her, rather than *want a Husband*. The Consequences of *Forc'd* and *Unequal Marriages*, as it is a mournful and instructive Picture, I hope I shall draw in such Colours as to deserve a serious and critical View from the green and hasty Lovers of our Days, and not a little oblige the Directors of their future Happiness, or Misery in a Matrimonial State.

N^o 86. *Thursday, May 9.*

*Exemplo junctæ tibi sint in Amore Columbae,
 Masculus & totum femina Conjugium.*
 Proper.

THE last of my Speculations was on the Subject of *forc'd Marriages*, which I treated with a particular Regard to the *Paternal Jurisdiction* in the Disposal of their Children; reserving to another Paper the fatal Consequences of such Matches, deriv'd from the Aversion
 OR

or Indifference of either Party. I do not mean wholly to pursue this Theme at present, tho' possibly, I may touch on one signal Inconvenience which I could wish did not sometimes happen betwixt Couples that have come together without any Compulsion. I mean, however, to entertain my self with a gayer Prospect, and paint a Scene in which *Hymen* boasts his Triumphs, and, that is, in a happy State of Matrimony.

Without entering into the Dispute of the Superiour Merit of *Virginity*, I shall presume to set *Marriage* on an Equality with it, tho' not a Member of this Order my self; and am of Opinion that the Comforts and Pleasures which arise from this Portion of Life, supposing the Union to be such as it ought to be, are infinitely more strong and exquisite than any that can be tasted in *Celibacy*. The Human Species was created for Society, and the greatest Pleasure of our Society is centred in a Cordial Friendship: Then, to deduce it further, where can this Friendship be in so high a Perfection, as where the Interests and Affections are entirely the same, where Love is every Day heighten'd by the most tender Endearments, and by those Pledges, granted

ed by the Indulgence of Heaven, in which Parents trace their youthful Images, and look back with Pleasure on the Transports of their early Passion? The Discouragements that They, who turn the Perspective, make to this State, are the Certainty of Cares that attend it, the Restrictions that are essential to our Conduct, which must restrain our Extravagancies, and break in on the Circle of our freer Pleasures. These are Terrors that, upon a due Consideration, can only scare the *Libertines* of One Sex, and the *Coquets* of the Other: The Degrees either of Lewdness, or Gallantry, being inconsistent with the Pursuit of Happiness in Wedlock.

The Three Main Requisites, for Persons that determine to make a Double Life a State of Satisfaction and Enjoyment, are a proper *Constitution* of *Body*, a proper *Frame* and *Temper* of *Mind*, and a certain and regular *Habit* of *Morality*: For, in this Last, I would be thought to include all the Rules which the higher Duty of Religion prescribes.

As to the *Body*, if the *Constitution* be vicious, Constancy and Faith are as little to be expected, as the Blood to be cool, and Pulses regular in the high Fit
of

of a Fever. Imagination then will be ever for shifting the Object; Inclination and Tenderness grow wavering and desultory: And every Start and Transport of the Spirits will make us sicken and pall on our Domestick Pleasures. The Eye can never be fix'd, nor the Heart faithful where there is an Intemperance boiling in the Blood; and those that labour under this Unhappiness, could not be constant in their Affections to One, tho' she were possess'd of *Venus's Girdle* and all the *Graces*. On the other hand, a Man with an even and temperate Constitution finds not those pernicious Motives to Change; his Fancy and Appetite are more confin'd and constant, and where-ever he makes a Present of his Heart, he seldom lets it entertain any *Ideas* that may lessen the Merit of his Gift. This makes the Face and Attractions, that have once given him Pleasure, always the same to him: Nor do they, even when Age weakens their Charms, lose any thing of their Beauty or Esteem in his Thoughts.

The proper Frame and Temper of Mind, requisite to Happiness, may in part depend on the Constitution, as the Passions are strongly influenc'd by the
Humours:

Humours: But are mightily to be corrected by Reason and Judgment. There are a Thousand little Circumstances in Conduct, and Family Accidents, that, if a Man cannot command his Temper, and prevail with himself to make Allowances, will make him every Moment sower and morose; give him little Picques that turn the Stream of his Affection, and cause him to reflect, with Uneasiness, on his Folly for involving himself in a State of Anxiety. These Men of uncorrected Tempers, if they have not Wives, still will not want Aggravations of Disquiet: they work up Uneasiness from their own Acrimony, and ill Nature never wants its Matter to feed on. But a Man either naturally of a sweet Disposition, or one who by his Sense and Philosophy can give Reins to his Passion, is never fond of Cavil and Contradiction; he looks on the common Occurrences of Life with Ease, and Satisfaction; will not let a little Misfortune, or Misconduct, tempt him to betray a Weakness, or discompose the Serenity of his Temper. The Wife of such a Man is always a Bride; his Tenderneſs and Passion are still new, and undecayed; she suffers no Diminution from the Fickleness

of his Humour; nor are their Endearments broken and interrupted by Controversies and Animosities, too frequent amongst People of an unguarded Temper, that give way to every trifling Provocation, and embrace the slightest Occasions of promoting their Unhappiness.

A regular Habit of Morality is full as necessary, as these other Ingredients, to the Composition of Happiness. The Perswasion that unwavering Love and Constancy are our Duty, that they are Ornaments to our Character, as Lewdness and Inconstancy are our Infamy, puts us on the Pursuit of sincere Satisfaction lodg'd in that Duty, and instructs Us that Happiness cannot dwell but with Virtue. By these Considerations our Pleasures are refin'd; we view the Partner of our Bosoms as an Instrument in our Bliss and Tranquility; this makes us fond of cherishing such a Blessing, and gives us a thousand mutual Ideas of Tenderneß and Transport. A Man that views his Wife in this Light, has all the World in the sole Possession of her; the Change of Place and Seasons have no Variety but by participating them with her, and in such Company a Grange is delightful as a Palace, and a troubled Sky

Sky equivalent to the brightest Sunshine.
 I cannot help inserting here that beautiful Passage in *Milton*, where *Eve* expresses so Elegant a Satisfaction in the Society of *Adam*.

*With Thee conversing, I forget all Time,
 All Seasons and their Change, all please a-
 like.*

*Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Rising
 sweet,*

*With Charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the
 Sun,*

*When first on this delightful Land he spreads
 His orient Beams, on Herb, Tree, Fruit,
 and Flow'r,*

*Glist'ring with Dew: fragrant the fertile
 Earth*

*After soft Showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful Evening mild, the silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird, and this fair
 Moon,*

*And these the Gems of Heav'n, her starry
 Train.*

*But neither Breath of Morn, when she as-
 cends*

*With Charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
 On this delightful Land, nor Herb, Fruit,
 Flower,*

*Glitt'ring with Dew, nor Fragrance after
 Show'rs,
 Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night,
 With this her solemn Bird, nor Walk by
 Moon,
 Or glitt'ring Star-light, without Thee is
 sweet.*

We have here a Prospect of our first Parents in the Perfection of their Love; and, I believe, we can scarce attain a closer View of the Joys in Paradise, than from the Union and uninterrupted Satisfactions of a virtuous Couple. We owe most of our Ideas of Things, as good or bad, to Comparison of them with Others: and nothing could set out the Bliss of the Conjugal State, where Virtue triumphs, to more Advantage, than to survey the Curses and Perplexities that attend it, where the Flame is sullied o'er with Vice and Inconstancy. But as this will be compriz'd in my Essay on *unequal Marriages*, I shall here forbear the Description. I shall only remark on this Subject, what a Curse and Infamy the Antients look'd upon it, to have an *unfaithful Partner* of our Bed. It was one of the Execrations of the Old Times, That wicked Men's Wives might defile their
 Beds;

Beds; and *Homer* teaches Us, that when the *Greeks* and *Trojans* ratified a Treaty of Peace by Oath, *Cuckoldom* was One of the Punishments which they wish'd might fall on the Violaters of that Treaty:

Ἄλλοις δ' ἄλλοισι μὴ γένοιτο.

The *Lacedæmonians*, when they bore any Grudge, gave a greater Extent in cursing their Enemy, that he might be plagued with the *Itch of Building*, be *extravagant* in his *Cloaths* and *Equipage*, and have a *Gallant* to injure him in his *Wife*, the greatest Aggravation of their Resentment. I shall conclude with a Maxim of *Portius Cato*, the Great Roman CENSOR, who used to say, *Nul- lam Adulteram non Eandem esse Veneficam*; That no Woman who could be base E-nough to be an *Adulteress*, but would poison her Husband on Occasion.



N^o 87. Saturday, May 11.

Quæ jam cecidère,——— Hor.

AS I frequently make *Dramatick* Performances the Entertainment of my idler Hours, so, to render them as profitable to Me as I can, I ever, after a Play, sit down and reflect at home on what I have seen on the Stage. I confess, one must be pretty curious in the Choice of a Play, to find what may be either an Improvement to our Morals; or of Use in our Conduct. I speak, in particular, with Regard to those *Drama's* that have been brought on of late Years: And I wish I could not say that where the *Poet* has done his Part, the *Players* sometimes so much mistake the Nature of the Character they are to represent, or their own Strength, that the Entertainment makes not half the Impression it would do, were it judiciously perform'd.

In either of these Respects, where the *Poet* or *Player* visibly are deficient in
their

their Duty, I cannot help carrying back my Thoughts to Antiquity, and taking a View of *Writing* and *Action*, as they stood in the Times of *Miltiades*, or *Augustus*.

In this Retrospection, with Regard to the Poets, I am surpriz'd to see how much *Emulation*, and a Thirst after *Praise*, got the Start of our modern *Candidates for Profit*. What glorious Performances we have left in *Tragedy* and *Comedy*, which were written at a Time when a *Goat*, a *Basket of Figs*, or a *Flaggon of Wine* were all, besides Applause, which the Writers were to expect for their Labour: And what feeble and ignoble Productions do we now see, even when the Authors are spirited up with the Expectation of a *Third Night's Income*, and worry their Friends, and their Friend's Friends, by a *Ticket-Contribution*.

Among the several Causes to which this Decay of Genius, may be attributed it is One, that every Smatterer in Learning, with a little Portion of Spirit, and less Knowledge of the Stage, attempts a Composition, which he calls a *Tragedy*: It has been the Vice of the Times, ever since *Horace's* Age, for the Pretenders to Learning, as well as the really

Learned, to put in their Claim to the Province of Poetry.

Scribimus indocti, doctique Poemata passim.

The Difficulties which these *Usurpers* in *Wit* meet with to get their Plays receiv'd by the Theatre, and, when receiv'd, to make them stand the Test of an Audience, have mightily discourag'd more able Writers to tread in the same Path. Our Nation, we are convinc'd, has Genius's equal to this Noble Task, if some private Reasons did not dissuade them from exercising their Talent. I believe, I shall start no new Opinion, whether this be One of their Reasons or no, in asserting that the *Art* of *Acting* is shrunk to a very low Ebb. And tho' we may boast at this Time, some few of the Profession eminent for their Success in particular Characters, yet they have not that *Variety* in their Compass, as not to complain that several Parts are quite out of their Way: Whereas a compleat and accomplish'd *Actor*, like *Proteus*, should be a Master of all Shapes.

The Design of exhibiting Plays, from the Beginning, was more for Instruction than Amusement; and all will agree the Influences

Influences of Instruction must be greatest, when the *Address* and *Emphasis*, with which it is deliver'd, strike upon Nature so forcibly, as to make it self first admir'd, and, from that Impression, remember'd, and practis'd. The attaining this End, then, cannot lye more on the Poet in the *Choice* and *Conduct* of his *Fable*, than on the *Actor's Gesture*, and *Knowledge* of his *Business*, the just *Modulation* of his *Voice*, and his Propriety in *raising* and *sinking* the *Passions*. The Impressions that have been made from a happy Excellence in these Particulars have produced great Effects in all Ages; a noble Emulation has been set a working, from seeing a Hero perform with proper Dignity; and many a generous Passion been kindled up, from a Lover's Sufferings and Conduct artfully imitated. It would be a very good private History, could we know all the Actions that have sprung successively from this Head; how many Stratagems of War, how many Steps in Policy, how many Adventures of Love, and Turns in Intrigue have ow'd their Rise to the Impressions made from seeing like Circumstances naturally transacted in the Scene. The *Athenian* Lawgiver was sufficiently aware of the

Force of these Influences; and, to trouble my Readers with no more than one Example, I'll give it them from no worse an Authority than That of *Plutarch*. When *Thespis* had with Difficulty got Leave of *Solon* to exhibit his Plays, he brought on One in which *Ulysses*, the better to gain some End, wounds himself with his own Sword. *Pisistratus*, who, at that Time, had made himself Tyrant of *Athens*, but thought himself not secure enough in his Government, soon after wounded himself; and, pretending that he was set on by his Enemies, entreated the People to grant him a Guard. *Solon*, who more than suspected from what Example the Tyrant had borrow'd this Stratagem, told him, *You do not act, says he, the Part of Ulysses well; for he wounded himself to deceive his Enemies; but you, to deceive your own Countrymen.*

That such Impressions have been made, more than once, strong enough to influence our Conduct, needs no great Demonstration to prove: And I shall quote the Opinion of one whom we must acknowledge a Judge in these Matters: I mean *Shakespear*, who says in *Hamlet*.

———*I have heard*
That Guilty Creatures, sitting at a Play,
Have by the very Cunning of the Scene
Been struck so to the Soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.

I confess, all this seems to turn the Work upon the Poet's Hands, and lay the Stress of the Motions made in the Spectators alone upon the Penning and Conduct of the Scene: But we must consider, that few or no Audiences are made up all of Judgment, or have a Taste nice enough to distinguish the Poet's Art: Most come with a Partiality and Prepossession to some Actor's Character, the Notion they have from Report, or Experience, of his playing such a Part; and these generally confine all their Observations, and Passions, to what they hear him speak, and see him represent. If then the Poet should have plac'd the Cunning of his Scene, or strength of the Passion in other Hands, he is sure to have it pass unregarded, and make no Impression; because, as the same great Poet has in another Place observ'd,

———*The Eyes of Men,*
After a well grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are

*Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his Prattle to be tedious.*

Mr. *Echard*, I remember, makes one of the Grounds for the Contempt of the Clergy to be their Poverty and Meanness of Education; and the great Decay of Acting, in this Age, may be owing to the same Springs. The Persons that, for the generality, supply the Business of the Theatre, are such as have been first displeas'd with the Professions to which they were design'd; and who, being caught with the Gaiety and Figure of the Stage, list in the Service without the least Knowledge either of *Action*, or *Utterance*; and are so far from being acquainted with *Oratory*, that 'tis not easie to make them keep within the Bounds of *Grammar*.

The Government of the Stage being in private Hands, and the *Legislature*, that in some Things is as unreasonably precise as the *old Fathers*, having plac'd this Science in a Light of Infamy, contribute not a little to Its being no better furnish'd; so that the noblest and most instructive Diversion may be lost, for Want of the State's taking it under its Direction, and commissioning Officers

cers to see it kept up to the Dignity, and Decorum of its first Design.

In *Greece* the Profession of an *Actor* was far from being scandalous: And they were chose out of the best Families to this Employment: Thus their Stage was furnish'd with Men of Learning and Ingenuity, with Orators and Poets; and their Excellence in speaking was so great, that *Demosthenes* is allow'd to have learnt from them the Art of *Pronunciation*: and *Æschines*, the next Orator in Reputation to him, play'd *Tragedy* in his younger Years. In such Reputation the Players then stood, that some of them were chosen Generals, others Civil Officers: And *Aristodemus* particularly was commission'd from *Athens* to treat with *Philip* about Peace and War.

With Us, they being neither of this Rank, nor Reputation, the Word *Player* has unhappily been brought into such Contempt, that People of Integrity and Discretion prefer any Business for their Children to that of the Stage; and make it a Cause of Heart-breaking, if they find their Inclinations lean but that Way. This Distaste is founded on two Causes, Pride in the Parents, and a Fear
of

of their Children's Corruption of Manners. I fear we shall not easily be brought off from these Prejudices, 'till the Business stands in a more honourable Degree, Statutes are repeal'd to give them Countenance, and their own Morals and Conduct recommend them to Company and fair Opinion. I find now if a Man of Character and Principles is concern'd in this Profession, tho' he make never so good a Figure on the Stage, Men say of him as *Cicero* did of *Roscus*, *He is too good to be there: —*

But the Orator's Sentiment and Expression is remarkable, and therefore I shall give it my Readers as a Maxim. *Etenim cum Artifex ejusmodi sit, ut solus dignus videatur esse, qui in Scenâ spectetur; tum Vir ejusmodi est, ut solus dignus videatur, qui eo non accedat.*

Tuesday,

N^o 88. *Tuesday, May 14.*

*Et teneri possis Carmen legisse Propertî,
Sive aliquid Galli, sive, Tibulle, tuum.*
Ovid.

IF it were not a Piece of Justice, which too many are Strangers to, to give an impartial unextorted Praise to the Writings of others, I should be content with the silent Admiration of good Performances: But as the Matter stands betwixt the Ignorant, and the Ill-natured, Merit is in Danger of being entirely disregarded, and Folly has a fairer Chance than ever it had in any Age to get the Start of it, or usurp its Place. If my Interposition may avail any thing on the fair and good-natured Side, I shall think I have done some Service to the Memory of the *Dead*, without flattering the *Living*, by giving that *Donum Famæ* which is due to every excellent Composition. There are Two now lying before me, which tho' they need not my Recommendation,

dation, I cannot forbear giving a Taste of, for the Entertainment of my Reader.

The first is a Reviv'd Collection of *Poems* of the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wiat, and some other of their Contemporaries, who have stood the Test of about a *Century* and an *half*; and who, tho' under the Disadvantage of a Language not entirely polish'd, will, from their Strokes of Nature, deserve to please in every Age. The Publisher of them tells us, Sir Philip Sidney pass'd a very favourable Judgment on them; and I will appeal to the Opinion of the present Times, by giving a Quotation from one beautiful Sonnet, from whence they may be convinc'd of the Delicacy of the others. It is entituled, *A Complaint of the Absence of her Lover being on the Seas.*

*Alas! how oft in Dreams I see
Those Eyes that were my Foode,
Which sometime so delyted me,
That yet they do me goode.
Wherewith I wake with his return
Whose absent Flame dyd make me burne,
But when I fynde the lacke, Lord, how
[I mourne!*

When

*When other Lovers in armes acrossse
 Rejoyce their encchyfe Delight;
 Drowned in Tears to mourne my Losse,
 I stand the bytter Nyght
 In my Window, where I may see
 Before the Wyndes how the Cloudes flee,
 Lo! what a Mariner Love bath made me.*

*And in grene Waves when the salt Floode
 Doth rise by Rage of wynde,
 A thousand Fancies in that Moode
 Assayle my restlesse Minde:
 Alas! how drencheth my Sweet so
 That wythe the Spoyle of my hart did go,
 And left me (but, alas!) why did he so?*

*And when the Seas were calme agayne,
 To chase from me annoye,
 My doubtful Hope doth cause my playne,
 So Drede cuts off my Joye.
 Thus in my Wealth myngled with Woe,
 And of eche thought a doubt doth growe,
 Now he comes! will he come? alas! no.*

My next Present is from a Gentleman
 who has translated the fine *Elegies* of *Ti-
 bullus*, and given me Leave to print the
Fifth of the *first* Book, which is indeed
 my Favourite; it being the most natu-
 ral Description of the variable Passions
 of

of a Lover that ever I read. The Starts in the Transitions may be reckon'd by our Dabblers in Poetry as a Fault, but are indeed one of the greatest Beauties. It was made upon a *Quarrel* with his *Mistress*; the Circumstances are easie and moving, the Wishes seem to come from the Bottom of the Heart as well as the Curses, and it is wound up at the Conclusion with a very gallant and humorous Reflection both on his *Mistress* and his *Rival*.

TO DELIA.

IN a hot Fit, I boasted I could bear
A Woman's Anger, and despise the Fair:
 But Coward I am all unmann'd again,
A sudden Frenzy works my madding Brain.
Raging I move, like whirling Tops, around,
Which sportive Boys keep giddy on the Ground.
 Punish my Pride, and teach me by my Pain
 To use my *Mistress* in an humbler Strain:
 Yet spare me, by our Joys I beg for Grace,
 By Venus, by thy own more lovely Face!

For I, when wasting Sickness seiz'd my Fair,
 Sav'd the dear Suff'rer by my happy Pray'r;
 Then, when the Beldam, with extended Arms,
 Stretch'd on the Ground, and mutter'd o'er her
 Charms;

I purified thee round with Sulph'rous Streams,
 I burnt the Barley-Cake to guard thy Dreams.

Nine

*Nine times, all loosely drest, with Vows Divine
At Midnight I address'd Diana's Shrine.*

*All things I did, that could my Passion prove,
And yet,---Another now enjoys my Love.*

*His is the Harvest of my constant Cares,
And His the Fruit of my successful Pray'rs.*

*But I, poor Wretch, if thou wert well again,
Flatter'd my self with golden Dreams, in vain.---*

*I fancied how I would from Town retreat,
And carry Delia to my Country-Seat.*

*She will, I cry'd, o'erlook my Harvest-Store,
While the full Ears are grinding on the Floor.*

*She, while the Workmen at the Vintage toil,
Will guard the Casks, and on the Pressers smile.*

Or learn to count my Flock upon the Plain,

Or grow familiar with my Household Train,

Hear my Slaves prattle, let the playful Boy

Lean on her Breast, and with his Mistress toy:

Or condescend to learn, at leisure Hours,

To bring fit Off'rings to the Rural Pow'rs;

Grapes at the Vintage, Corn at Harvest bear,

And give a Victim for the woolly Care.

May She rule all my House, I careless roam,

Happy in being No body at home!

Hither shalt thou, Messala, come; for Thee

Delia shall cull the fairest, choicest Tree:

She, with Officious Pride, shall still attend,

And spread the Table for my noble Friend:

And, in Regard of his exalted State,

Herself turn Servant, and in Person wait;

Such was the Scheme of Pleasure I design'd,

But, ah! my Pray'rs are scatter'd by the Wind.

Since This, I try'd to drink away my Cares;

But cruel Grief turn'd ev'ry Draught to Tears.

As

*As often have I try'd Another's Kiss;
 But, in the Moment of approaching Bliss,
 Venus reminded Me of Delia's Charms,
 And left me languid in the Fair One's Arms.
 The disappointed Dame my Weakness tells,
 Then says, that I am curs'd by Magick Spells.
 And curs'd I am; my Curses are the Charms
 Of Delia's Hair, and Neck, and waxen Arms.
 Such was fair Thetis, when the Sea-green Dame
 To Peleus on a bridled Dolphin came.*

*But my Misfortune is, a Wealthy Fool,
 And a damn'd Bawd have made me Delia's Tool.
 For the damn'd Bawd, may Poyson taint her Blood,
 May rotten Carcasses be all her Food!
 May Screech-Owls fright her with their Mid-
 night Cryes,*

*And wailing Spectres skim before her Eyes!
 May She the bitter Pangs of Hunger feel,
 Rob Dog-Kennels, and Graves to make a Meal!
 May She howl Mad, and Naked thro' the Town,
 And ravenous Blood-hounds hunt the Beldam
 down!*

*This to the Bawd: Ye Gods, regard my Pray'r,
 And, lo! they do: For Lovers are their Care.
 Neglected Truth a sure Resentment draws:
 And Venus will-revenge the faithful Cause.*

*But Thou, my Fair, the Bawd's Advice re-
 move,
 For Gold and Presents are the Bane of Love.
 The Poor will ever on thy Side attend,
 The truest Lover, and sincerest Friend,
 He'll be your Guard, conduct you safe along,
 Free from the Rudeness of the pressing Throng.
 He to conceal your Pleasures will descend,
 Nay, help undress you for a private Friend.*

Alas!

*Alas! I sing in vain; in vain I wait,
Money, not Words, must move the stubborn Gate.*

*But Thou, now happy in my Delia's Smiles,
I warn Thee, fence against thy Rival's Wiles:
Fortune is light, and often changes Hands;
Ev'n Now, with some Design that Fellow stands,
Who watches at her Gate with careful Eyes,
And now before, and now behind Him spies;
Passes the House with a pretended Haste,
And in a little Time returns as fast,
And hems, before the Door, at ev'ry Cast.
Inventive Love designs some artful Plot,
Some Stratagem of War, I know not What.
But You improve your Minutes, while you may,
Yet know, you anchor in a doubtful Bay.*

N^o 89. *Thursday, May 16.*

Ἐστὶ δ' ἐνδεὲς Νῆν ἔχειν μὴ τὴν εὐπορίαν ἀ-
γὰπῶν. Isocrat.

THE Two Essays which I have gi-
ven the Publick of late on the Sub-
ject of Marriage, I find have not only
diverted, but contributed to promote a
Correspondence from my Female Read-
ers. I am sorry I should begin to invite
them to my Assistance, at a Time when
I am preparing to drop my own Pen, and
must

must of Consequence lose half the Pleasure resulting from their Pacquets. The Forwardness of the Year, and Gaiety of a Season, that shews Nature in her brightest and most gawdy Equipage, will insensibly alienate the Inclinations of my Readers, or at least draw them from this Winter Residence, the 'Town, and so from longer conversing with Me. I confess, it might give my Vanity some Satisfaction, if I could be assur'd, that the Polite Youths and Beauties of this Kingdom would want their *Censor* in their Silvan Retirements, and wish for the Amusement of my Lucubrations in their Hours of Refreshment, and to give a Relish to their *green Fruit*. Nor does it seem unreasonable to suppose that I may sometimes be kindly wish'd for in this Season of Absence, when the Sun is grown too hot for more active Pleasures, when the Groves are too solitary, and a Damp to Conversation, or when the Rural Neighbours lengthen out the Expectation of a promis'd Visit, and make the impatient Nymph desirous of Entertainment.

I say could I be assur'd of being this Favourite, to engage the Thought and Wish of my sequestred Friends, I might, perhaps,

haps, be tempted to undergoe the Fatigue of waiting on the Press in the *Summer*, by the Consideration of Whom I was obliging by such a Task: But when I reflect on the other Hand what a Number of Those, whose Approbation I have reason to value, will be plac'd so distant from a Probability of conversing with Me, and find the Conveyance of my Papers to them such a Charge as well as Trouble: When I look forwards, and anticipate in Thought the Prospect of those burning Months, in which a *gilt Chariot* would be as refreshing to the Sight as a *cooling Shower* to the other Senses: when the *Female Shopkeepers* will be the only Beauties left us; when scarce a *powder'd Perriwig* will be seen in the Evening from a *Coffeehouse-Balcony*, and I may lay all Day on the Solitary Board buried in Dust and Obscurity, and owe a Perusal only to the Unemployment of the indolent *Waiters*: In this View, indeed, I think it is high Time to shut up the Campaign, and draw my Forces into their Summer Quarters. I must be content now, like the *Mercer's Silks*, to be decently folded up, and laid by for Fear of *tarnishing* in the Absence of Customers, till a Return of Cold Weather make the City

ty Populous, and invite me to re-appear, perhaps, in some *new Figure*.

I had not hasten'd the Scheme of discontinuing my Labours, but from being warned of what I must begin to expect, in the Leave which Some, who are pleased to subscribe themselves my Admirers, have already taken of Me. I shall insert a Part of these Farewell Epistles, because their Sense is of a Piece with some of my latest Subjects.

To the CENSOR of Great Britain.

Dear Mr. Cenfor,

‘ I Must bid *Adieu* to your Company
 ‘ with a heavy Heart; convinc’d of
 ‘ the fatal Necessity of one of your Lec-
 ‘ tures, and retiring from Society to
 ‘ practise Resignation to it. You will
 ‘ easily divine, without my Assistance in
 ‘ expounding the Mystery, that I am un-
 ‘ der the Restraint of Paternal Authori-
 ‘ ty. Would I could easily reconcile
 ‘ my Affections to the Duty of my Obedi-
 ‘ ence! But, alas! my Heart is grown a
 ‘ Traytor to Discipline.

‘ The lovely, engaging, adoring *Cle-*
 ‘ *ander* has taken up all the Room in my
 ‘ Soul. I can form no Ideas but from
 the

' the Remembrance of his Person, his
 ' Faith, his Protestations. O! Mr. Cen-
 ' sor, he has *sworn away the Stars* at my
 ' Feet, as your Tragedians call it: Has
 ' summon'd all the Powers, Divine and
 ' Humane, to witness to his Passion; and
 ' told me, a thousand times, I was the
 ' only Object of his Happiness. The
 ' Profuseness of his Praises--But you shall
 ' not reproach me with their Repetition,
 ' or a Thought that flattering my self in
 ' the Truth of them causes me to regard
 ' him with so much Favour: I have
 ' view'd him in his Sincerity and Ten-
 ' derness, in an impartial Judgment
 ' form'd from his Conduct and Temper,
 ' and unhappily find that my Bliss is as
 ' absolutely centred in his Possession.

' Advise then a disconsolate Virgin
 ' how to submit to her Fate, or in time
 ' say something to abate the Rigour of
 ' a peremptory Parent, and give some
 ' Pause to his dreaded Resolutions. I
 ' know your Sentiments will have the
 ' Influence of an Oracle with him: Tell
 ' him how much it takes from Indulgence
 ' to impose on our Likeing: How it de-
 ' bases the filial Obligations to a Degree
 ' of Slavery; and too often (but hint
 ' this Point with Art and Caution;) drives

‘ the discontented Child beyond Repent-
‘ ance, and tempts her to curse the bar-
‘ barous Compeller of her Unhappiness.

‘ The Affection of a Father, Mr. Cen-
‘ sor, has shone out in my Education:
‘ He has given me all the Improvements,
‘ the Imbellishments, suitable to my
‘ Sense or Fortune, and must they now
‘ be buried in Obscurity? Should he, in
‘ Prudence, throw away the Fruits of
‘ his Expence and Ambition on One who
‘ has no Notions of elegant Accomplish-
‘ ments?

‘ Think what a Figure I shall make
‘ among *Hayricks*, or dabbling in the un-
‘ seasonable Dew of a *Cow-mead*. What
‘ a comfortable Time shall I have, that
‘ have been acquainted with *Levéés* and
‘ *Assemblées*, when I must attend my
‘ *Rural Lord* in a Morning *Visit* to his
‘ *Dog-kennel*; and exchange the Pleasure
‘ of *Serenades* and *Opera’s*, for the yelping
‘ of *Fowler* and *Rockwood*; and know no
‘ other Musick but their *full Cry*, un-
‘ less the *Vicar* entertain us with *All Joy*
‘ to *Great Cæsar*?—I have, really,
‘ but very slender Notions of these course
‘ *Satisfactions*. I am not yet of an Age
‘ to converse with *Salves* and *Sear-cloaths*,
‘ or put in for the Praise of *Cures* done
‘ in

' in a Country Neighbourhood. I dread
 ' the Thoughts of riding Ten Miles to
 ' a *Village Fair*; and have not learnt to
 ' converse with *Labourers Wives*, o'er a
 ' *Spic'd Bowl*, or *Dish of Cream*. For
 ' Heaven's sake, Mr. *Censor*, teach my
 ' Father that even the *Vestals* were ne-
 ' ver immur'd but for Incontinence; and
 ' that if he fears the Power of the Sea-
 ' son and his Daughter's Frailty, inform
 ' him that I would chuse rather to be
 ' *burnt*, than *buried*, alive. Consider, I
 ' am to be hurried down to a State of
 ' Life, where the reading of your Pa-
 ' pers will, perhaps, be call'd a Degree
 ' of *Ill-Housewifery*; and in which the
 ' chief part of my Study will be to grow
 ' acquainted with Tomb-Stones and E-
 ' pitaphs, and learn by heart how many
 ' Wives and legitimate Children Good-
 ' man *such a one* has cover'd under one
 ' lucky Stone. However gay I may
 ' seem, know that Affliction holds its
 ' Seat in my Bosom; and as you are good
 ' and compassionate, endeavour to relieve

Your constant (but distress'd) Admirer,

MONIMIA.

‘ *terludes*; So we bid thee heartily Fare-
‘ well.

Emanuel Prim.

*From the Coffee-house,
opposite to the Dog and
Doublet in Barbican.*

I have several Pacquets more concise than my Friend *Prim*’s, and that are sent barely to take a Complimental Leave; and therefore I shall not give Them a Place *totidem Verbis*. I have a Number of Others that return me Thanks for contributing to their Diversion, and speak in Terms which a Modest Man should not love to repeat. I shall conclude, however with the Acknowledgment of One Correspondent more who is *no Quaker*.

To the CENSOR.

Worthy Sir,

‘ **I** Regret Nothing more, in being ob-
‘ liged to leave the Town, than
‘ losing the Pleasure of your printed Con-
‘ versation: As fearing those Parts, where
‘ I am now to reside, are not qualified
‘ for such an Entertainment. You know
‘ where the *Barley-corn* is of more Price
‘ than the *Pearl*, and with such *Dungbil*

K 3

Animals

‘ Animals I must be confined for a Season. Be assured, however, I so much respect my Pleasure, that I have order’d your Papers to be transmitted to me in Parcels, and to be follow’d by your Volumes as fast as made Publick. You cannot doubt with what Sentiments I view You, and therefore I shall only subscribe my self,

Yours,

HORATIO.

N° 90. *Saturday, May 18.*

*Tu, quid Ego, & Populus mecum desideret, audi;
Si Plausoris eges Aulæa manentis, & usque
Sessuri, donec Cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat.*

Hor.

THE Subject, which employ’d my Pen on *Saturday* last, is not so far exhausted but that I may resume it to Day, especially as to those Parts which were therein untouch’d, with regard to
the

the *Writer, Performers, and Audience.* I then considered the chief Reasons, to which the Decays of *Dramatic Writing,* and the Meanness of their *Representations* are owing. I shall advance one Point further, the Neglect of observing which has always hurt the Credit of *Scenical Compositions,* and their Performance. I doubt not but a great Part of my Readers have already agreed, that a *Decorum* is the Qualification so essential and necessary to the *Conduct* of the *Poems,* and *Carriage* of the *Persons* introduc'd on the Stage.

Monf. *Hedelin* has very justly observ'd, That *there is no Action of Humane Life so perfectly single, as not to be accompanied by many little Circumstances, which do make it up, as are the Time, the Place, the Person, the Dignity, the Designs, the Means, and the Reasons of the Action.* The due Preservation of these several Particulars is what the Criticks mean by *Decorum,* or *Decency.* But setting aside those Mechanical Niceties of *Time* and *Place,* the Inobservation of which shock *Probability,* I would confine my Remarks to Faults in *Conduct,* which arise from *Impropriety of Thought, Absurdity of Action,* or *ill-maintaining of the Characters.*

In the first of these Points the Genius, the Fancy, and the Judgment of the Poet are principally concern'd: And to these we may add, a very necessary Acquisition, a Knowledge of Nature. If then the Genius of the Author be not so great and extensive as we should expect it to be for such Undertakings, if his Fancy be either contracted, low, or vitiated, or if he be at a Loss in Judgment to correct the Flights of his Genius, or Extravagance of his Fancy, it will be in vain to look for proper Sentiments and Language. His Persons will talk without Distinction either to the Characters he would paint, the Rank and Quality he designs them to support, or the Circumstances of the Action in which he engages them. It would be very easie to multiply Examples of this Defect in our *English* Dramaticks, but as it is so easie for every Man's Observation to point them out to himself, the inserting any would but give my Essay an Air of *Pedantry*.

The *Absurdity* of *Action*, is as intelligible to every common Spectator, and more apt to create a Dislike in an Audience than the Improproprieties of Diction. All are not Judges alike of Language
and

and Sentiments, but most are sensible when Actions are ridiculous, extravagant, improbable, or ill-tim'd, without being beholden to their Acquaintance with the Stage, or a Knowledge of Rules. These are the strong Strokes of this animated Picture, which, drawn amiss, always betray the Inability of the Master, and disappoint our Admiration in the View of his Piece. It is certain our Passions can never be purg'd, our Pleasures satisfied, or our Reason reconcil'd to the grosser Irregularities on this Head: But with what Patience can Persons of Taste and Judgment, Persons regular in their own Conduct, and Such as could prescribe to the Poet what Turns they should expect from particular Circumstances, sit to see Absurdities that only Fools, or Madmen, should be guilty of? I believe No body will question that we have Judges of this nice and exquisite Palate, as to be disgusted at such Improproprieties in Things of a lower Nature than *Theatrical* Representations. I am tempted to tell a Story, which I have heard confirm'd, of the late excellent Mr. *Betterton*: who for his Knowledge and Justness in his Profession was what

K 5

Shake-

Shakespear makes Hamlet say of his Father.

*He was a Man, take him for All in All,
I shall not look upon his Like again.*

'Tis said, he was prevail'd on once to attend a Friend to the Diversion of a *Puppet-Show*. He sat some Time with a world of Gravity, and Pleasure, to see the Motions of the little *Wooden* Personages, and admir'd how well the Wires, and artificial Mechanism supply'd the Offices of Life and natural Organs. At last one Incident in the Fable was the Death of the *Duke of Grafton*, who had his Head shot off in the Siege of *Limerick* or *Kilkenny*; (I cannot precisely decide this Point of History) when the Prolocutor to the Show, immediately upon this Circumstance of Sorrow, unlookily inform'd the loving Company, *That the next Figure to be presented was the Dutchess of Grafton, who was dispos'd to entertain them with a Jig.*—Mr. *Betterton* here started into some Disorder, and turning on his Friend with a Look of Accusation for dragging him to such an Entertainment, *'Sdeath!* Sir, says He, *the Duke's Head shot off, and the Dutchess coming*

coming to present Us with a Jig? What Indecorum! What Intolerable Absurdity! In short, all the Perswasions his Friend could urge, were in Vain to engage his Stay; and he immediately with Dissatisfaction quitted the Theatre.

I wish I could say, we had not some Compositions in the *Dramatick* Way, in which the Absurdities are as flagrant, and as likely to shock a regular, and distinguishing Spectator.

The Third Fault that I mention'd, which so often disparages our Plays, is that Egregious One of not maintaining our Characters. I do not so much insist on the Contradiction of History, (tho' the Poet should always have Regard to That in the modelling of his Persons) as in the representing *Achilles* less fierce and cholerick than *Homer* has made him, in forming *Ulysses* not so disingenuous as his Subtleties shew him on the *Grecian* Stage, or in making the rugged *Hannibal* a submissive Lover: But when either of these Characters, as we present them, differ with themselves in the Course of the Action; when they do not end the same Men they set out; but entirely recede from the Notions we had entertain'd of their Manners and Temper.

When

When any of these Defects are very conspicuous in a Poem, we cannot view it with any tolerable Satisfaction; but where they all join in the same Piece, we are naturally work'd up into Impatience and Provocation: We are not content with the common Methods of expressing our Dislike; but give our Reproaches a Scope of Virulence, and Rusticity. Such sort of Compositions are a very good Explanation of *Juvenal*, when he says,

———*fregit Subsellia Versu;*

For we have seen Representations so bad, that, as we Moderns term it, the Audience have been ready to *tear up the Benches*.

The Want of *Decorum*, which I as yet have mention'd, is to be supply'd alone by the *Poet*; and That which concerns the *Actor* to maintain must like the Poet's be borrowed from Nature and Genius, and help'd by Instruction and Artificial Improvements. A Man may in some Measure be born an Actor, and struck out for a Degree of Imitation; but his Excellence must depend on an acquir'd Talent, his Gestures and Mo-
tions

tions must be regulated from Circumstances of the Stage, and a Knowledge of the Character which he is to support. This Man, if any, may, as I said in general Terms, *Proteus*-like, become capable of assuming all Shapes and Figures.

Those just Actors we boast, know, better than I should pretend to inform them, how much is owing to a proper Dignity, a graceful Tread, and Motions of the Arms and Body, peculiar to the Expression of the respective Passions: and how strong Applauses have follow'd from a just and fine Posture, without being indebted to the Poet's Thought or Expression. The Man that has not some innate Knowledge this Way, and does not owe a little to Happiness of Nature, will never arrive at a proper Grace, tho' he is studied in all *Cicero's* Directions, and in that excellent Abstract of Rules given to the Profession by *Shakespear*; who, if Report does not injure him, knew more of the Science than he had an Ability of putting in Practice.

Tuesday,

N° 91. *Tuesday, May 21.*

Hoc est, quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, hoc est?

His Populus ridet, multúmque—————

Perf.

THERE is scarce any thing so generally pernicious, or that more contributes to the Declension of Families, and ruining of Estates, than the Person in Possession's indulging himself in Whims; and squandering away a Fortune, he either owes to his own former Industry, or the Acquisitions of his Ancestors, in the Prosecution of chimerical, and unprofitable, Studies.

The Misfortune is, that when a Man is turned so far a *Virtuoso*, as to have set an Intrinsick Value on *Vegetables*, when he is for tracing abstruse Disquisitions in *Alchymy*, or has his Head taken up with *Metaphysical* Niceties, the Common Concerns of Life seem trifling and insipid to him; the preferring a Daughter in Marriage,

riage, or building a Barn for the Improvement of his Estate, are Matters which will always be postpon'd to his Speculations, till the Girl pines at home for her Father's Negligence, and grows fit for Nothing but an Old Man's House-keeper; and the Farm is left by the Tenant for want of a Convenience to stow his Corn.

Were not the Consequences of these odd Sequestrations of a Man's Time to be consider'd, and the Expences which they unavoidably occasion, I have that Regard for Consanguinity and Household Dependencies, that I think it very warrantable for the Next in Blood to begin a Process of *Lunacy*, to dispossess their Frantick Relation of his Fortunes, and prevent the Dilapidation of an Estate in impertinent Enquiries. What a Dislocation of Time, and Subversion of good Housewifery must it create, when the Crisis of settling Dinner is advanc'd, to keep this Decision in Suspence, 'till the good Man has puzzled out the *Reverse* of a half worn-out Medal, or settled the Succession of the *Aegyptian* Kings, and accounted to himself for the Discordance of the *Chronologers*? Men of this strange Cast of Head will make the most trivial

trivial and insignificant Thing the Object of their Study; and cannot eat a Chicken with Parsley and Butter, without recurring to Antiquity to see in what Respect, or Application, *Parsley* stood at *Athens*, and *Lacedæmon*. My Friend *Baluzius* has employ'd himself these Ten Years, and neglected all Views of Advantage and Preferment, to find out the first Invention of *Knives* and *Forks*, and to ascertain whether they owed their Rise to the same Start of Thought; *Tubero*, the Critick, as useless in his Labours, has wrote Six Quires of Paper by Way of Enquiry as to the *Minotaur*, and in settling the Shape and Number of Knots in *Hercules's* Club.

The Impressions of a late Visit that I paid drove Me on the Consideration of these elaborate, but useless Antiquaries; of which Sect Sir *Tristram Littlewit* was One. The Conversation I had formerly had with this whimsical Knight, tempted me to take his House in my Rounds; when, knocking at his Door, I was inform'd he was just then Dead. The Servant, however, that remember'd my Face, would not permit me to go away without acquainting his young Master, to whom I soon found Admittance.

tance. The Young Gentleman, who had been pretty well wean'd from Sorrow by his Father's Impertinence and streight Allowance, receiv'd my Condolements with much Ease, and fell freely into Discourse on Sir *Tristram*.— *I am left*, says He, *with an Estate not only incumber'd with Mortgages, but such other Things from which, I fear, it will be as hard to disengage it: My Mother's Jointure, which he has not spar'd, is to be made good by the Conversion of Air-Pumps, Chymical Furniture, broken Statues, and unintelligible Medals; together with those Tracts which he has writ, as you may see, on Subjects which will neither deserve the World's Thanks, nor the Bookseller's Purchase.*

He here put into my Hands a Bundle of Papers, inscrib'd on the Back with the following Titles. *A Definition of a Cataract: An Explanation of the Windows of the Heavens open'd in Order to the Deluge. A modest Enquiry into the Original of Musick: Together with some Reasons offer'd why Faith and a Fiddle were express'd by the same Word among the Romans. A Computation of what Extent of Ground Dido could invest with Thongs, cut out of an Oxe's Hide. Whether the Hieroglyphicks found in the Catacombs*
were

were not *Inscriptions of Flattery. A Comparison prosecuted betwixt Ambition, and a Grain of Mustard.* The only Tract I observ'd in the whole that seem'd to carry a Suspicion of common Sense, was *A Case stated between the Pagans and us, attempting to prove that they had more Religion than any Modern Christians.* But this Treatise of Hope was subscrib'd with this odd Memorandum: *That I offer Five and twenty years Purchase to Goodman Fribble for his Field, the Romans having incamped on its Western Corner, and, 'tis probable, by digging it I may meet with Coins, Urns, Sacrificing Knives, or Monumental Lamps.*

These Informations drawing some Ridicule on their Projector defunct, that I may not suffer in Character with any of my Readers, I must acquaint them I had the Heir's Directions for inserting them, as also some Particulars of the Testator's Will of the same Stamp. For Brevity's Sake, and because the other Parts of his Testament are common with those of any Rational Man I shall purposely omit them; marking such Omissions every where with *Astericks*, as we generally supply the Chasms of Authors, where, as we say, *Desunt Multa.*

In

In the Name, &c. * * *

* * * *And as to my Earthly Part, since that the Custom of the Land will not dispence with my Body's being burnt, I do desire my Remains may be deposited in a Coffin of Stone, with my Name, Quality, Age, and some Account of my Studies engrav'd on Brass in Saxon Characters and to be laid on my Breast; The Engraver, above his reasonable Payment, to have my Two Copper Medals of Swythelme and A-rhelstan.* * * * *

* * * *Item, To my Physician, for his particular Care, and accurate Explanation to me of my Distemperature, I give my fine Edition of Galen, he first suffering my Heir to make a Transcript of my Comments on his Historical and Critical Passages. Likewise I present him with my Statue of Æsculapius, a little damag'd about the Nose.* * * * *

* * * *Item, I do give to my Daughter Barbara my Collection of antique Medals in Gold, desiring they may be sold to the best Advantage for her by that worthy Philologer, and my very good Friend, Mr. Gronovius van Hoeffenbochen: Unless her Husband be a Man of particular Learning, and desire them, as her Portion, to be paid in kind.* * * * *

* * * *Item,*

* * * Item, I give
*my Kinsman Isaac Stiffman, my Thoughts
 on the Bird of Paradise. And to my Cou-
 sin Fabritia Crowstitch, she having de-
 lighted to hear me discuss in Metaphysicks,
 my Notions of Space, and incorporeal Es-
 sences.* * * *

* Item, I do give moreover to my Dear
*Wife, above mentioned, All those Tracts to
 which I have put the last Hand to be pu-
 blish'd for her Benefit; desiring, however,
 that my Enquiry whether Artaxerxes Lon-
 gimanus, and Edward Longshanks had
 those Apellatives from a Parity of Reasons,
 may first have the Approbation of the Royal
 Society: And excepting from this Bequest
 my Expositions of the Alchoran and Reve-
 lations, which I give to my Reverend Friend
 Dr. Slip-stocking.* * * *

* * * * Item, I give to my Two
*loving Sons in equal Division, my Library,
 and all my Astronomical, Hydrostatical
 and Pneumatic Instruments, entreating of
 them to prosecute their Studies amicably, and
 recommending to them, for the Regulation of
 their Conduct, the frequent Perusal of Ga-
 ragantua, and Don Quixote.*

* * * *

The Testament contains several other
 Legacies of an extraordinary Nature, but
 these

these are sufficient to set the Genius of the Testator in a true Light, and are all that I have Leave to insert. If the Terms and Names, interspers'd, seem harsh and unpolite, let my Readers remember they are the Words of an *Antiquary*, and I am not accountable for his Want of Elegance, or Language.

Advertisement.

I hold it necessary to re-advertise my Readers, that for fear they should not discover the Beauties of this my Paper, it is purposely wrote in that Strain which the Criticks call, a Stiffness, and Stateliness, and Op-roseness of Style.



Thursday,

N° 92. *Thursday, May 23.*

Μή ποτ', ὦ Δέσποιν', ἐπ' ἐμοὶ
 ὕψέων τόξων ἐφείης,
 Ἰμέρῳ χείσας, ἄφικλον οἶσόν.
 Στέργοι δέ με σωφροσύνα,
 Δώρημα κάλλισον Θεῶν.

Eurip.

IT is not a little pleasant to consider the several Modes and Degrees of Gallantry practis'd in an Age so fashionable as ours, and to reflect on the Freedoms of Address and Carriage, which, what we now call, the Preciseness of our Fathers would have stigmatiz'd with a worse Name than *Levity*.

We are now so far gone in our Airs of Gaiety, so bewildred with Foppery and Impertinence, that I believe we can scarce form to our selves a Notion of what our *Ancestors* were, of the Reservedness and Simplicity of their Conduct, or with what Fear and Caution they avoided the Imputation of Lightness and Extravagance. The Formality and Circumspection of Fourscore Years ago was so great,
 that

that I question whether it was not as suspicious to be seen talking with a strange Woman, as it is now to be caught with her at a Tavern. 'The Applications of Love and Courtship were then wholly begun by our Sex, and, perhaps, with as prudential Care as a General sits down before a Town. Marriages were made either from the Union of Hearts, or from the Convenience of Families; Cuckoldom and Elopement were Words understood by few besides the Lawyers; and a married Woman knew not what it was to entertain a Spark in her Husband's Absence.

This Severity of Morals is now perfectly antiquated; we have taken up a New Set of Principles and Fashions; and Decorum and Gravity, those venerable Distinctions, are succeeded by Flutter and Affectation, by Flights of Libertinism, and Prosecutions of Lewdness. A Part of that Sex, whom Modesty should cover as a Veil, are become so abandon'd to our masculine Vices, that they give the Invitation to Debauchery, and surprise us into Intrigue by the Forwardness of their Attack. 'Tis no very uncommon Thing, at the Ebb of Day-light, for a female Wanderer to cry, *My Dear,*
and

and *Captain*; and found your Inclinations in the Street by proper Questions and Glances of Expectation. For my own Part, always, when I am thus accosted, I mend my Pace, and clap my Hands to my Pockets to prevent Danger. I wish the unguarded Youth of the Town could pass the *Syrens* with the same Coldness and Contempt as I practise, and they would conquer Vice e'er it grew into a Habit, and come off safe both in Fortune and Constitution.

I question not but these *Bacchanals* would serve me as ill as those of Old did *Orpheus* for his Chastity, but I so little fear them, that, in Order to put a Check to the Mischiefs they may do, and in Honour to that Sex which they so scandalously disgrace, I have contriv'd certain Methods by which I shall grow more terrible to them than the Apprehension of *Working*, or of an *Informing Constable*: And I hereby give them Notice that, during the Summer-Season, I have dispos'd my Scouts in Platoons about the Town to watch their Motions, and bring them under the Lash of my Discipline.

As I am Guardian to the Fair by Virtue of my Office, I must likewise caution against that too common Gallantry of
our

our Sparks, who boast of receiving the last Favour from Ladies to whom they could never gain Admittance. 'Tis a provoking Thing to hear a pert forward Youth, born out either by the Strength of an Estate in Expectation, or a Stock of Assurance that he stands possess'd of, set a determinate Rate on Reputations, affirm that such a Woman is to be had at such a Price, and tell his Companions how often he has been happy with *Leucippe*; when, upon Examination, perhaps, he does not know what Colour her Hair is of, nor could say positively, were he tax'd, whether she lisps, or speaks plain. These Wretches, that give themselves such Airs of being receiv'd, are seldom without a Chamber-maid's Gloves or Fan in their Pockets, which they pass on Company for the Spoils of some great Fortune, or a Person's of considerable Quality that *shall be nameless*. They ever have the good Fortune to be pursued with Letters of their own Writing to themselves, kiss the dear Paper as if it brought an Invitation from their Mistress, and cry out with Transport, *Is it possible? Will she be so obliging? Angelick Woman?* — I could not wish a greater Punishment on this Race of Gallants than to have them all *Catholicks*, and obliged to

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bring these Sins of their Hypocrisie to *Confession*, if the Men practise any in that Religion. With what Confusion must one of these Penitents stand to declare, *I confess, holy Father, I have been rash enough to give out that I have had some Familiarities with Mirtilla, but I hope my Offence is not heinous, for I never saw her nearer than from her Chamber-Window, and cannot positively say whether it were She or no.*

There are others in the World who, by a kind Prepossession in their own Favour, think it impossible for the Female Sex to withstand their Attacks; these become absolute Adventurers in Intrigue, and, whenever an Opportunity of Address presents, no Woman living can scape their Impertinence. They meet, perhaps, with a little Success in their first Attempt, get a Ring or Gold Snuff-box presented them, that had pass'd from Woman to Man, from Man to Woman, for a Succession of Favours: this Encouragement heightens their own Opinion of their Influence, they hope to purchase their next Mistress at the Expence of their Last Mistress's Present, and thus a Chace of Gallantry is begun.

Clodio was enamour'd of the bright *Amanda*, who view'd him with all the
Indifference

Indifference imaginable: He exerted all the Arts he was Master of to conquer her Intensibility, and artfully played a brilliant Diamond in her Eyes, which he wore on his Finger, to speak powerfully in his behalf. In the Midst of his Languishments, *Amanda* with Eagerness seiz'd his Hand to gaze on the Diamond. The transported Love rthinks his Suit in a fair Way from her Admiration, and, drawing the Ring off from his Finger, presents it to her in his Ecstasy: She takes it, and gazes with fresh Wonder; he conceives fresh Hopes, and ventures to kiss the fair Hand that receives it. *Amanda* is so employed with viewing it round, that she minds not his Foppery, but smiles to herself, and puts the Ring upon her Finger. The Lover thinks he is assur'd of his Conquest, and fancies the Hour and Place of Appointment settled. *Sir*, says the Lady, with Coldness and Reserve, *I am charm'd with this Diamond; and the Reason that I have receiv'd it without Scruples, is, that it is my Own.* *Clodio* starts with some Amazement. *My Husband*, continues She, *took it off from my Toilet above three Months ago, and has ever since perswaded me that it was lost.*—*Madam*, says *Clodio*, *you must be mistaken in the Jewel; for this I received from the*

Countess of---- *The likeliest Thing in the World!* says Miranda again, for my Husband is very intimate with the Countess: He gave it to Her, She gave it to You, and I take it of You for Nothing, tho' my Husband has deserv'd well that I should pay the same Price for it, as the Countess did when she receiv'd it.

I had design'd to make some Inferences, as well as an Apology for the seeming Incoherence of this Story as it now stands, but I find my Paper will not allow it, and so shall leave the Event to excuse it.

N° 93. *Saturday, May 25.*

— *Vos eritis Judices,
Laudine, an Vitio, duci Factum id oporteat,
Ter.*

THE Subject of the Stage has entirely employ'd my Pen for these Two last Saturdays, that is, the tracing the Reasons that has brought Dramatic Writings to so low an Ebb, and sunk the Generality of our Performers so far beneath the Excellence of Those that stand on Record,

Record, or such as we have heard our Fathers talk of with Pleasure. In my Second Paper on these Heads, I intimated a Design of saying something with Regard to the Spectators; and that shall be the Business of my present Paper.

It is very plain to Me, that even where a Play has been well finish'd by the Poet, and the Players have performed in their Characters with Judgment, the *Ignorance* or *Indiscretion* of the Audience have made it a very poor Entertainment. I don't know how it is, but of late Days, People seem to come to the Theatre, neither to be diverted nor instructed. Party and private Sentiments have so great a Prevalence, that the chief View with them is to wrest an innocent Author to their own Construction, and form to themselves an Idea of Faction from Passages, whence the Poet little suspected it should arise.

The necessary Consequence of these Prepossessions is turning the Scene to a Libel upon the State; when an Audience is neither employ'd on the Conduct of the Story, nor Excellence of the Player, but sit stupidly listening for accidental Expressions struck out of the Story, which speak the Sense of their own Principles and Perswasion. Such an Ap-

plication of Passages is grown so Epidemical, that a War of *Whig* and *Tory* is carried on by Way of *Clap* and *Hiss* upon the meaning of a single Sentence, that, unless Prophetically, could never have any Relation to Modern Occurrences. To shew the Force of these little Popular *Innuendo's*, as I was present not long since at the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, whose Fable is of above three thousand Years standing, when the Actors came to this Sentence, *Ay, Masters, if we could but live to see another Coronation*;----some certain Emotions were express'd in the Audience, which I have no Business to explain; and a cunning Matron, who sat on my left Hand, jogg'd her Neighbour's Knee, as much as to say, It was the Wish of more than One to her Knowledge. The catching at such Expressions, that have no Meaning but what is confin'd to the Scene, argues a very great Depravity of Taste, as well as of Principles, and seems to signify a Mind possess'd with Treasonable Images.

That these Applications contribute very much to the Detriment of Dramatick Performances, is plain from the Interruptions that they cause in Plays, when the Actors are forc'd to stand still, and attend the Cessation of their Uproar.

By

By these disagreeable Contentions that Part of the Audience which came for their Diversion, and to regale themselves with the Language and Passion of the Stage, are baulk'd of their Entertainment. Their Pleasure is broke in upon by Animosities they are at a Loss to account for, they cannot conceive the Stir is begun upon any thing pronounc'd by the Players, but look round to see if any Figure of extraordinary Ridicule be entered the Theatre.

This is one of the main Inconveniences owing to the *Indiscretion* of an Audience; there are as many likewise which flow from their *Ignorance*.

I cannot help remarking, that the General Privilege of judging which my Countrymen can purchase with their *Half-Crown*, the Liberty of applauding or exploding a Play at Pleasure, has expos'd the Shallowness of Many a Man's Capacity, and made him an Object of Laughter to those about him. I have taken no small Pains to observe the Passions, and Carriage of these Spectators on the main Incidents of a Play; and have made it my Business to single out such Persons whose Judgement I was suspicious of, and have rivetted my Eyes on

them during the whole Entertainment, to mark the Rise and Progress of their Emotions.

It would be unfair to publish a Comment on my private Observations, as well as very unentertaining, unless I could paint the Postures and Features, I would express, in the most lively Colours. Let it suffice to say, that when the Tragedy has been in the Top of its Ferment, I have seen Some sit and stare as stupidly as if their Eyes were fix'd, Others upon the Grin at the *Heroine's* Distress; and when she came to die, their whole Care has been to watch the Composure of her *Hoop-Peticoat*.

It is no small Mortification to a Man of a refin'd Taste, to see the finest Strokes of Poetry and noblest Draughts of Nature pass'd by without the least Murmur of Applause, tho' the Player has given them the justest Emphasis, and *suit'd his Action*, as *Shakespear* says, *to his Utterance*: At the same time, when any Fustian crosses their Ears, tho' never so insufferably bellow'd out, it is sure of meeting with the lowest Testimonies of Approbation.

Among the *Romans*, as far as I can find, the Judgement of the Audience was

was never expressed till the Conclusion of the Play; for the *Valete & Plaudite*, which close most of their Comedies, had been very impertinent, if the Spectators had shewn their Distaste during the Action. *Scaliger* indeed says, when the Actors were either out, trifled in their Playing, or pronounc'd scandalously, they were hiss'd by the People who did not wait for the Determination of the Judges. I wish our Reasons of Expulsion were as solidly founded; but, without Regard either to Action or Emphasis, we take a particular Spleen to a Person, and hiss him, as oft as he appears, from no other Cause but our own idle Antipathy. It were well in this Case if we were obliged to the same Punishment, to shew the Injustice of our Prejudice, as I have read is frequent among a People in *Madagascar*.

The *Jaribots* are a Nation of Dwarfs, the Tallest of whom exceed not eighteen Inches: and the chief of their Recreation, is that kind of *Drama* which we understand by the Word *Farce*. They hollow the Trunks of their *Baricot-Trees*, which are of a stupendious Height and Circumference, to make their Theatres, where they play their Comedies,

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which

which consist in merry Expressions and antick Gestures. 'Tis remarkable that all the Spectators bring with them a Sort of Whistle made of a Reed, to hiss the Players when they perform not their Part well, or take a Liberty of Lewd Talk, or unseemly Postures. But no Man is permitted to hiss without Cause: If any do, the Audience force him to get upon the Stage, and if he can play the Part better than the Actor he hiss'd, he is receiv'd to be an Actor himself: But if he play it worse, they drive him with Shame out of the Theatre, and forbid him from that Time to make his Appearance there.



Tuesday,

N^o 94. *Tuesday, May 28.*

— Nihil est profecto stultius,
 Neque stolidius, neque mendacilocus, neque argutus magis,
 Neque confidentilocus, neque perjurius, quam Urbani affilui
 Cives quos Scurras vocant.

Qui omnia se simulant scire, nec quicquam sciunt,
 Quod quique in Animo habent, aut habituri sunt,
 Sciunt: id, quod in aurem Rex Reginae dixerit, sciunt, quod
 Juno fabulata sit cum Jove: qua neque futura, neque facta
 sunt,

Tamen illi sciunt; falsone an verè laudent, culpent, quem
 velint,

Non flocci faciunt, cum illud quod lubeat sciunt. Plaut.

THat Compound which is made up
 of the Extravagances of the Un-
 derstanding, Will, and Passions of Man-
 kind, is commonly known by the Terme
 of *Humour*: It sometimes arises from the
 Predominancy of one single Faculty, and
 at Others from the Mixture of many:
 But always produces, wherever it reigns,
 the Effects of Mirth and Laughter.
 This, perhaps, cannot be confin'd to a-
 ny particular Nation; and tho' some have
 been more famous for it than their Neigh-
 bours, yet the Seeds of it being the
 same in all, we may safely affirm it as u-
 niversal

universal as Mankind it self, and that the Exertion of these Qualities in a more extraordinary Manner depended upon some Accidents that are not easie to be traced. Sir *William Temple* places the Foundation of the peculiar Excellence of the *English* Nation in this Way upon the Liberty and Freedom of their Government, where, because it is allowable for every Man to say almost whatever he thinks, Wit breaks out and displays it self in ten thousand more Extravagances, than where Fear confines the Tongue from many Things which the Heart is full of, and wants to utter. In such Cases, if People are inclin'd to vent their Humour, they must do it as *Midas's* Wife did her Secret, dig a Hole, and whisper it in the Earth; whereas here there is no Place that is not capable of receiving, no Company that is not ready to hear, any Starts or Whims of Fancy, which the Mind of his Neighbour has conceal'd.

But however this Freedom may be thought to be one great Reason, since the Observation is fortified by the same Usage in the Times of Freedom at *Athens* and at *Rome*; yet when it grows to a great Height, and spreads it self almost
into

into a General Custom, it in all Probability proceeds from Imitation rather than any other Source. Let any Man, who is acquainted with this busy Town, survey but the Circles of the *Talkers* in all the Places of publick Resort, and he will certainly meet with a String of Disputants who mimick one another, and who rise, by a certain Gradation, to the first Grand Monarch of the *Coffee-room*. These, as they severally grow up to a Degree of Confidence, transplant themselves to other Quarters of the talkative World, begin to trust a little more to themselves, and give a freer Scope to their Thoughts, than when they were under the Restraint of a bare Imitation. Thus One, who has heard, observ'd, and mimick'd, for half a Year, the *Smyrna* or *Button's*, bundles up his Observations, grows sawcy, and is a Man of Wit and Information in the City. It is often known too that Observers from the *Change* have truck'd their Stock-Intelligence for Wit and Scandal at St. *James's*, and, by a mutual Intercourse between the Dealers in Wealth and Politicks, grown into a mix'd Animal, able to shine in any Parties of Conversation they are pleas'd to chuse.

This

This great Freedom, and its Effects, being so well known, to the Abuse of Civil Societies and all Good-manners, I shall take the Liberty of describing Two of these *Species*, that my Readers may point them out, and distinguish them by the Names I give them, the *Politick Knower*, and the *Politick Affirmer*.

The *Politick Knower*, is one who is enough acquainted with *Geography*, by the Help of the *Gazetteer*, to be tolerably acquainted with every Metropolis in *Europe*, and has a small Smattering in the Manners and Customs of the People, and is particularly exact in his Knowledge of the Seats of War. By this Assistance he can lead Armies wherever he pleases, march over Rivers, level Mountains, and dispose of Provinces just as it suits his Humour or Prejudice. If contradicted, he can have Recourse to the Map, and by pointing out Situations, shew what Blunders and Errors must be committed if his Scheme is not follow'd; and tho' it is not, and Success ensues some other Way, yet a few Months blot out the Memory of his Project, or, perhaps, the Reputation of his Skill is salv'd by an Enterprize something like it. As for the Matters at Home, he is familiar

liar enough with them to know Names, Places, Offices, and Salaries, from *The present State of ENGLAND*, in which he is deeply read; and, it may be, knows Heraldry enough to tell whose Coach or Chariot passes by. His own Curiosity, and common Fame, furnish him with the Knowledge of what is call'd The Characters of Men, which, as they stand upon such kind of Report, are commonly either most false, or uncertain. These, as they go in the Mass he has mix'd 'em, he can cut, shuffle, divide, subdivide, so as seemingly to make Parties and Intrigues at his Pleasure: and by confidently insisting on his Knowledge of some Great Individual, transferr the Weight of Business on any Side. He knows of Debates that never were design'd; and whatever are, he is pre-acquainted with all the Particulars that such Speakers intend, before they themselves know what they shall say. An Intelligence becomes Publick, he enumerates the minute Parts that are known to few; and, as he says, fewer dare speak of. All Mailes and Posts which can influence Publick Business, arrive first at his Quarters: the Impertinence of every Foreign News-writer, from his Management, improves
into

into a New Scheme of Politicks, and gives him an Opportunity of making, or breaking Alliances in his Harangues. He forecasts the Rise and Declension of Credit, and the Advancement and Disgrace of Ministers; and is only not One among the best of them, because Merit is seldom regarded, and Modesty keeps him back from Preferment. He repeats all private Stories of Wit, Repartee, or Affront, with an Air of being present at their Utterance; and knows what ought to have been said in Return better than any Man living. In short his Qualifications seem much the same, that the Old *Schoolmen* made for a compleat *Metaphysician*, to be able *Disputare de omni scibili*, and which he is, indeed, at all Times ready to perform. So much for the first Character.

The *Politick Affirmer* follows next, a bold confident Creature, of great Readiness to assent to any Proposition that relates to the shallow Scheme of his own Politicks. The Air of Truth or Probability, never enter into his Head; he is a Stranger to Exception and Reason; and what-ever he has a Mind once to have true, shall be so in Spight of the clearest Evidence to the Contrary. 'Tis Labour

hour lost to try to argue him out of an Opinion, from the common Topicks that bring Discredit on any Relation; a blunt affirming Oath, on his own Side, determines the Controversie to him in his own Favour. His Confidence chances sometimes to give him Credit where he is not known; and always takes it away from Truth it self, where he is. The Subjects of his Affirmation are as wide and comprehensive, as those of the *Politick Knower*: He affirms with equal Pretences to Certainty, of Courts, and Stocks, Lords Quarrels, and Ladies Intrigues, distant Battels, and Convocation Disputes. His Language is always in that Stile, which the Learned call *Egotisms*, *I say it, I affirm it.*

The Description which *Plautus* gives of these Creatures, is Natural and Delicate, and drawn up with a World of Vivacity and Spirit. *There is nothing,* says He, *is more silly, more ridiculous, more lying, more impertinent, more positive, nor a more perjur'd Set of Mortals than your constant News-mongers, whom we may term Intelligencers: They pretend to know every thing, and know nothing: they know what every Man has in his Head at present, or will have for the future; they know*
what

what the King whisper'd to the Queen, what Conversation past betwixt Jupiter and Juno; they know what never was, nor will be done; they rail, and praise at Pleasure, without any Regard to Truth, or Falseness; they care not what they say, so you allow them to know, what they pretend to know.

It were to be wish'd this was only a Description of Humour, and not to be found in any real Character in Common Life, where we meet with it but too often. The Evil Consequences that attend it are numerous, since such a Management sets up a wrong Standard of Judgment, confounds Truth and Falseness, and introduces Uncertainty in all mix'd Conversation. It makes the Person himself a Lyar to himself, and a Betrayer of Others; a Blemisher of unknown Reputations, and a Spreader of groundless Fears and Jealousies. It teaches Blockheads to talk, and Fools to believe; raises impertinent Enquiries which would never be thought of; and ends in the Prostitution of good Manners, Sense, and Honesty. As it makes all Persons equally Judges of Publick Affairs, and brings the greatest Points of Government to the Decision of a petty Board of insipid Talkers, it by That weakens the Bonds

Bonds of Society, and lessens the Dignity of Governors themselves. If every pert Mimick in this Way would, before he either affirms or gives his Assent to any thing, ask himself how he would have his own Character treated in the same Circumstances, it would be the best Method of destroying that numerous Race, which now abound, of the *Politick Knowers*, and the *Politick Affirmers*.

N^o 95. *Thursday, May 30.*

*Hominum immortalis est Infamia,
Etiam tum vivit, cum esse credas Mortuam.*
Plaut.

THE Assumption of that Name and Character which I have bore in my Writings, gave me an unlimited Privilege of Phrase and Style, and a Power of exhorting or reprehending at Pleasure. I think it my Duty, now that I have resolv'd for a while to unbend from Study, and give Way to Ease and Silence, to advise the Publick to suffer a Regard to
their

their Honour and Reputation to have the Awe of a *Censor* on their Conduct.

It is in every Man's Power to erect a Court of Judicature in his own Bosom, and if he have Reason enough to distinguish between Right and Wrong, he can easily pass a Sentence on his own Actions. It were mighty well if every single Member of the Republick would study to be before-hand with the World in the Examination into his own Character: For an Enquiry of this Sort, made without Partiality, would retrench the Number of our Vices, and be a Curb on our Impertinence. We should be asham'd of giving into Things, which, when blown, must expose us to Raillery and Ridicule: and if we had learnt the Art of condemning our selves for Faults, we should soon consider how little Mercy the Publick would shew to our Frailties, and what rough Treatment we must expect from their Censures.

The Satisfaction of wrapping our selves up in our Innocence and Integrity, the Pleasure of having no Crimes to upbraid our Memory, and a Defiance of the World's Malicious Comments, from an Assurance of our Virtue, are Comforts that can scarce be equall'd by any Earthly

ly Blessings, and Supports under the heaviest Aggravations of Fortune. I always look on this Advice of *Horace* with Admiration,

— *Hic Murus abeneus esto:*
Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere Culpâ.

It is indeed a *Wall of Brass to Us*, to be conscious to our selves of nothing Shameful, nor to turn pale at the Reflection of our Crimes. The great Difference of our Satisfaction, will be from the Source of our Confidence, whether it springs from a Conscience and firm Idea of our Integrity, or from our being harden'd in a licentious Practice, and having weather'd the Notions of Infamy and Disgrace.

The Distinction of these Two different Characters, is mighty easie from their Symptoms: The Boldness that arises from a Want of Guilt, as it is justifiable in itself, so it is becoming, and never shocks the Grace of Modesty. It asserts its Innocence without a Sawcy Presumption of Merit; and never makes its Appeal to the Publick, but to throw off the Stain of Scandal and Defamation. If the World grows unreasonably malicious

malicious and detracting, it rather mourns than despises its Injustice: and doubles its Caution in its Conduct, to make Calumny ashamed of taxing it.

The Confidence, that takes Root from a Perseverance in Vice, and a Disregard to the Thoughts and Opinions of Men, is at best but Impudence, and a Gloss of Integrity. It is so far a Stranger to Modesty, that it would impose a false Character on the World; and failing of that End, makes a Boast of its own Quality, and is careless how discours'd of, or approv'd. This acquir'd Principle makes People square their Actions by the Rule of Inclination; they have no particular Views to the Scandal they contract, but fortifying themselves in the Idleness of the publick Judgment, they set themselves above Censure and Observation, and so they can but gratify their own Passions, or bring about their Interest, they cry, as the *Sea-Captain* does in *OROONOKO*, *Let the World talk, and be damn'd.*

I grant to pinn our selves down, with too much Obsequiousness and Nicety, to all the Interpretations that may be put on our Actions, to fear the Descant of a censorious Age, ev'n when we give no
Occasion

Occasion to Reproach, is drawing on our selves a Series of Uneasiness. We cannot take a Step with that Prudence, and fair Meaning, but Ill-will may give it a foul Construction. Mankind in general are so full of Faults, that every one is for finding a Blemish in his Neighbour; as if a Defect discover'd in another help'd to conceal a Deformity in our selves. He therefore that rests too implicitly on the Judgment of the World, and is anxious, upon every Circumstance, of its Report, is sure to sit down unsatisfied with his own Conduct, and sell his Quiet to a Train of Doubts and unpleasant Reflections.

The Art will be therefore to preserve a *Medium* betwixt our Regard to Reputation and the Opinion of the Publick: To look on the latter as a thing we should court, but not sacrifice our Ease to obtain: To look on the Former as a Thing we must labour to maintain by our Conduct, but as what depends as much on the Caprice of the World and their Interpretation, as our own Prudence and Integrity. There is however this Consideration which should move us strongly to consult our Fame, and that is, if we once have made a Slip in Character,

or

or suffer in it from Malice and ill Construction, it is a Difficulty, next to an Impossibility, to retrieve our Honour, and reconcile our selves to the Thoughts and Opinions of Men. A Justification of our Actions, and an Evidence of their being misreported, are vain; we run away with Prejudice and Prepossession, and think it an Injury to our Understanding to be convinc'd.

The Consequences therefore of being the eternal Mark of Scandal, and contracting an *Odium* we cannot wipe away, should put us on the strictest Guard as to our Lives. A Man may have an ill Run in Trade, and be brought to the lowest Ebb of Fortune, yet by Industry and good Luck repair his Circumstances, and be born again on the Tide of Success. There is a Fluctuation in the Goods of Fortune, and if the Wind sits fair in the Shoulder of our Sail, our Lot stands on a Level with the rest of our Neighbours. But in the Case of Reputation, we are plagu'd with a sort of Trade-Wind which always blows the same Way. *Shakespeare* has touch'd the Difference betwixt losing our Wealth and Character in the nicest Strain, and given his Observation a Turn, which at once should

should make us tender of our own Reputations, and discourage us from wounding another's.

——— *Good Name, in Man or Woman,
Is the immediate Jewel of our Souls;
Who steals my Purse steals Trash; 'tis
Something, Nothing;
'Twas Mine, 'tis His; and has been Slave
to Thousands.
But he that filches from Me my good Name,
Robs Me of That, which not enriches
Him,
And makes me poor indeed.*

The Two Extremities we must endeavour to avoid, if we would think to keep fair with the World, are neither to be negligent, nor censorious in our Conduct. If we are careless of our own Reputation, we shall lye open to every loose Attack; if we are still upon the Catch to defame another, there are enough who will be industrious to make the Reprizal. We should therefore take heed how we do an Action we should condemn in another; or condemn an Action we might ourselves have done in the same Case. By such an Examination, on either Hand, Scandal and Infamy would

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have but very little Work; flagrant Vices would be avoided like dangerous Roads, and we should ever chuse the Path of Safety and Discretion. Without such an Impartial View, as *Bruyere* has observ'd, *The same Vices which are deform'd and insupportable in Others, we don't feel in our selves, they are not burthensome to us; but seem to rest without Weight, as in their proper Centre.*

N° 95. Saturday, June 1.

Jàm satis est:

Hor.

MY Bookseller having acquainted me that he has now a sufficient Number of my Papers to compleat his *Third Volume*, I have resolv'd here to fix my Rest, and from this Day shall remain in a State of Silence; therefore desire my Readers to look on this in the Nature of my Last Will and Testament, a Work which Men of Scruple and Superstition never begin 'till upon the Point of Death.

Tho' it argues something of an Infamous Way of going off, to leave a dying Speech behind One, my Bookseller, who is a Man of a smooth Behaviour, desir'd
me

me to conclude *with a sort of Flourish to the Town*; more regarding, I suppose, his own Interest in this Advice than my Reputation. I remember that merry Comedian *Plautus* ended some of his Plays, as I conjecture this Gentleman would have Me wind up. In his *Pseudolus*, particularly, as the Actors are all preparing to quit the Scene, Two of them stop to introduce the following Pleasantry.

Pseu. *I hac.* Ball. *Te Sequor. Quin
vocas Spectatores simul?*

Pseu. *Hercle, Me Isti*

*Haud solent vocare, neq; ergo Ego
Istos. Verum si vultis applaudere
Atq; approbare hunc Gregem & Fa-
bulam, in Crastinum vos vocabo.*

Pseu. *Come this Way.* Ball. *I follow
you: But don't you likewise invite the Spe-
ctators?*

Pseu. *By my Troth, No: They never use
to invite Me, nor therefore do I Them. But,
Gentlemen, if you please to say that our
House and Play please you, I in-
vite you hither again to Morrow. All
the Use that I am to make of this Quo-
tation, is to let my Readers know, that
if they have been so kind as to think
my Lucubrations an Entertainment as*

they came out single, I would invite them, in my Bookseller's Name, to give them a new Perusal in the Volumes.

I have still endeavour'd, as I went on, to make them Essays so little dependant on Time and Circumstances, that they should not owe their Spirit to Novelty, but be the same Amusement whenever taken in hand: And the Publisher has taken Care to reduce the Volumes into that portable Size, that they will fit the *Pocket* as commodiously as the *Closet*, and yet they are printed in a Letter of that Magnitude as not to be burthensome to the weakest Eyes. Were I dispos'd to enforce my Invitations from a Train of Arguments, I might say a good deal on the Scheme of my Paper, on its being calculated for the Publick Diversion, what Pains I have taken to make it come up to that Design, and how many Difficulties a Work of this Nature lies under.

I profess, tho' I am not apt to be unreasonably vain, and yet have had some Success, 'tis no easie Labour to gain Reputation by such a Work. There is such a Variety of Tempers to be satisfied, such a Variety of Opinions to be combated, such a Number of uneasie Guesses at the Author, and such Ojections

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